

Grandfossil's Tales to His Grandchildren

By
SLOAN BASHINSKY JR.



Tuesday, February 27, 2024

a different sort of last will and testament



Okay, baby fossils, once upon a time, the first of you was born and your father called me in Colorado, where I then lived, and asked me what I wanted my grandchildren to call me, and out of my mouth popped, “Grandfossil”, and that’s how your having a dinosaur for a grandfather began.

A while before, I had escaped from the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C., which really liked having an actual live dinosaur in residence, because it attracted a lot of people and helped the Smithsonian raise lots of money to fund their search for others of my kind. I didn’t mind being stared, gawked and pointed at day after day, but I did mind being cooped up all the time in such a small place, after having roamed with others of my kind all over America for a very long time.

So, I started getting grouchy, and I started growling and roaring at the spectators, and finally the zookeepers at the Smithsonian asked me what it would take for me to be nice to the parents and children who came to gawk at me, and I said I needed to be allowed to go outside and roam around a little each day, and not to worry, I would be nice and would not eat any humans, and I would evolve and become a vegetarian and nibble grass and leaves off bushes and trees.

The zookeepers said okay to that, if I would wear a tracker on my right hind ankle, in case something happened to me and I couldn't get back to the Smithsonian, and they would know where to bring a crane and a flatbed truck to haul me home to safety. I agreed to that, and they put a tracker on my hind right ankle, and I was allowed to leave out the back door after the sun went down and there was much less chance of my being seen. I moseyed down a dark ally and came to a large what I later learned humans called a dumpster, and I gnawed off my right hind foot and the tracker, and started growing a new right hind foot, and I've been on the lam every since.

While I have not yet eaten even one human, there were plenty of times when I wanted to eat quite a few of them, especially some lawyers I got to know pretty well. But I had made a promise, and keeping my word was really important to me, and I didn't eat even one human, but I did nibble on them sometimes, and I liked doing that, and I nibbled on more of them, and I liked doing that, and so I became accustomed to nibbling on humans, and even though some of them didn't like being nibbled, I couldn't help myself, because I still had those ancient meat-eating genes stored deep inside of me, and nibbling humans was how I kept those genes happy enough that they did not eat me alive for trying to be something I was not.

So, that's how it began, before you were born, and that's how it went after you were born, and that's how it will go for a while longer, until I leave for the Great Beyond, but I won't be gone entirely, because of all the tales I will leave behind of how I nibbled on humans, and even became very close to some of them, including your mothers and their husbands and you baby fossils, but also quite a few other humans who became very dear to me. And, yes, there was your mothers' older brother, who died in infancy of what then was called crib death, which later became known as sudden infant death syndrome, aka SIDS.

I was leveled by his death, but I knew he had not died but had only left his body and gone in the Great Beyond and was doing very well. Even so, it took me a very long time to understand that he had done what he came to do, which was to so disturb me, that I would never, regardless of how much I tried, be able to fit myself into the plans my parents and grandparents and even I had for me. Thus began my evolution into a grandfossil, which took a very long time, and it was not easy, and often it was awful, but my star's course was set and there was nothing I could do but go with it, even as many people I knew became convinced I had lost my mind, and sometimes when it got really rough, I felt that maybe I had, but something seemed there that kept poking and prodding me, and sometimes encouraging me, and I kept lumbering along and nibbling.

As time passed, I got where I no longer could physically romp around and play various sports like I once did, and I returned to playing the card game known as bridge, which my parents had taught me, and I found bridge clubs where I lived and played there, and I made lots of friends doing that, and some not good friends. I later took up playing chess, which had terrified me all of my life, because of how stupid it made me feel. But after a voice I knew well told me in my sleep in early 2005, that I needed to

learn how to play chess, I knew where people played chess, as I had been watching them, and I started playing chess with them, and I must have lost a thousand games before I won one. Today, I play chess with several old farts, whom I really like.

Bridge and chess were something I could take with me wherever I lived, and exercised my brain and maybe helped it stave off feeble mindless. Bridge and chess became the major aspect of my social life, after I got too old and feeble to dance with and date women, if any were around who wanted to have dealings with a dinosaur. I had met a few women along the way, who did want to do that, and they woke up something new in me, which I did not know existed, as the women I loved before them, dating back to my first wife, your grandmother. They enriched my life. The last of them passed away in 2022, and then I did a podcast about her called, "Homeless cowgirl shaman with the blues saved Key West from Hurricane Irma obliteration." A whole lot of people around the world watched that podcast. Here's a link for it:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZZ0Dc03eksU&t=54s>

Hurricane Irma is what led to my deciding to move from Key West back to Alabama, and how that came about, you two older baby fossils' mother can tell you all about.

Meanwhile, a few days ago, I ordered online two Poetic Outlaws T-shirts, one to wear, the other to hang on a hammered nail somewhere in my apartment, which has a variety of artistic impressions hanging on walls and anywhere else they can find purchase. The t-shirts arrived yesterday and I hung one of them beside the front door to my apartment.



The Sloan's Place sign was made by an interesting fellow living on Big Pine Key, who did some work for me in and around my trailer on Little Torch Key from 2010-2103. He also made a wooden sign on which was purloined from the "Gladiator" movie: "What we do here today echoes in Eternity". That sign was much larger and I don't recall what became it, but if anyone

down Florida Keys way has seen it lately, I would love to pay for its transportation to Birmingham.

The walking stick was given to me by a retired animal doctor, who taught at Auburn University's veterinarian school. A crusty one, wry wit, really smart, calls them as he sees them, I never was tempted to nibble on him, but I did have some conversations with him about the puzzling habit of humans having vets put down their ailing pets, but humans requiring humans to live as long and painfully as possible, regardless of how much money that cost, and he said that puzzled him, too, but he was retired and, so sorry, he was not going to get involved with that puzzle.

The wall tapestry hanging on my front door is one of several made by a lady neighbor in my apartment building, who once was the legal secretary for an eccentric Birmingham lawyer for whom I held great affection, perhaps because he also was a writer of sorts. His old legal secretary is a bit touched in the head, and I knew she means well, but finally I had to tell her I was not interested, and if she kept nosing around, I would have to call a lawyer I would have preferred to eat, to help her stay in her own lane.

The colorful rug is from Home Depot, and the clock is from Target. The fake flowers in the urn are from Walmart, and the urn I found in a local thrift store. I found the dining room table and chairs and couch and the sitting chairs, and a lot of lovely impressionist art pieces, and some funky crafts and sculptures, and fake plants in that and another thrift store In Birmingham.

Obviously, I don't take meals at the dining room table, which means I don't have people over for dinner, either. Sometimes I take a couple of women I have known for a while out to dinner, one at a time. But nothing romantic, as they don't speak dinosaur very well, and maybe it wouldn't

matter if they did, after the prostate cancer radiation during the covid shutdown maybe killed my rutting urges, finally.



I also have real plants, and nestled with them, more fake flowers from Walmart, and a fake bamboo plant to the right from a thrift store. No, I don't nibble on the real plants:-).



The original parquet wood floor dates the building back to the early 1950s.

The couch, aka the crime scene, is where I eat meals that I prepare in the kitchen or bring home from take out restaurants, and where I watch a lot of TV sports and Netflix and Prime movies, and play chess online against people I don't know, and duplicate bridge online with a shut-in fellow, and that couch is where I sit and write on my laptop and record redneck mystic podcasts and say and write a lot of weird shit that some people seem to like, and other people don't like. The red hat has Alabama on it. Part of the redneck costume.



This apartment building is located in a lovely area of Birmingham's "Southside". I've lived here three times. It's where I come back to after I quit running away from home. The first time, 1995, only white people lived here. The second time, 1998, I was coming out of the black night of the soul and nearly all of the tenants were white. Now, people of all colors and nationalities live here. This large one-bedroom apartment, with stove and refrigerator, heat, hot water and garbage pick up provided by the landlord, rents for \$965 a month, and in Key West would rent for \$3,000 a month.

Since moving into this apartment in June 2019, I wrote six books, which began as blogs and now are free reads at the internet library, archive.org. Five of the books are non-fiction, but perhaps could be classified as stranger than fiction :-):

A Southern Lawyer Who Became a Mystic, a trilogy, which contains A Few Remarkable Alabama People I Have Known (2004); Diary of a Redneck Mystic God Grabbed Once Upon a Time; Spontaneous Ramblings of a Bat Shaman; The Golden Flake Clown's Tale; Alabama's Tiny Kingdom Black Sheep.

The 6th book, *Return of the Strange* (2023), is the beyond stranger than fiction sequel to the beyond stranger than fiction novel, *HEAVY WAIT; A Strange Tale* (2001).

Also beyond stranger than fiction at archive.org is my 1st novel, *Kundalina, Alabama* (1992), which kinda fell out of me when I lived in Colorado. It was written under a pen name, Jake Carruthers, initials, J.C. :-), and in the Invocation, Jake tells the reader:

This tale - for it really is that and not a novel - is about Alabama, the "Heart of Dixie, as it is called by people from those parts. None of this book is true except the parts you believe are true. A real person didn't write this book because no real person would be that crazy. So if you think you know a real person who wrote it, then forget that nonsense right away. Or at the very least, keep your opinion to yourself to protect the family of the real person you think wrote it.

The wear and tear of life and time nudged Jake to stop using a fake name.

Centered around somewhat but not entirely restrained to Birmingham, the not entirely made up characters in *Kundalina*, *Heavy Wait* and *Return of the Strange* take the reader on wild rides, which were not entirely made up.

Also at archive.org is *Prisons & Freedom* (1991), which really pissed off Bo Lozoff, who was viewed as the prison inmate guru back in that time until he confessed during some scandalous revelations that he was a fake, yet I

still think his various books about the spiritual path, no matter what personal circumstances someone faces, are well worth reading.

My tech wizard amigo, known as “Bob” in The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast episodes, figured out how to convert those books so that they could be read at archive.org. He also figured out how to do the no-soliciting, ad-free podcast and run it up onto You Tube, and into the Torrent system, where people and platform moderators and their clients actually like something different, which also is the case at archive.org.

Bob is why the podcast and my books mentioned above are being watched and read all over the world, in far greater numbers than my first three consumer protection books, which were published by the Prentice-Hall Division of Simon & Schuster: *HOME BUYERS: Lambs to the Slaughter?*(1983), *Selling Your Home \$weet Home*(1984), and *KILL ALL THE LAWYERS? A Client’s Guide to Hiring, Firing, Using and Suing Lawyers* (1986).

I was widely interviewed by local, regional and national media about those books, which made me kinda famous for a while, but did not line my pockets with the desperately hoped for lucre I thought I needed to prove myself to my father and his by then deceased father, very successful capitalists.

At tinykingdomeblacksheep.blogspot.com, I am well into writing posts that will be chapters in yet another book, which I have been calling “Late Life Reflections of a Tiny Kingdom Birmingham County Club Heretic”, but perhaps a different title is incubating? Bob will load the finished product into the archive.org.

Beside many tales, the books contain some visions and a lot of poetry that up and jumped out of me, and a few of many soul drawings that leaped out of me. This soul drawing below of the homeless cowgirl shaman with the blues arrived 10 years before I met her. She was taught by a Native American shaman, and some of her rituals required wild bird feathers, which just showed up when she needed a feather to show up. All of my soul drawings were prophetic in some way.



I view my books and the podcast like my children and legacy, a last will and testament quite unlike anything my parents and their parents and I could have imagined when my father strongly recommended that I take a typing class during my first year at Ramsay High School in Birmingham.

For fifteen years, I had no contact with your mothers and fathers, thus with you baby fossils, which was not my choice. During that time, I had a lot

of experiences, quite a few of which are recounted in my books and in the podcast episodes. I met new people and made some very good friends. Two of them, much younger than me, became like younger siblings. Bob is one of them. The other is a woman named Brenda, who was my closest friend since 2005, until Bob showed up in 2017, when I was in a rough situation only he could help me with. They know me far better than anyone else in this world knows me.

I pay Bob for the work he does for me, and he will look after the podcasts and my books after I leave this life. His association with me cost him good paying work because his employers thought he was nuts for having anything to do with me. Last fall, contracts were taken out on his life because of community service interventions he was doing where he lived. Then, some bad men nearly killed Bob and left him for dead. Now he is in a secret hideout, being attacked by demons that had sent the bad men to kill him. I have special affection for Bob and Brenda.

Now, in case you might be thinking Bob and I are a bit paranoid. the podcast he and I did on Donald Trump being barred by U.S. Constitution Amendment 14, Section 3, from holding public office, because he had engaged in insurrection against the Constitution, was picked up by a Colorado satellite radio station, which interviewed a federal judge about the podcast and an Article 14, Section 3 article I had written, which Bob published at the free internet library, archive.org, and the podcast went viral in Colorado and the radio station was inundated with death threats, and the station's insurance carrier cancelled its insurance policy with the station, and the station went off the air. The Colorado Supreme Court then ruled 14/3 barred Trump from being on the Colorado ballot, and the Court was inundated with death threats. Here's a link for that podcast:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ool2d7q6hag&t=6s>

So, younguns, America ain't nothing today like it was when I was a boy and could get on a Birmingham city transit bus in Crestline, the "poor" side of Mt. Brook, aka The Tiny Kingdom, on Saturday afternoon, and ride the bus downtown with a friend to see a movie, and by a coke and popcorn, and ride the bus back to Crestline, all for 25 cents, and our parents never considered we might be at risk. If I were your ages, I might not want to bring a new child into this world, and I might give serious consideration to moving to another country.

In closing, for now, a how to live life in earlier America essay from Poetic Outlaws was in my email this Sunday morning, which for a very long time hasn't been a day of rest for me. I commented below the essay, and then I shared a poem which pretty well explains your Grandfossil's journey since he gnawed off his hind foot and the tracker, not realizing a second tracker had been imbedded deep in his tail.

Sloan Bashinsky

In the second half of my life, which had begun in 1942, I made quite a few sudden up and leave where I was departures, with almost no planning, or, rather, with zero planning, and off I went into the next adventure into the unknown, and some of it was rather nice, interesting, exciting, and some of it was not rather nice, but was interesting and exciting.

We plan, God laughs!" ruled, and so I chuckled when I got to the end of the priceless Steinbeck piece:

"Only when this is recognized can the blown-in-the-glass bum relax and go along with it. Only then do the frustrations fall away. In this, a journey is like marriage. The certain way to be wrong is to think you control it."

For example:

"SHANGHAIED" (2004)

A calling to serve carries its own wisdom,
which legitimates both the calling and the serving
so that the two are one:

Only the one called to serve
can know this wisdom,
and for some who are called
the knowing comes easily,
while for others the knowing is a fiery baptism.

Each calling is different,
and while some callings can be declined,
others cannot,
and those whose calling is without repentance
know they are in it for the duration of the calling,
and while others may try to persuade them out of it,
the calling for ones such as these always prevails;
thus is it advised to all called for keeps
that they view their calling as a blessing
even when it seems at times to be a curse,
and that they try to reconcile the loss of their captain status
and allow the Spirit of God to man the helm of their ship

and be glad and willing crew members thereon,
knowing that all sailing ships of souls
need a crew as well as a captain
to maintain and navigate the ship through
seas of many tones, depths and flavors;
so consider each league sailed
as part of the overall journey
going to where the captain deigns to go
by using whatever winds and sea currents available
to navigate the ship to the experiences
this ship and crew need to have
in order to fulfill their calling and its wisdom
revealed by the journey of many leagues,
many known only to the ship and its crew,
all of whom come to know,
some sooner than others,
that once conscripted
there is no safe jumping ship.

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

Even old shaman grinch's try to have some fun on Christmas



Been getting lots of Merry Christmas wishes, even though I don't see much going on inside of me or in America and the world that feels Merry.

I'm 81. Each day is a physical struggle for me, which has been the case since I was 26 and I woke up one morning and my G.I. tract was all fouled up. Diet, exercise, medicine, Christianity, the New Age, yoga, tai chi, chi kung, prayer, meditation, spiritual, herbal, shaman, light, Reiki, naturopathic, chiropractic, homeopathic, radionics, crystal, flower remedy, Hakomi, cranio-sacral healers, Rolfers, massage and physical therapists and other kinds of bodyworkers had no answer. So, my gut and I reached a tenuous live and let live agreement.

Sometimes I came across something that seemed to be helping my gut feel better and me be hopeful and even joyful, until something decided enough was enough, and quickly I started feeling a whole lot worse, to the point that I was terrified, and I discontinued what I was doing to try to feel

better, and whatever in me had reacted backed off, and back to the tenuous arrangement we went. That's how I discovered whatever was behind it was intelligent, which was, yeah, disturbing.

I also came to see that whenever I took on a new spiritual assignment, my gut got grumpier, and it stayed that way until I had worked a bit on the new spiritual assignment, and then my gut relaxed and we went back to our tenuous arrangement. That was further proof that whatever was behind it was intelligent, which added to the rather disturbing, as did my realization that I processed other people's psychic shit, and my own psychic shit, through my gut.

I spent a lot of time pondering and guessing what might be the root cause of if my disagreeable gut. Was it something I did that I ought not to have done? Something I didn't do that I ought to have done? In this life, in a prior life? Many times I asked the angels, who had taken me on as an experiment, to show me what was behind my disagreeable gut, and I got no answer, which left me pondering and guessing.

Prostate cancer radiation therapy in early 2020 didn't agree with my disagreeable gut, and we worked a different even more tenuous arrangement.

That, and feeling like I ran out of new things to write, and dreading getting older and more feeble and hurting, and worrying about ending up in a facility for people medicine has to keep alive at all costs, caused me to hope my Christmas present this year would be the Lord would take me. But since I'm still here this Christmas morning, I figure that means the Lord has other plans for me today.

A dream around dawn, and a dream during a nap after breakfast, left me feeling I had shat and sat in something I should have left alone, or maybe I had shat and sat in two somethings I should have left alone. I sit in lots of shitty stuff, as part of working for God, I hope, as opposed to working for my ego, or worse, the Devil. I came to accept that. But sitting in shitty stuff I should leave alone makes me feel like an idiot. It also creates a sense of dread, bordering on terror.

I noticed in the latter 1990s, that special days, including Christmas, tended to be really rough for me in just about all ways, and I came to dread special days coming. So, yeah, I dreaded this day coming, and now that I didn't get taken by the Lord yet, and I don't feel up to driving two hours today, to visit one of my daughters and her husband and their children home for Christmas, also helps explain why I don't exactly cheer up when I hear "Merry Christmas."

There are impersonal reasons, too, and I will provide some examples.

The first happened after I posted a link to the *Mary Poppins*, I ain't, but sometimes wish I was post onto my Facebook timeline, and this happened.

Doug

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Sloan Bashinsky

Thanks, Doug, but not much Merry going on in America, Palestine, Ukraine, to name a few places that cause Jesus to weep ongoing.

Charles

Sloan Bashinsky wish as happy of a Merry Christmas as you can deal with in this fractured world

Sloan Bashinsky

Hard to be happy looking at many millions of American Christians backing Israel murdering Gaza civilians, and as many Americans giving Hamas a free pass. Just as hard to be happy seeing many millions of American Christians believing everything their pagan leader in Mar-a-Lago tells them. They all really should study Jesus a bit more, especially the parts where he spoke of demonic possession.

And this:

December 19, 2023

The Atrocities In Gaza Are The Perfect Embodiment Of 'Western Values'

Caitlin Johnstone

<https://www.caitlinjohnst.one/p/the-atrocities-in-gaza-are-the-perfect/comments#comment-46012884>

Listen to a reading of this article (reading by Tim Foley): When Israeli president Isaac Herzog described the assault on Gaza as a war “to save Western civilization, to save the values of Western civilization,” he wasn’t really lying. He was telling the truth — just maybe not quite in the way that he meant it.

Sloan Bashinsky

Writes Sloan’s Newsletter

Hamas was founded to destroy Israel. Unable to do it, Hamas baited

Israel to do what it is doing.

Chang ChokaskiWrites Chang's Substack

I would recommend that you read the following book " Hamas Contained: The Rise and Pacification of Palestinian Resistance" by Tareq Baconi.

It explains Hamas (and its ideologies, goals, and evolution) better than what can be gotten from media sources or second hand information.

To clarify - Israel purports to represent Judaism (or Jews). But it doesn't do either. Israel (and Israeli Zionists) are a subset of Jews - they are trying to tie the religion of Judaism to their Zionistic beliefs. One reason for this strategy is so that if one insults Israel, they are insulting Judaism or Jews. They then use this to attack and silence anyone that criticizes Israel.

Similarly, Hamas uses Islam for its own purposes of resistance and increasing the ranks of its members. I doubt its values are religious, even though they claim to be based on religious values.

Ordinarily, I would agree with you that both are terrorist outfits. But that is painting with a very wide brush. Yes, both have committed terrorist acts. But distinctions need to be made here. Hamas grew out of a need for resisting the occupation. If there were no occupation, there would be no need for a Hamas. It would be more accurate to say that Hamas is a resistance outfit that has often used strategies of terror to resist.

Similarly, Israel and its Zionist ideology is not a terrorist organization. Their goal is to completely occupy Palestine. Ideally, they would like to achieve this with "ethnic cleansing". If that fails, they would move on to "genocide". What is deplorable and unforgivable is that they use strategies of terror to achieve their objectives - in my opinion to a

greater extent than Hamas.

Sloan Bashinsky

Whatever the history of Israel and Hamas, beginning October 7 of this year, both behaved like terrorists, so that's what they are. The broken record I keep playing in this forum is, unable to defeat Israel militarily, Hamas figured out how to punch every button of the people running Israel and its military, to provoke them to do what they are doing in Gaza and thereby turn the entire world against Israel. In that context, Hamas and Israel are joined at the hip in destroying Gaza and its people, culture, buildings, infrastructure and economy. The only solution is for Israel and Hamas to stop fighting, exchange their hostages, and leave each other alone henceforth, and Israel stops taking more land. Is that wishful thinking? Yes. But it is the solution.

And this from an old friend about yesterday's post: *A Hurt Feelings Report for Christmas stockings, Hamas lovers, Israel lovers, and Gaza, Israel and West Bank tourism industries*

Linda

Re your not very timid post

I hope you're well ensconced with loving friends and family this Christmas Eve-- it's very quiet over here, which is how I like it, and in a bit I'll leave for the Church and hope I can get in for the 4:00 Lessons and Carols without having to stand in a long line. Although not anything like what happens to you when you think or know too much about IPC, I'm having such negative thoughts about what's

happened over the last year or so that the Spirit should probably bar the door when I presume to cross the threshold. I'll report on it, but only to the extent that it doesn't hurt you.

I've read your long message and am now going back in search of your blogpost.

So much to talk about-- we'll make a firm dinner date after tomorrow.

Sloan

Home alone all day, but it's been pretty peaceful, for a change. I don't want to get re-involved in your church. It's not part of my life, it's not important to me. But if God insists ... Meanwhile, Dietrich Bonhoeffer summed it up: "Silence in the face of Evil itself is Evil, God will not hold us guiltless." Only people in your church have standing to deal with it. Or consent by silence. Or leave. That you have not left, nor been barred by the Spirit from entering, could mean you are being called to make a rumpus, which is where we disagreed the other time :-).

Linda

Merry peaceful Christmas! Thanks for the note-- we can take up our weighty matters later, but at the moment, after a really depressing ministerial intrusion on Lessons and Carols yesterday, I and a number of my friends are truly bummed out, and some of us have decided to talk about what to do about it. You and Herr Bonhoeffer are right, it's up to us. It's not that our minister is evil, but his personal difficulties seem to be flooding the church.

I totally agree with you about Palestine.


More this coming week.

Sloan

Heh, I'll send you a link to my Christmas Day blog post.

Am looking forward to dinner with you, but not to hearing about what's happening in your church, other than I might like to hear of any rumpus you made there.

Now something that did cheer me up yesterday was a meme posted on Facebook by a south Alabama amiga, under which I commented, "Amensky".



Be kind
and full of love... but
have boundaries
like a motherfucker.

I ain't neva gonna fergit her "Pigs in mud" pome:

All want the security of the well fed pig.

Horror at the baseness unrecognized.

A lifetime spent in shirt stuffing.

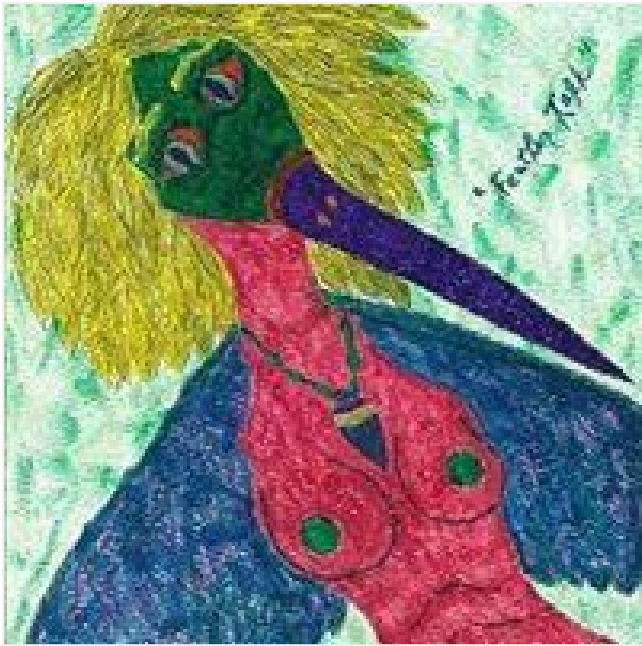
And pen comparison.

Is truth more palatable when honeyed?

Is a stark soulscape less so with the eyes of Monet?

May my affectations always be understood.

For the old who are tired of living and the young who want to die.



If I were president, I would try to make things easier for ailing elders and kids who see no reason to keep on living.

In my Facebook feed yesterday:

Porter Scott ·

A lovely humanistic tradition...



Tata Mundele

October 30, 2023

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"In Sardinia, the use of the "femina agabbadòra hammer" was a women's practice. Whenever an elderly man or woman of a given family was dying and in great pain, the family would call for the Accabadòra or Lady of the Good Death. She would usually be a widow dressed entirely in black, who likely inherited her role from her own mother or grandmother.

The title Accabadora means "She is the One Who Ends." She arrives with a large hammer of carved olive wood wrapped in heavy wool, and is left alone with the individual who may yet be screaming in agony and terror.

A witness testimonial of the practice translates: "It was dark. The room

was illuminated by a single wick in mastic oil. The Accabadòra entered the house -- the door had been left open for her. She passed no one as she enters her patient's room at at the bedside.

"She caressed the face of the dying person, chanted the rosary, sang one of the many lullabies usually sung to children. Finally she raised her hammer wrapped in thick, black wool, and gave a quick sharp blow on the skull.

"She then left the bludgeoned patient in quiet peace, and our family blessed and thanked and paid her for her good work as she was leaving. It is a hard job. The Accabadòra may herself be feeble, and is often a friend of the ailing individual. So you must always respect her.

"We do not consider her a murderer. In our village she is known as compassionate, a holy assistant in fulfilling the final destiny. Her act is loving and benevolent. She is our Last Mother."

Though usually done with a hammer, each Accabadòra may have her own technique, including smothering with a pillow, or climbing atop the sufferer to wrap her legs around the neck to squeeze the throat closed.

The last recorded Accabadòras went about their missions of euthanasia in 1929 in Luras and in 1952 in Orgosolo. But a recent work of fiction about the life of a modern Agabbadòra alleges that the ancient practice still exists in rural parts of Sardinia, where there are no physicians or any other help for the suffering."

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Photo: An Accabadòra ready to serve, though her hammer is considerably larger than would be used by a real Accabadòra . Inset: An actual femina accabadòra hammer in a Sardinian museum.

Sloan Bashinsky

Bring back the accabadoras.

Beloved ailing pets get put down by animal doctors, beloved ailing humans are forced to live as long as possible, no matter how much it cost\$.

In my Substack feed yesterday:

To the Young Who Want to Die

By: Gwendolyn Brooks

POETIC OUTLAWS

JAN 30, 2024

Sit down. Inhale. Exhale.

The gun will wait. The lake will wait.

The tall gall in the small seductive vial
will wait will wait:

will wait a week: will wait through April.

You do not have to die this certain day.

Death will abide, will pamper your postponement.

I assure you death will wait. Death has
a lot of time. Death can

attend to you tomorrow. Or next week. Death is
just down the street; is most obliging neighbor;
can meet you any moment.

You need not die today.

Stay here--through pout or pain or peskyness.

Stay here. See what the news is going to be tomorrow.

Graves grow no green that you can use.

Remember, green's your color. You are Spring.

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

Apologies, Eric, that's a really splendid piece of writing, but I'm gonna demure, and if it's out of bounds, please toss it into a landfill.

As for miserable kids who kill themselves, who can say it was wrong, who can know what it was like for them, who was not living in their skins? Who can know how it would have gone for those kids if they had not killed themselves? Would they have lived in a hell we cannot begin to imagine? Is it their sorrow, or ours, that we cannot abide, when they kill themselves?

I threw a baseball left-handed and a football right-handed, and batted right-handed and kicked right-footed, and dribbled and shot baskets with both hands. I was a bit cross-wired, but was pretty good and got an award for being the best basketball player in the 8th grade (before there were junior high schools).

Alas, I utterly missed that really important right of passage, when the season to reach puberty came and went, and I grew more desperate, feeling like a freak of nature. No way would I undress in the boys locker room.

My high school's sports coach tried to talk me into playing basketball, and I shriveled like a boiled daffodil and could only shake my head.

I grew more and more desperate, mortified to speak to anyone about it. I am pretty sure I was insane. Although I never thought of killing myself, I felt doomed.

A few months after turning 16, I entered puberty. All of a sudden, I was very interested in girls. But when I tried my hand at the sports in which I had excelled, I had lost my edge, my tone. I no longer could throw or punt a beautiful 40-yard spiral, or dropkick a 30 yard field goal. I had lost my touch catching passes, and sinking basketballs from anywhere. I could not even hit a softball with a bat, which I had been pretty good at when I was a Little League pitcher and first baseman, and could catch anything hit my way.

I was left playing golf, right-handed, which was my father's sport. He could have been a pro, but chose business instead. He told me that I needed to learn how to play golf, because all business deals are made on the golf course.

I became pretty good, won the Birmingham Country Club Junior championship when I was 16. Then, I developed a hitch my swing and couldn't feel the clubhead in by backswing, and over time the game that is the X-ray of the soul, if you don't believe it, you don't know the first fucking thing about golf, made me feel like I had not reached puberty, but I never thought of killing myself.

My solace all along was fishing, which my mother knew I had to do, or I would die. My father did not fish, so my mother got other men to take me fishing. She wanted me to be a priest, but did not understand that lakes were my church, the fish were angels, and when they had taught me how to fish, they would send me forth to fish.

Things came, and went, some of which were very painful, but most awful was years of premature ejaculations, the inverted hell of not reaching puberty on time, and I did not think of killing myself.

When that passed and my dick worked just fine in the romance arena, my first child, a boy, died of sudden infant death syndrome my senior year in law school, and I was in hell, but I did not think of killing myself.

About 18 months later, my G.I. tract went haywire, permanently, in one day's time, and medicine had no answer, and I was in hell, but did not think of killing myself.

My marriage failed, not gracefully, and I was in hell, but did not think of killing myself.

Being a lawyer came and went, not gracefully, and that was hell, but I never thought of killing myself.

Writing three dang good books for people who bought and sold homes and used lawyers, insider knowledge, consumer protection stuff, published in New York and widely exposed in local, regional and national news media, but the publisher did not get the books into bookstores, and that was hell, but I didn't become a great capitalist like my father and his father, didn't cause me to want to kill myself.

Then, I unwittingly became a mystic, and then a poet, and then the dark night of the soul came, and I thought plenty then about killing myself. It lifted on its own after four years, as it had come on its own.

The black night of the soul came two years later, in two days' time.

That black hole made the dark night seem like a cakewalk, and I plotted my demise every day for 16 months, and then it began to lift, and I started looking forward to being alive, again.

Becoming estranged from my father and my brother and my children and their families was hell, but it didn't cause me to want to kill myself.

Becoming blocked from earning a living wage was hell, but it did not cause me to want to kill myself.

Living in ways John Kerouac could never possibly imagine, was hell.

Broke, penniless, sleeping in doorways, on sidewalks, in backyards, on beaches, on park benches, in shelters, in tents, in spare rooms, in vehicles, for years, I never thought of killing myself.

Then came an inheritance from my father and a breather, and then came a couple of more years of living wild, and I never thought of killing myself.

My bisexual in the closet younger brother killed himself and tried to make it look like murder, because someone was threatening to out him and there was nothing he could do to stop it. It fell on me to explain that to those who would listen, and to those who would not and still today think he was murdered.

Running out of money again and living on the homeless edge for a couple of more years did not cause me to want to kill myself.

My daughters and I reconciled and that was wonderful.

A small inheritance from my father got me off the homeless rolls.

During the covid lock down, my father's main estate settled, and I figured he was paying me a living wage.

By then, other parts of my body were behaving differently from their original design, and I started wishing I would not wake up in the morning.

I wondered continually why old, ailing, beloved pets are put down by animal doctors, but old, ailing people are required by their loved ones and doctors and laws to suffer as long as possible, regardless of how much it cost\$?

That's when I realized I was fucked, and I figured I was not alone by any means, but maybe it was rare for anyone to just come out and say it where someone else might hear or read it.

I shared my sentiments with a retired veterinarian friend, who had taught many years at Auburn University's vet school. He said he understood completely, but he was retired and could not help me when I felt it was time for me to be put down, and that's when I knew I was fucked again.

So, I go to bed each night hoping the mother ship will come fetch me, and I wake up each morning wondering why I am still here, and then I thank God, or whatever inspired the internet, which gives me plenty to do with my ten fingers and a laptop, which I could not possibly have imagined when I entered highschool and my father said he thought I should take a typing course, because being able to type had proven very valuable to him.

In the middle of my life, I became a writer, then I became a novelist and a poet, writing far way out of any box I had ever seen or heard about.

And then I learned about blogging, and that became a cosmic milky way for me.

And then came more stranger than fiction books and novels even stranger than the early novels.

And then came free podcasting and the free internet library, archive.com, and, dang if people weren't reading and watching my looney ass all over the world, and when I croak my droppings will still be around for who the hell knows how long?

Not eternal life, but then, maybe the internet replaced God for much of humanity 😊.

I ain't no James Joyce, and this loopy portrait of a young man with no artistic leanings whatsoever, which all changed, and somewhere along the line, actually the spring of 1994, when this naughty lady of shady lane wiggled her way up out of him one word at a time and his ex-lawyer pen could not but obey its jealous mistress.

He feels deep beauty in the dark pool from which his writings flow, she clings to him like fine silk, precious oil, she feels solid, compressed, like... a black pearl, growing every larger from

inside out, with each stroke of his pen, pushing her precious waters over her banks into his dreams and life.

It was many years after my son died that I realized his mission was complete, he had done his loving vicious best to blast irreparably to smithereens the sacred hardened in concrete molds my parents and their parents and I had built to contain me.

The first clue, though, was in the spring of 1994, when this bolt of love lightning arrived:

Only fools rush in
where angels fear to tread,
but if there were no fools,
who'd lead the angels?

For a couple of weeks, I felt something huge and wonderful wiggling and squeezing its way into me. Often I wept, and then one day I heard, "This thing coming into you is your angel twin, and it will live out your life with you."

Tears welled in my eyes and heart.

Then, I heard, "By the way, this is your son."

My knees buckled, and I nearly fell to the ground.

I've had a remarkably rich, adventuresome life, and while getting older and more feeble really sucks, and I keep wondering why I'm still here, I get up each morning and type something.

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

**Art Work, Soul Work, The Work and Cults, and the great pussy grabbers
G.I. Gurdjieff and Donald Trump**



During the latter half of my 81-plus years, I read about and met and got to know a lot of people who had a spiritual teacher, or guru, which I have written about elsewhere from time to time.

My first encounter with such people occurred in the early 1980s, when I was moving toward winding down my law practice in Birmingham, Alabama. The spiritual teacher, or the guru, of those people, G.I. Gurdjieff, had died some years prior, and they were following him via his writings and whatever they were able to discover by reading elsewhere. Their leader was a physician perhaps around my father's age. They called their spiritual endeavor "The Work," which I later learned is what the grinding spiritual climb is called in other spiritual traditions.

I attended a number of their meetings, and eventually a man from a Gurdjieff community in New York City came to Birmingham and started a second Gurdjieff group, and I attended a number of their meetings. I was quite intrigued by Gurdjieff, but I found it difficult fitting into the two Birmingham groups, which seemed to me to be religious cults.

I closed my law practice and moved to Santa Fe, New Mexico, to attend a natural healing and massage school, hoping that would turn my life around. It was a terrific experience, I met a lot of new, very interesting people, who were on their own spiritual journeys, but it did not turn my life around.

So, one morning, feeling like I had failed in every way a man could fail, I prayed, "Dear God, I do not wish to die like this, failed." I paused, added, "I offer my life to human service." I felt something emotional inside of me, and then went on about my day.

About ten days later, I woke up in the wee hours, maybe 2 a.m., and saw two white-ish etheric beings shaped like shifts hovering above me in the

darkness. I heard, “This will push you to your limits, but you asked for it and we are going to give it to you.” I saw a white flash and was jolted physically and otherwise by something electrical, which happened two more times, about 5 seconds total, and the beings faded away, and I was shaking and sweating.

The changes began slowly, and about that and where all it went I wrote about elsewhere, now told in posts at this and other blogs, and in quite a few books at the free internet library, archive.org.

Today, I will discuss Mr. Gurdjieff, who was a very different pussy grabber cult leader than, say, the make America great pussy grabber Donald Trump, who, I imagine, wouldn't be interested in Mr. Gurdjieff at all :-), but perhaps this post might interest Americans who worship him who would be king, if some day they decide belonging to a cult is not really the best thing they can do for their soul.

I could say the same for people who worship Sleepy Joe Genocide Biden :-).

And, I could say the same for people who think they were saved by Jesus, simply because someone or a book told them they were saved by him, even though they don't behave much like he behaved in the Gospels.

In Poetic Outlaws today.



Lost Art

By: G. I. Gurdjieff

POETIC OUTLAWS

FEB 2, 2024

“Ancient art has a specific inner content. At one time, art possessed the same purpose that books do in our day, namely: to preserve and transmit knowledge. In olden days, people did not write books, they incorporated their knowledge into works of art. We would find a great many ideas in the works of ancient art passed down to us, if only we knew how to read them.”

—G. I. Gurdjieff

G. I. Gurdjieff (1866–1949) was a mystic, spiritual teacher, and philosopher who developed a unique system of self-transformation that reconciled the great mystical and spiritual traditions. It was known as the "Fourth Way".

Gurdjieff's life and teachings are shrouded in mystery and ambiguity, and he deliberately maintained a certain level of secrecy about his background.

Gurdjieff's teachings embody a wide range of ideas and concepts, from Self-observation and Self-awareness to the notion of different levels or centers of consciousness within each of us.

Ultimately, he believed most people live their lives in a state of mechanicalness, reacting to external stimuli without true awareness of who they are. But he also believed in the power of art and sacred dance as potential tools for inner transformation and awakening higher states of consciousness.

He once said: "Without self-knowledge, without understanding the working and functions of his machine, man cannot be free, he cannot govern himself and he will always remain a slave...

"Awakening is possible only for those who seek it and want it, for those who are ready to struggle with themselves and work on themselves for a very long time and very persistently in order to attain it."

The following is a passage from "Views from the Real World" — a collection of his talks and writings first published in 1975.

THE KEYS TO ALL THE ANCIENT ARTS ARE LOST, were lost many centuries ago.

And therefore there is no longer a sacred art embodying laws of the Great Knowledge, and so serving to influence the instincts of the multitude.

There are no creators today.

The contemporary priests of art do not create but imitate. They run after beauty and likeness or what is called originality, without possessing even the necessary knowledge. Not knowing, and not being able to do anything, since they are groping in the dark, they are praised by the crowd, which places them on a pedestal.

Sacred art vanished and left behind only the halo which surrounded its servants. All the current words about the divine spark, talent, genius, creation, sacred art, have no solid basis—they are anachronisms.

What are these talents? We will talk about them on some suitable occasions.

Either the shoemaker's craft must be called art, or all contemporary art must be called craft. In what way is a shoemaker sewing fashionable custom shoes of beautiful design inferior to an artist who pursues the aim of imitation or originality?

With knowledge, the sewing of shoes may be sacred art too, but without it, a priest of contemporary art is worse than a cobbler.

Sloan Bashinsky Sloan's Newsletter

In the early 1980s, as I wound down my law practice in Birmingham, Alabama, I hired a publicist to promote books I wrote for people who bought and sold homes and used lawyers. The books were not well received by real estate companies and lawyers. She told me about a Gurdjeff group she belonged to in

Birmingham, and I started attending their meetings. I was by then interested in the New Age and just about anything viewed as “esoteric spirituality”.

The publicist said it was believed Gurdjieff was from Armenia, and he at one time had the ear of the Russian royal family and very much wanted them to get rid of their Russian orthodox priest, Rasputin. Later, Joseph Stalin was one of Gurdjieff’s pupils for a short while.

The publicist got me to read the Russian P.D. Ouspensky’s book, *IN SEARCH OF THE MIRACULOUS*.” At one time. Ouspensky and Gurdjieff had some dealings.

Then, she got me to read Gurdjieff’s first book, *MEETINGS WITH REMARKABLE MEN*, in which Gurdjieff reveals a good bit about his early searching and how he eventually was invited to join a secret brotherhood, which had monasteries in out of the way place. There, Gurdjieff received his training in the basics of the brotherhood’s knowledge and practices to recover their essence.

In that book, Gurdjieff recounts being told by brothers who had been there a while of two very old men, hundreds of years old, who traveled between the brotherhoods’ monasteries, sharing what they knew.

One of the elders was so eloquent in his speech that they swooned on his every word. The other elder’s speech was guttural and they could barely understand him. After the two

elders left, the brothers discussed what they had learned and discovered they could not remember anything the eloquent elder had said, because he had spoken to them from his mind, but they remembered everything the other elder had said, because he had spoken to them from his being.

I didn't stay with the Gurdjieff group, and not long after I moved to Santa Fe, New Mexico, to attend a massage and natural healing school, and to explore various spiritual movements that interested me.

It was there that I had my first encounter with angels, who quickly impressed me to shed all the other stuff, because they had taken over. A few months later, I moved to Boulder, Colorado, where the angels began in earnest trying to help me recover my essence.

I won't say more about that here, other than what happened in Santa Fe and in Boulder and later elsewhere is reported in quite a few books I wrote, which are free reads at the internet library archive.org. Three of the books are novels, the rest are stranger than fiction true stories:-). archive.org

In Boulder, I read Gurdjieff's second book, BEELZEBUB'S TALES TO HIS GRANDSON: ALL AND EVERYTHING, in which Beelzebub is Gurdjieff and his grandson is the reader, or Gurdjieff's students. Beelzebub recounts his own early goofs and growing ups, and stuff he learned along the way, some of which is quite interesting, such as, of all the great saints who had lived on Earth, the one whose teachings had the best chance of helping

humanity was St.Jesus. When I mentioned that to my publicist friend, she looked like she had been stung by a wasp.

Beelzebub described human beings as three brain beings, one brain was in the solar plexus, another was in the heart, and the third was in the head. And, it was for human beings to fully develop all three of their brains, to be their true essence.

I then read Gurdjieff's third book, LIFE IS REAL ONLY THEN, WHEN "I AM", which he wrote as himself, candidly sharing events from his own life and work and of his students. He said he had hoped to teach by writing books, but he had found only his students could understand his books. That book ended in mid-sentence, because he had died.

Later, I stumbled across a book entitled ON A SPACESHIP WITH BEELZEBUB: BY A GRANDSON OF GURDJIEFF, by David Kherdian, a professional writer, who had belonged to a Gurdjieff group in New York City, from which he eventually weaned and moved to Washington state, as I recall, where he joined another Gurdjieff group, in which he participated a few years, before he decided he needed to leave it and proceed on his own.

For me, Kherdian's book is the most important book about Gurdjieff, because it brutally describes the workings of Gurdjieff communities and the power the leaders of those groups have over the community members, and the extreme difficulty of members leaving and striking out on their own. I recommended Kherdian's book to several people, who belonged to Gurdjieff

groups, who were trying to leave and make their own way. It is very difficult for anyone in a cult to leave it.

Much later, I met a woman whose grandfather [the physician] had run the Gurdjieff group I had run with for a while in Birmingham. She said it was well known that Gurdjieff impregnated a lot of his female students, who bore him children. I asked her why I had not been told that when I was involved in her grandfather's group? She smiled, said, it's not something they liked to discuss.

I knew from LIFE IS ONLY REAL THEN, WHEN "I AM", that Gurdjieff's wife had gotten sick and died while he was far away doing something, and he was so distressed, because had he been with her, he could have used his power to save her.

Cleveland McLemoreCleveland's Substack

As I recall Ouspensky expressed some remorse on his death for having devoted his entire life to this quest without much resolution. I would surmise that much like Jung's path of transformation through individuation we might arrive at better understanding of what it might mean to be fully present in the moment. "When a summit of life is reached, when the bud unfolds and from the lesser the greater emerges, then, as Nietzsche says, 'One becomes Two,' and the greater figure, which one always was but which remained invisible, appears to the lesser personality with the force of a revelation... a moment of deadliest peril!" Jung. Yet even here his final formula on becoming whole slipped into alchemy.

Sloan Bashinsky

It indeed is alchemy, of the soul, and it is a process, which has no end for most people, although I have read accounts of people who got to a singularity event, where they were one with God by any name called, and that's where they remained until it was time for them to leave their bodies. For the rest of us, it's get up each morning and deal with what's in front of us as best as we are able. In my case, I am assisted by angels, for which I take zero credit, nor do I take credit for the changes in me, other than I did not kill myself many times I wished I was dead, and even then maybe something stayed my hand :-). My take was Ouspensky searched for something magical, which would change him, and perhaps that does sometimes happen, but that's not what Gurdjieff was about, nor Jesus, nor Rumi and his teacher, Shams, nor Kahlil Gibran, nor many others, some known today, most never heard of. One thing Gurdjieff taught, which seems the core of all spiritual paths, is not to react to what bugs us, and instead, simply sit in the discomfort, stew in it. This also is the method presented in A COURSE IN MIRACLES, which said to do that for a year and you emerge a new person.

Cleveland McLemore

Point well taken, Caroline Myss speaks of spiritual madness, transpersonal psychology thrives on spiritual emergencies, every time we crack the code of our own conditioning to reveal the original self, where we come face to face with the eternity of our own liberation, we are faced with a conundrum

as we are no longer tethered to the mundane, as Jung says "a moment of deadliest peril." And why is that? Gibran suggest that "When a man hears to call of his heart and the cry of his spirit, we say that such a one is possessed of a madness and we cleanse ourselves of him." because we no longer fit the mold that we were cast into from birth. If we are wise we heed the warnings and keep such revelations to ourselves, otherwise the life of such an unfortunate seeker will be made very unpleasant. That is only to be expected for senseless lack of discretion. "Wisdom stands on the street corner and calls to us above the multitude, but we deem her thing without worth and despise them that follow her." Gibran. And yet we don't break the mold of our conditioning without some serious incentive, as the Taoist say, "Learn to die before you die." When you've already lost everything, what more do you have to lose?

Sloan Bashinsky

Heh, I lost everything twice, if you mean money. I lived on the street and just off it for five years, and then did a second stint of two years. I lost plenty else, too. But perhaps the most important thing I lost, because I destroyed it, was my reputation, and then I could be free, because there was nothing left to protect :-). I read some of Myss's writings, and I watched a video of her speaking to an audience. I thought she was facile at collecting various spiritual concepts and putting them in books, but I did not think she had lived the theories in the way that, say, Gibran, Rumi, Shams, Jesus, Lao Tsu, Buddha, or even Gurdjieff lived them. A chapter of

my book, A Southern Lawyer Who Became a Mystic, at archive.org, contains a psychic friend's and my discussion of Myss. The psychic was more impressed by Myss, than me, who had somehow survived the dark night of the soul and the much worse black night of the soul described by San Juan de la Cruz in his commentaries, as presented in St. John of the Cross: Alchemist of the Soul, by the Spaniard poet Antonio T. de Nicholas. I take no credit for any of that, other than I did not kill myself during the black night, in which I was suicidal every day for 16 months. It arrived over 2 days' time, and it left over about 6 months' time. Then, the angels really went to work inside of me. That was in 1998. And they have not let up. but most of it became engaging the world as it engaged me. The internal work receded, except for dreams, which always are about something I am dealing with when I am so-called awake :-). Maybe some day I will get smart enough so that I don't keep running off the rails at times and the angels spank me, and redirect me :-)

Here is a link to a podcast, in which I discussed Gurdjieff and related stuff.

<https://youtu.be/yNuStz5xLhE>

Halloween- The Veil At Its Thinnest: A Discussion of Authors of Spiritual & Important Works

About a week later:

Cleveland McLemore

It is curious, we all have our particular challenges in life, all upon the premise of being human. I am still new to this site, and have yet to figure out how to navigate conversations such as they are, although I must admit that it is not at all what I had expected more of a dead poets society. When I was looking more for a place of creative exchange and expression. Just now finding my way back here and noticed, that this conversation does not appear to be a part of an on going thread. Not sure why that is.

Sloan Bashinsky

Eric quoted Gurdjieff re lost art. I know a good bit about Gurdjieff, who was a spiritual guru and still has a pretty wide following. Dead Poets Society is one of my favorite films. Eric mostly features poets who have left this life. I didn't know I had poetry in me until 1991, when this came out of me and became the back jacket of a book I had written, Prisons & Freedom, which is a free read at the internet library, archive.org.

"Living Poets"

Dead poets are poets who never write
Who obey shoulds and oughts
Who live to please others
Who value money over God
Who die without ever having lived
Death is their mark
Dead poets are remembered by the living.

Living poets are remembered by time
Dead poets never sing their song
Living poets never stop singing it
The difference between the two is this:
One worships fear, the other life
To be a dead poet is hard
It requires being someone else
To be a living poet is easy
It only means being myself
One choice is hell, the other heaven
That is what is meant by free will
Then a whole lot of poetry came up out of me.

Sloan Bashinsky

A truly lost art today is spiritual alchemy, called “The Work” in some circles, which was Gurdjieff’s life work. As happened with some gurus, past and present, Gurdjieff had sex with female disciples, which he skipped over telling in his books. My poetry is about spiritual alchemy, as I lived it, and still live it. Ditto, my books, non fiction and novels, some of which contain poetry. Free reads at archive.org.

Cleveland McLemore

My computer ate a large portion of my poetry files on the alchemical furnace as it is referenced in Taoist teachings. West meets East or so the expression goes.

"The Tao of spiritual alchemy is none other than the Tao of the I Ching, the Tao of sages is none other than the Tao of immortals, and that the I Ching is not a book of divination but rather is the study of investigation of principles, fulfillment of nature, and arriving at the meaning of life."

Liu I-ming

"Although the words are very clear, yet they are also very vague. The shallow may take the I Ching to be a book of divination, but the profound consider it the secret of the celestial mechanism."

Lu Tung-pin

In The Dark

We can live in the dark
without a spark
And call this the light
We can live all our life
In obedience to ignorance
and call this divine
We can worship our own
intelligence and believe
that what we achieve
is worth the price
Who is at the helm?
We are a nation of fools
In a world spun out of control
In our bid for power

Without honor or humility
there is no impeccability
We neglect the totality
of the Self

~*~*~

Original natural reality
fire that burns
fire that heals
Return of the real
yin fire is restless
yang fire is true
when yin culminates
yang is born
light enters into the earth
a companion comes
reversing the path
creative energy is born

Sloan Bashinsky

Very nice.

I went looking for something and “accidentally” stumbled across this discourse during the covid pandemic, when I was using a different blog than what I now mostly use. I brought that old blog with me when I moved from Key West to Alabama in late 2018.

Diving deep into Jesus and Mary Magdalene might be hazardous to Christianity :-)

<https://afoolsworkneverends.blogspot.com/2021/12/diving-dep-into-jesus-and-mary.html>

Interestingly, today, I published something about my time in Key West and the Florida Keys at the blog I now mostly use.

Mystery reigns as the beatings continue until morale improves

<https://redneckmysticlawyerforpresident.blogspot.com/2024/02/the-beatings-will-continue-until-morale.html>

I was looking for something I had posted about the Tao, sort of. Here it is:

Apocalypse: the destruction of humanity's South Pole, Eve
<https://tinykingdomblacksheep.blogspot.com/2023/12/apocalypse-destruction-of-humanitys.html>

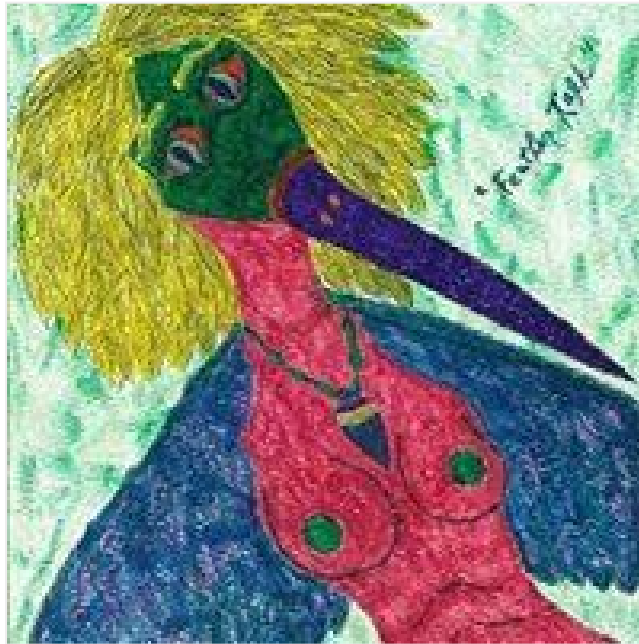
And I was looking for this poem, which syncs, sort of, with the two Eve/Yin poems in the apocalypse post.

Earth,
the sacred prism
through which souls are refracted
into their elemental parts,
purified in Holy Fire,
then one-forged
and sent on their way
to not even God knows where,

simply because they are all
unique emanations of God,
evolving...

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

a dream-inspired Key West Sunday homily: Robert Frost, Earnest Hemingway, poetry, chess, booze, life and death on the road less traveled b



A woman poet friend in Key West, who sometimes went on benders, was in bed with me in a dream around dawn this Sunday morning, and she said she needed to change her face because she knew what I wanted to do.

I woke up wondering that that could be about?

I met her in early 2001 at a Key West Poetry Guild monthly meeting, where local poets recited their own poetry. She was quite a good poet, and

while I fancied her for a while, and we both had spent a good bit of time on the beautiful Caribbean Island nation Dominica, not to be confused with the Dominican Republic, it didn't turn to romance.

Because of her, I joined the Key West Poetry Guild and recited my own poetry at its monthly meetings until I moved back to Alabama in late 2018.

The American poet Robert Frost lived in Key West and became a legend there, and it was to honor him that the Key West Poetry Guild came to be.

My favorite from Frost remains,

Somewhere ages and ages hence:

Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—

I took the one less traveled by,

And that has made all the difference.

I also read where Frost said the only way to deal with a problem is to go through it.

There is a Hemingway lookalike contest in Key West every year, when mostly old white men with white Hemingway-style beards wearing Orvis fishing garb vie for the prize.

Several times, people told me I should enter the contest, and I declined.

Once, when pushed hard to reconsider, I said, unlike the Hemingway contestants, I know how to write and fish, and I don't drink.

Hemingway drank like a fish and wasn't always kind to women he loved, but he wrote from his heart and guts and life experiences, and was a hell of

a novelist. After contracting brain cancer and beginning to lose his mind, he blew out his brains with his beloved double-barreled shotgun.

Over breakfast this morning, my ruminating took me back to the [For the old who are tired of living and the young who want to die...](#) post. I re-read readers' comments and my replies and added a comment about Key West under the last reader's comment.

Here are all of the readers' comments, and my replies.

Patris

Patris's Substack

Much as I would like to avoid being bopped by a lady dressed in black, (who likely is used to terrorize young children in the village), I could not stop reading this essay, particularly the journey you travelled to get here.

Sloan Bashinsky

Thank you, Patris.

Patris

There's a Ulysses in you, Sloan. At a certain age we all wonder why we've survived when we had been once so convinced we would die young - particularly if we wanted to.

Bob Graham

Uncle Bob Is Ruminating

I'd never heard of an Accabadora before, absolutely fascinating. Glad I stumbled upon this, cheers.

Sloan Bashinsky

Nor had I ever heard of such a creature :-)

The Chaos Trials

This is beautiful. It resonates. I'm at a crossroads. Should I stay or should I go?

Sloan Bashinsky

I imagine either way will be an adventure, but if you leave, will you miss out on something on this world, which you cannot find anywhere else in Eternity or Infinity?

Consider something that fell out of me in April 1995, as I ate breakfast one morning in my kitchen, in Boulder, Colorado.

“Sacred Prism”

Earth,

The sacred prism

through which souls are refracted

into their elemental parts,

Purified in Holy Fire,

Then one-forged

and sent on their way

to not even God knows where,

Simply because they are all

Unique Emanations of God,

Evolving . . .

The Chaos Trials

Yes. That is beautiful. I'm in this weird space. Liminal? I just writing on here. It's saved my life. When I get up in the morning, other than my pets, I have a purpose. I appreciate your kindness. I have met so many wonderful people on here.

Sloan Bashinsky

Everyone has a purpose imprinted in their soul, and this world is where it is tested and refined, or dodged or smothered, and, fortunately, Jesus spoke twice with his disciples in the Gospels of past lives, thus, there are future lives here, or somewhere, as well:-), yet good luck getting Christendom to admit Jesus and his disciples discussed that, and besides, today, and doing the next thing before us, and the next thing after that, is the work, the the grain mill, the alchemy furnace, the poem, the painting, the sculpture, unfolding, unless we just give up and get another chance, and another chance after that.

And then consider something that fell out of me about a year and a half before "Sacred Prism"

"Rainbows" (fragment of original poem)

Rainbows know no master.

Fueled by Father Sun

They touch Misty Earth

Only Heaven knows where.

Rainbows are more shiny than silver
and more brilliant than gold,
More valuable than diamonds
and more precious than pearls.
Rainbows paint heavens beautiful,
Make angels sing.
Rainbows are you, and me,
Full spectrums of Infinity
blazing across Eternity.
Rainbows are now.

The Chaos Trials

You are a beautiful soul.

Sloan Bashinsky

At times, but after those lovely poems came, I got to see lots more parts of myself in mirrors I did not order, to go on top of earlier mirrors il did not order, well, not knowingly :-)

Paul Wittenberger

Paul's Substack

Wonderful essay full of heartbreak and perseverance! I never heard of an Accabadora before, either! I'm glad you're still with us.

Sloan Bashinsky

Thanks, sometimes I'm glad, sometimes not :-)

Free Radio Rulo

As the late great John Prine said: "When your dead, your a dead peckerhead". God bless

Sloan Bashinsky

So, that is the goal of dying, to be a dead peckerhead? :-), Hee Haw!

Free Radio Rulo

John Prine - When I Get To Heaven

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l0EiV423j0M>

Sloan Bashinsky

That will be a sight to see, vodka and cigarettes in heaven. Dead peckerhead, indeed :-)

Richard Blaisdell

Richard's Substack

Native Americans ancient elders chose to go to a sacred mountain space greet the universe and die on their own. Return to freed the earth elements. Their last choice.

Sloan Bashinsky

I have heard of that, or they went into the wild and let the animals have them.

Huge indu\$tries depend on people living as long as possible and then being mummified or turned into ashes, instead of feeding the planet on which they depended to live.

Richard Blaisdell

Monopolies are "funeral homes " unregulated. One mega company owns many different entities. Now possible to be composted instead of

injected with preservatives to body and buried. Cremation still a polluting choice. But regulations often prevent last wishes of ashes tossed to the wind or put in wild lakes and streams. Many patients in hospitals or hospice care given assist of morphine to see the 'ascent' from body.

Sloan Bashinsky

I much prefer getting the morphine at time of my choosing and stiffing the lawyer\$ and medical industrial complex and attending buzzard\$



Sloan Bashinsky today

A dear friend of mine in Key West, Patrick, died and his brother in Pacific Northwest America was making arrangements for his ashes to be interred in a tomb in the Key West cemetery for homeless people who had died there. Patrick was not homeless, but he only had Social Security disability and lived in a subsidized housing project. He was a fabulous chess player, and at one time had made a lot of what looked like Buddhist mandala art pieces, which, along with his very gentle but wise manner, caused me to think he had been a lama in a past lifetime.

When he was 18, Patrick was put in a federal prison because he would not submit to being drafted and fighting in Vietnam. The prison chess club discovered he was a chess master and protected him for the time he was in here. He said he never lost a game. Upon release, Patrick got a girlfriend and one day they got drunk by a river and went swimming and were caught in a hydraulic (whirlpool) below a rapids

and she drowned and he was sucked to the bottom and a voice told him to go with the flow and he was pushed downstream by the bottom current and came up choking and gasping for breath. He then drifted, playing chess for money and booze and drugs wherever he was, until he ended up in Key West.

Patrick sobered up in the local AA chapter house, where he tended the coffee bar for cash wages, until that AA house decided to get grants to fund itself, which was not how AA chapter houses fund themselves. Members fund the chapter house. Because of the grant, they had to start paying Patrick by check, and fearing that would cause him to lose his disability payments, he quit his job and went back to drinking, and despite my efforts, and a long stint in a hospital after he caught pneumonia and was dried out, he drank until he died.

I told Patrick's brother to let Patrick's Key West friends spread his ashes in the ocean off the big Higgs Beach public pier in Key West, and in that way create a homeopathic remedy of Patrick, which would spread around the world and infect it with his beautiful soul, and that's what we did :-).

My last will and testament at that time provided for my ashes to be spread in various parts of the Florida Keys, which I had loved since I was 15 years old. But after I moved back to my hometown, Birmingham, Alabama, I changed my will to say my ashes would be spread in the public park across the street from where I live in an old apartment building, where I lived two other times after I stopped running away from home. The park has an earth energy vortex, which I enjoy along with the energy of the beautiful old trees and a pair of owls that make the park their home.

Key West has a similar vortex, like the one at Stonehenge, and the one in Sedona, Arizona and in the Sangre de Cristo mountains in Colorado and New Mexico, and in Tibet and the Andes, but it seemed the Key West vortex might spin backward, given it did not attract spiritual pilgrims, but spiritual runaways, refugees who had run away from home, or from something :-)

If there was no booze in Key West, it might dry up and blow away :-)

I never drank enough to become an addict, but I learned in Key West that even one glass of wine over dinner with friends made my liver howl the next day, and I stopped drinking altogether.

In early 2005, a familiar voice told me in a dream that I should learn how to play chess. I woke up, rattled. Chess had long intimidated me. I knew the moves, but otherwise, I was an idiot at the game.

I had watched Patrick and other men play many games at Sippin' Internet Cafe in Key West, and at the Anchor's Away (AA) house, but was too timid to play myself. So, that's where I started playing chess, and I lost a lot of games and remained intimidated, but I kept playing and came to love the game, even though I wasn't worth a shit at it.

In the hundreds of chess games we played, I beat Patrick once, when he dozed off and got his queen trapped and he laughed and resigned.

I played a lot of chess with a lawyer friend in Key West, who had lived a while in an ashram in India before he became a Buddhist. He represented an American, who became a Sikh and then became a Buddhist and then became a mega real estate developer in Key West and the Florida Keys.

The lawyer was a good chess player and maybe I won two games against him. I introduced him to Patrick, who demolished him. Later, the lawyer told another friend of ours that, even drunk, Patrick was a chess master.

Over dinner one evening with the lawyer and our other friend, the lawyer said he would prove to me that his Buddhist developer client was not possessed by Lucifer, which I had published on my blog that he was. I invited the lawyer to put on his case.

The lawyer said his client was brilliant, in that he could get anyone to see what he wanted them to see and not see what he didn't want them to see.

I said, "That's how Lucifer sells, I rest my case."

By then, I understood that life is poetry, yet much of it also is a chess game, and that is why Archangel Michael told me to learn how to play chess.

There was another reason. Chess stimulates the brain like Nothing else and helps stave off senility. Whereas, booze destroys brain cells.

Richard Blaisdell

Key West vortex drifts me down to dives in the keys like dry tortugas reef places where antler and brain corals grew. Chess pieces move on boards like you and me knight - shift transients but I found in the game I never planned that far **ahead**. Went with the vortex flow, held my breath and came up for air. Alive to play another game.

Sloan Bashinsky

Amazing... coincidence?

If you believe in such...

:-)

Richard Blaisdell

There are no coincidences. Just repetition expressed experiences that appear in random thoughts sometimes tossed around in dreams and you are left wondering deja vu? My oldest brother was a chess master in NY. His life dedicated to pursuit of winning. I only played him for my own amusement. He was one that believed in treasure hunting. Did metal detecting. Played the lottery. Lost more than he won. Lost his mind at end. Kept up laughing even tho he was dying, but didn't realize death was at his door.

Sloan Bashinsky

Fuck all, dang if you don't have an outlook and a wit that I can only imagine make angels guffaw and sing!

Yeah, grew. Lots of the corals died, some suspect killed by the invasive species- humans.

Last, but hardly least:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZZ0Dc03eksU>

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

Mystery reigns as the beatings continue until morale improves



This post today about mystery and surprise wanders a bit between Birmingham and other places and the Florida Keys/Key West, but I think it all gets sewn together by the end, perhaps a patchwork quilt of sorts.

In my email this morning:



I am Content to Live in the Mystery

By: Henry Miller

POETIC OUTLAWS

FEB 11, 2024

I have a theory that the moment one gives close attention to anything, even a blade of grass, it becomes a mysterious, awesome, indescribably magnificent world in itself.

I have tried this experiment a thousand times and I have never been disappointed.

The more I look at a thing, the more I see in it, and the more I see in it, the more I want to see. It is like peeling an onion.

There is always another layer, and another, and another. And each layer is more beautiful than the last.

This is the way I look at the world. I don't see it as a collection of objects, but as a vast and mysterious organism.

I see the beauty in the smallest things, and I find wonder in the most ordinary events. I am always looking for the hidden meaning, the secret message. I am always trying to understand the mystery of life.

I know that I will never understand everything, but that doesn't stop me from trying.

I am content to live in the mystery, to be surrounded by the unknown.

I am content to be a seeker, a pilgrim, a traveler on the road to nowhere.

You can find this passage in Henry Miller's fantastic book—Black Spring.

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

It is my experience that mystery is essential to soul development, for if we know how everything will turn out, what is the point of living? If we do not get ruffled, disturbed, surprised, disappointed, pleased, infuriated by what life serves, that would be really boring.

In January 1994, I started attending a church service of sorts in a rented hall in a commercial building. Each Sunday morning, someone responsible for the meeting talked about this or that.

After a few weeks, as a meeting came to close, a man, whom I had not seen there before, came forward from the back of the meeting hall and faced the gathering and told us to all close our eyes and ask God what we can best do to serve God?

That was the first mention of God I had heard in that "church".

I closed my eyes and silently asked God what I could do to best serve God? Into my inner vision came a white quill writing pen. Tears welled in my eyes. I opened my eyes and got up and left.

That night after dinner, sitting with my diary and a ballpoint pen in my "sitting chair" in my wife's and my bedroom, looking out the window at an old, majestic black willow tree and a big moon behind its branches, I opened my diary and put my pen on the paper and one word at a

time started appearing, as if I was taking dictation, and I started bawling, and that went on every night for weeks, and then it stopped, and I typed it all up into my computer and then made it into a little saddle stitched pamphlet, which I named "A Crazy Person's Bible", because any one who lived God would have to be crazy to live as God wanted them to live, turning the other cheek, praying for our enemies, taking no thought for the morrow, it is more blessed to receive, first take the beam out of our own eye, etc.

Then, I had a couple of hundred copies made at a Kinkos and I put them in a cardboard box and took them to the mall where I lied to hang out during day time, and at night, when street performers were there. I set the box on a bench and I left. Later I came back and retrieved the box and what pamphlets were left in it and went home.

I kept doing that, and I kept printing more copies, and I kept doing that, and then a sequel came, and did it all again, and another sequel came, and I did it all again, and then it played out. And, then I wrote two novels at the same time, and finished writing them both on the same day.

Then, my life there imploded and I moved away and all those writings remained there and cannot be reproduced.

By then, I was beginning to use the internet, and in time I wrote maybe 50 thousand pages on blogs on goodmorningkeywest.com and goodmorningfloridakeys.com, which I paid the owner of bigpinekey.com to create for me, which developed a pretty good following.

Then, I got tangled in something in Key West, which I could have avoided, but if I had, I would not have learned a lot of things I didn't know, which were very important. the cost was the two blogs were taken down by the web host host and were lost, unless I knew how to use cache to retrieve them, which I did not. The hotmail account where I had sent out blasts of the blog posts to quite a few people got shut down, because I forgot the password and hotmail became outlook, and all those emails were lost.

I started a new blog, afoolsworkneverends.blogspot.com, and kept posting there daily for several years. Then, I started writing non-fiction books and novels again, and I put them on blogs until they were done, and then I put the entire book on the blogs' home page. A friend converted them so they could be read at the free internet library, archive.com, where they were, and are, read by people all over the world.

My friend digitized my first novel and a book had written where the meltdown occurred, and he put them in the free internet library.

Because of him, the internet, and the free library, I will live on Earth for so long as that library exists, which might or might not be a good thing, depending on who is asked.

Here is the mystery poem written by the white quill pin and ended up in A Crazy Person's Bible.

"Rosa Mystica"

Rosa Mystica,
Sweet Mystery,
Bride of Christ,
Living Water
without which
God is dead
and there are no rainbows.

Linda O'Reilly

“Then, I got tangled in something I could have avoided, but if I had, I would not have learned a lot of things I didn’t know, which were very important.”

Too true. If I had avoided all the things I should have avoided I’d be a lot dumber than I am right now.

Sloan Bashinsky

Hilarious, Amen, Praise the Lord, F-ing A! :-)

In a dream around dawn this morning, February 12, 2023, Alabama’s recently retired GOAT (greatest of all time) football coach Nick Saban told me that I should take up running again. We were in the Florida Keys, around where my father’s 2nd home was on Lower Matecumbe Key. The previous owner was an avid fisherman and had called the home “The Fish House,” and that what my father called it. I told Coach Saban that I didn’t know about that, running might hurt my back. He nodded to his left, down US 1 a ways, and said there are a lot of pins down there.

In 2011, I injured my low back doing an isometric exercise in my trailer on Little Torch Key. Standing in a doorway and using my legs and arms and hands to push up against the top of a door jam, I felt something snap and I was barely able to move for weeks. Last year, an MRI showed my L4 and L5 had fused naturally.

When Coach Saban retired in early January of this year, I hoped he would run for the U.S. Congress, like Auburn's head football coach Tommy Tuberville had done. Tuberville got elected by saying he would do whatever Donald Trump told him to do. I seriously doubt Coach Saban would do whatever Donald Trump told him to do.

So, I wondered if the dream wasn't about jogging, but was about running for office, which I did 10 times when I lived in Key West and on Little Torch Key, the island just below Big Pine Key. US 1 runs from Florida City all the way down to Key West.

I remembered what I had posted at poetic outlaws yesterday, and that before I turned in last night, I had asked God to show me what I can do to best serve God?

I wondered if maybe it was not a lot of pins down US 1, but a lot of pens?



I sure penned a whole lot of pages down there on goodmonringkeywest.com and goodmorningfloridakeys.com, and on bigpinekey.com's popular Coconut Telegraph forum, and there are lots of poets and some successful writers in Key West. In olden times, Ernest Hemingway, Robert Frost and Tennessee Williams lived there.

But for me to live there again, run for local office again, wouldn't that be, been there, done that? Many times.

In 2006, I ran for the Monroe County Commission, when I lived in my trailer on Little Torch Key. A friend in Georgia gave me several hundred "Re-Elect No One" bumper decals, which were left over from something he once had gotten involved in.

I ran as an Independent against the Republican incumbent.

My campaign mantra was, "No more new development, period, the end. The Florida Keys already are way over developed and there is not a person living here who can look in a mirror and honestly say otherwise."

I got about 1/3 of the votes cast.

In 2010, there was a Democrat challenger as well, and got about 10 percent of the votes cast.

Living in Key West, I ran 6 times for mayor of that city, starting 2003, once for county commissioner, 2008, and once for school board 2011, and didn't get enough votes in any of those races to cause a ripple in a dead calm bayou.

I was the out of the box candidate, the minority report. My constituents were Mother Nature and her sea and land creatures and vegetation, affordable housing, and homeless people.

Land and water polluters, developers and their lawyers and captured elected officials, and law enforcement officers who were rough on homeless people were my prey.

I said every time I ran that it was because God told me to run, if I knew what was good for me.

I was told several times that I might have gotten elected if I had not mentioned God, or angels.

My goodmorningfloridakeys.com and goodmorningkeywest.com blogs might be lost forever, but afoolsworkneverends.blogspot.com, dormant for some time, can be woken up and put back to work. Or, perhaps a new blog might hatch.

But haven't I been there and done that? Many times.

When last year (2003) I wrote the novella, *Return of the Strange*, the sequel to *Heavy Wait: A Strange Tale* (2001), inspired by a street performer I had met in Key West, I wondered if maybe I might end up back in the Florida Keys, because some of *Return of the Strange* is about the invasive species, humans, raping and pillaging the Florida Keys, and infesting the ocean with flesh-eating bacteria, which is never told to the tourists.

Here are links and descriptions/leads for both tales at the free internet library:

https://archive.org/details/heavy-wait-a-strange-tale_202212

This free book starts with an earthly and metaphysical romp about how the novel came to be written, what it was like for Sloan while he wrote it, and his irreverent philosophy of writing, poetry and living - preferring to be a frog instead of a prince.

The novel is based on a storyline given to Sloan by street performer Birdie McLaine, whom Sloan met in Key West, 2001. Sloan told Birdie he had pretty much lived about half of the storyline the year before.

A non-stop romp. A cornicopia of love, loss, lottery winnings, psychiatry, fishing, law, kidnapping, paradise mating, incest healing, human greed, criminal prosecution, karma, incarceration and spirit set in Birmingham, Alabama, Port St. Joe and Apalachicola, Florida, and the Caribbean garden island, Dominica.

The main characters, Mary Lou Snow, Riley Strange and Willa Sue Jenkins are a the gods must be crazy menage de trois only a mystic, or a street performer, could dream up. The supporting actors are loveable, detestable, unforgettable.

There really is no way to describe Heavy Wait in writing, or verbally, and do it justice.

It is not for the faint of heart, prudes, people who hate lawyers, lawyers who think they are hot stuff, people who think Jesus loves them no matter what they do. It is not for anyone, who doesn't have a helluva sense of humor and a fertile imagination.

Sloan wrote the story stone cold sober without any chemical assistance, There was a good bit of other world assistance.

Sloan still believes God wrote the story, and he was just along for the ride, trying to keep up with the many unexpected twists and turns, which perhaps a novelist like Tom Robbins, who wrote Just Another

Roadside Attractions, Even Cowgirls Get the Blues and Jitterbug Perfume might appreciate.

Sloan doubts a novelist like John Grisham would like Heavy Wait.

Perhaps minor actor Stephen King would like it. Perhaps not.

Same for Oprah, the principal supporting actress.

https://archive.org/details/return-of-the-strange-v-20_202306

The long awaited sequel to Heavy Wait. This book had a gestational cycle of years and it is a rip roaring romp through America and both the kindness and also the dark heart of the American experience. Equally moving, sometimes you will laugh, sometimes you will cry, sometimes you will not know whether to continue, and sometimes you won't be able to tear yourself away from this STRANGE tale of Riley and his paradise mated wyrd love, Willa Sue, who thought of living in the Florida Keys, but something unexpected happened.

Larry King and Oprah Winfrey and lot of Americans wanted the hero, Riley Strange, to run for president, but something unexpected happened.

As for me, I have two doctors in Birmingham, who keep me going. One probably can be replaced by a doctor in the Florida Keys, but the other is the reason I still can talk. He developed a laser treatment to mow back and keep at bay a viral growth on my vocal cord. Either the angels take his place, or I have to return to Birmingham every six months to see him.

I don't know if I have the stamina to make that long drive any more. I can't imagine I have the stamina to pack up and leave Birmingham and

move Key West and find a place to live and move in and unpack what the movers bring down from Birmingham.

I would miss a lot of people in Birmingham, whom I met and came to know pretty well after I moved back to my home town in 2019, after hanging out a while in Tuscaloosa, sleeping nights in a spare bedroom in the home of my children's mother.

I know I am a strange bird. I did not find anyone in Key West, aka Key Weird, where the weird go pro, who was anywhere near as weird as me- until 2017, when I met "Bob", who now does the tech work for our Redneck Mystic Lawyer podcasts, and who gets my books into the free internet library, archive.org.

In March 2118, as I rode my conch cruiser bicycle to Hometown Pac's call to candidates at Salute Ristorante on Higgs Beach in Key West, where that event always took place, it came to me out of the blue what I would say during my time before the audience.

When I was called up to the speakers' stand by my good friend Todd German, who presided over Hometown Pac candidate events, chuckles and groans came from the audience. Todd handed me the mic, and I looked at the audience and said, "Everyone here knows Key West is an open air insane asylum." Laughter and nodding heads from the audience. "And that I'm the head lunatic." Laughter and nodding heads from the audience. "So why not make it official? Sloan for Mayor!" Groans from the audience.

I was way too wyrd even for Key Weird.

So, why would I do that again?

Besides, I fucking detest politics, which I made crystal clear every time I ran for office in Key West and the Florida Keys, and that but for God threatening me, I would not have run.

Yet, I confess that I do enjoy poking politics and seeing the response, and it's a lot more fun poking in person, at candidate events, in city and county commission meetings, than on a blog or in a podcast, where there is no live interaction with the pokes and the spectators.

So while what lies ahead is a total mystery to me, what's behind is crystal clear.

America is so totally fucked up that SNAFU is history and FUBAR reigns.

I have painted that in many posts at this mock presidential campaign blog, and in many episodes of The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast at Torrent platforms, and The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast and the Redneck Mystic Podcast at YouTube. Same material, different platforms.

So, can't help but wonder what Coach Saban tried to tell me around dawn today?

Do another podcast? Not for a while. Bob has really serious medical stuff that's laid him low. But my fingers and laptop keyboard still work pretty good.

Perhaps the answer lies in why I got into politics in the first place?

In late December 2000, I got on a Greyhound bus in Los Angeles headed to Key West, where I would begin another stint of living on the street. When the bus reached Tallahassee, the seat of the Florida government, I fell asleep. The federal judge for whom I clerked after graduating from the Alabama School of Law, who ran the Democratic Party in Alabama from his judge chambers, except for the George Wallace faction, came to me in a dream and said he was thinking about getting into politics. I replied that I didn't think that was a good idea, but, knowing him, he was going to do it. I woke up knowing I was fucked.

I can't imagine fucking up America worse if I were president, and maybe America. Or maybe I would fuck it up worse that might be just what is needed?

I said quite a few times at goodmorningkeywest.com and goodmorningfloridakeys.com that I am a mere bait shrimp and the fisherman is God.

Here's a submission I emailed today to bigpinekey.com's Coconut Telegraph. Big Pine Key is the home of the key deer. My mechanic friend in the submission is "Bob".

Re: hydrogen-powered cars and trucks submission

Hi, Deer Ed -

Hope all is well with you.

I have a friend, who knows a whole lot about cars and trucks, tractors, motorcycles, and anything that uses a gasoline or diesel engine. He can take apart Ferraris, Lotuses, Porches, American cars and trucks, motor cycles, and tractors, and put them back together.

He wonders where will be stored all the several thousand pound toxic waste batteries in electric cars after the batteries die? I wonder where people like me, who live in apartment buildings and have to park our cars and trucks on streets, will charge our new electric cars after our old gasoline-powered cars die and go to the junkyard with their tiny toxic waste batteries?

My friend said there are several patents in the US Patent Office for automotive engines built to use electrolysis to separate hydrogen from water and the hydrogen powers cars and trucks. He said the technology was road tested in existing cars by car makers, and it worked great. On a quart of water, a sedan traveled several hundred miles. He said the technology can be installed existing and new vehicles.

He said The Atomic Energy Commission, egged on by the oil industry, declared the patented technology could be used to make nuclear weapons, so it cannot be used by auto and truck makers. He said it would take a very long time using the technology to make enough radioactive material to make even one nuclear weapon, and anyone working on the project would die of radiation poisoning long before the weapon was made.

I'm a tech idiot, but he convinced me that something is rotten in the Atomic Energy Commission. I already knew something was rotten in the oil industry.

Imagine hydrogen-powered cars and trucks putting Tesla and the Chinese Tesla knockoff out of business.

Imagine hydrogen-powered cars putting Saudi Arabia, the Middle East and Russia out of business.

Imagine America having no reason at all to be involved in the Middle East.

Just another fool

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

Sloan's Valentine



cross pollination

The beauty below from Eric Rittenberg's **Poetic Outlaws** newsletter sailed into my email in box this morning, and I was propelled back in time for a while.

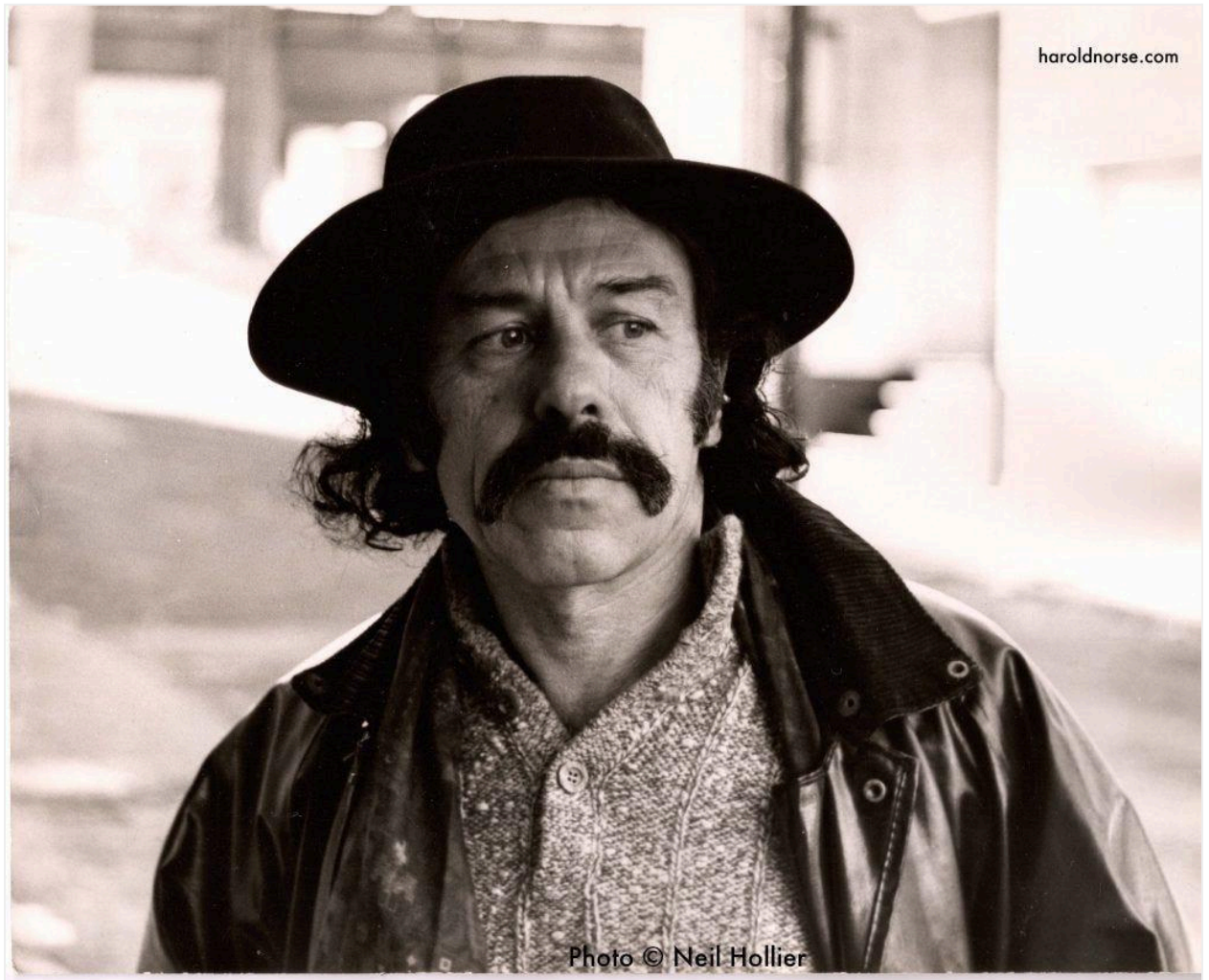
We Do Not Speak of Love

By: Harold Norse



POETIC OUTLAWS

FEB 14, 2024



we do not speak of love
but all are pushed & pulled
by it

taking all forms & shapes
twisted pounded burnt
by it

like the sculptor's clay our faces

punched & pinched
made long or ripped apart
by it

eyes pained or deep or lost
lines cut in cheeks & forehead
from it

we do not speak of love
our faces scream
of it

haunting bars &
running wild in the streets
for it

we do not speak of love
but spike warm veins pop pills
burst brain with alcohol
for it

gods & demons wrestle for the heart
of it

I can't survive the lack
of it

San Francisco, ca. 1972

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

After I moved from Colorado back to Alabama in the fall of 1995 with
my heart in shreds, again, and my head spinning, clueless that a

4-year dark night of the soul, which had lifted in June of that year, would be followed by a 16 month-black night of the soul, which would make the dark night seem like heaven, this little poem fell out of me, which entered my thoughts after I read Eric's love offering today.

Love without Truth

is mush,

Truth without love

is harsh,

They live together,

or die.

I started dating a woman I had known somewhat for a few years, and she became my 4th wife, and I made some mistakes with her, and the black night came, which felt like half my brain had died, and I wanted to kill myself every day for 16 months, but I didn't tell her or anyone.

14 months into it, her back went out and a chiropractor didn't help, and a neurosurgeon put her in traction lying on her back 24/7, and she only left our bed to use the bathroom and bathe, and I prepared her meals.

About 2 weeks into that, she screamed, "What's wrong with my back?!!!"

I sat on the bed beside her and said I didn't think we suited each other, it wasn't anyone's fault. She said she thought I was right.

The next day her back was fine.

It took me 2 more months to man up and go live with a man I had met in my mother's church, who was fascinated with my stories about my mystical experiences, and who had offered me shelter.

The day I moved in with him, I started dreaming again and the black night began to lift.

He was bisexual and was attracted to me, but I had never been attracted to a man in that way, and I was not attracted to him, and he was puzzled, because he felt sure there was something there.

Coming off the black night and off the psychiatrist's pills was really rough. I was told in my sleep that all I needed was a tranquilizer, and a woman showed up at my mother's church, who eventually told me that God had told her a man was coming to her, who would put God first, and her second, and I said I was that man, and she looked at me like I might be the devil.

The man who was providing me shelter bought a new home and I had to move out and I got an apartment.

The new woman's and my passion literally was not of this world, and we often went into something unearthly sublime when we were alone, talking, cooking a meal together, talking while sitting on her living room couch, which she named "The Space," but she was a church girl, and I felt I was in church wherever I was, and she was a capitalist, and I was

a birds of the air and lilies of the field guy, and although she said God kept telling her to let me be me, she kept trying to change me, until one night God told her in her sleep, "You are not the one," and she woke up freaked out, and we parted and felt awful.

She then had a dream in which God told her, Adam must anchor into God for both Adam and Eve, and let God discipline Eve. I didn't like hearing that, but in time I came to think maybe it was true, because women are so downgraded on this world that maybe deep down inside they ain't all that happy about God putting them here.

A new woman showed up, whom angels turned every which-a-way but loose and upside down and inside out for about 3 weeks, and healed her of incest with her father, which she had not remembered, and she was an entirely different person, and she became my 6th wife, until it got so difficult for us both that we parted.

Two more remarkable women came, who had dealings with angels, and we danced for a while, and then we parted, and perhaps that was the end of my romance days.

When a woman in a bridge club I had joined asked me how many wives I'd had, I asked her, "Are you sure you want to open that box, Pandora?" She said, "Yes." I said, "Eight. One by church wedding, three by judge ceremony, four by common law." She looked like she might faint.

By then, I understood each of those remarkable women woke up something in me, which I had not known was there, and they enriched

my life, even though it was not always easy for us when we were together.

I also understood by then that my cute line that I was going for a PhD in women's studies was a pipe dream, because no man can get a Phd in women studies, only women can do that.

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

The 12 Steps might cure humanity, if applied by angels known in the Bibl



I suppose when you are raised by alcoholocis, you follow suit or you don't. You learn something, or you don't. You recognize bull shit, or you don't. You become free, or you don't.

The Twelve Steps

1. We admitted we were powerless over alcohol — that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood Him.
4. Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.

5. Admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.
7. Humbly asked Him to remove our shortcomings.
8. Made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.
9. Made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.
10. Continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly admitted it.
11. Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these Steps, we tried to carry this message to alcoholics, and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

When I lived in a halfway house in Key West, all residents were required to attend 12-Step meetings daily, whether we drank or were drug addicts, or not. That's when angels applied the 12 Steps to me, and although I was not an addict, it was no damn fun, and I learned, if you substitute "our ego" for "alcohol", the 12 Steps are a genuine way for anyone to move closer to God by whatever named called.

I imagine if angels made Joe Biden and Donald Trump do the 12 Steps for one year, they would emerge entirely different men- born again in the sense Jesus actually meant in the Gospels.

Meanwhile, this arrived in my email account this morning:

To The Ghost of Jim Morrison

By: Vampyre Mike Kassel



POETIC OUTLAWS

FEB 15, 2024



Jim,
you were right to take that header in the bathtub.
If you had lived, they would have made you
better.
They would have

tossed you into Betty Ford,
force fed you Antabuse,
bathed you in healthy thoughts,
made you jog.

They would have dressed you in a
three piece black leather business suit
and taught you about real estate.

They would have made you
crawl across the pages of *People* magazine,
write autobiographies,
hug Phil Donahue.

They would have made you
suck big Jesus dick,
do benefits for the Cirrhosis Foundation,
kiss the patent leather hooves
of Madd Mothers
and Parents' Music Resource Harpies.

They would have made you
eat wheat germ and shit,
judge poetry contests,
talk at high schools.

They would have made you
live in a better house and garden,
save a rain forest,
sing a duet with Linda Ronstadt.
They would have made you write
three thousand times on the blackboard of your soul:

"I WAS A BAD LIZARD."

They're beating on the walls of my bunker, Jim,
shouting:

"Ecstasy can be cured!"

"You're not living up to your end
of the social contract!"

"Do you know what that cigarette is
doing to your lungs?"

There's cracks in the walls.

The Good Health Police

and Citizens for a Sane and Sober Society

have broken out the stun guns.

They're shouting something about safe sex and crack babies.

They want to help me, Jim.

Splash over one side, there,

I'm climbing in.

This bath tub has
a familiar ring.

Sloan Bashinsky

I agree with the sarcasm toward the rescuers and their values.

However...

My father and mother sipped vodka from rising to turning in at night, and I suppose they cured me of being a drunk, and I suppose my mother smoking 2 packs of Pall Malls a day is why I never smoked a cigarette.

Even so, I lived on and just off the street for 5 years, and later for 2 years, and I spent a lot of time with long term homeless people in Key West.

All but a very few got up drinking and drank through the day until turning in at night in their hidey holes.

When they found out I had practiced law, they tried to get me to sue the city for selectively enforcing its open container law only against homeless people.

They used their government checks for booze and tobacco. They sold their food stamp allowances to buy booze and tobacco. They panhandled for money to buy booze and tobacco. They ate in soup kitchens and got food from food pantries.

They got mad at me when I declined to sue the city for selective enforcement of the open container law.

They found themselves a young lawyer, who took interest in their plight, and told me of a meeting they would have with him and for me to join them, which I did. And that's how I met Sam Kaufman.

After he had met with them, we walked a while together and he asked me what I thought? I said I had clerked for a federal judge and had practiced law, and I thought he had a good case, but if it was me, i could not ask a federal judge to rule homeless people have a constitutional right to drink themselves to death. Sam said that was a good point, and he let it go.

Sam was the Chairman of the Board of Directors of Florida Keys Outreach Coalition, a half-way house for recovering street addicts, run

by Father Steven Braddock, who many years later told me that he once had run a security company in New York City, and Donald Trump was one of his clients. I asked Steve if Trump had paid him what he was due, and Steve smiled, and said yes.

A few years after Sam and I met with the homeless people. a federal judge in Miami, in what became known as The Pottinger Case, stopped Miami from using its police to prevent the city's homeless people from sleeping outside, relieving themselves outside, and cooking food outside, if there was no place for them to do that inside. Sam and I convinced Key West's city officials that we would file a Pottinger case against the city in federal court in Key West, if city police kept doing what Miami's police did. Key West's police backed off.

That led to the city building an overnight shelter for its homeless people, where they slept under cover at night, and then they roamed city streets and parks during the day. Not all homeless people used the shelter, but most of them did.

I had a blog that had a pretty good local following, and I wrote daily about a lot of things,, including what I experienced with the city's homeless people and police, and with homeless people at the shelter, and with the people running the shelter, where I slept nights.

After I published that I thought homeless addicts would be better off dead, than continuing to booze and drug, the shelter banned me for life, because I had threatened to kill homeless people.

Having no place to sleep nights without being arrested by city police and taken to the county jail where I would stay 30 days and be released, then I would be arrested again for another 30 days, etc.,I went to a city commission meeting and told the mayor and city commissioners what had happened -, all of them knew me very well,

Sam Kaurman was one of the commissioners- and that i was leaving the commission meeting to go to the police station to sleep in its front lobby, which was not inclosed, or be arrested and taken to jail.

When I rode my conch cruiser bicycle to the police station, a lieutenant came out and said I could sleep there at night. That made the front page in the Key West Citizen.

I slept months of nights in the staton's front lobby, until my father's estate learned of it and helped me get inside.

During that time living on the street, I met a really interesting, some would say weird, or wyrd, homeless woman some years younger than me, who had been banned from the shelter for life and was repeatedly put in jail for 30 days for hanging out around shopping centers during the day and sleeping outside at night in her hidey hole..

We became an item, and I wrote often at my blog about her and my adventures on the streets of Key West, aka Key Weird, where the weird go pro.

If Kari had given up vodka and cigarettes, we might have had a great life together. Even so, we had a really interesting time, until she had a massive seizure and died in her mother's home, where I had gotten her on Greyhound with some of the money from my father's estate.

A friend of mine does the tech work and chimes in with me at The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast, which can be watched at YouTube and at Torrent platforms. The podcast we did on Kari now has around 500,000 complete watches at Torrent platforms.

Homeless outlaw cowgirl shaman with the blues saved Key West from Hurricane Irma obliteration

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZZ0Dc03eksU&t=923s>

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

**Swift Justice For ALL: Eat your tiny little MAGA heart out, Donnie boy,
Taylor Swift for President!**



Taylor Swift concerts cause economic sonic booms.

Last week brought some interesting Taylor Swift Emmys my way.

Where to begin?

Where to end?

Perhaps start at the beginning?



New York Times

OPINION

MAUREEN DOWD

Inside Trump's Not-So-Swift Brain

Feb. 3, 2024

By Maureen Dowd

Opinion Columnist, reporting from Washington

It's easy to imagine what's going through Donald Trump's head right now. I can hear his interior monologue all the way from Mar-a-Lago. He's fulminating, working himself up to another epic meltdown, like he had over Nikki Haley the night he won the New Hampshire primary. The thoughts pinballing through Trump's cortex might be something like this:

"I like Taylor Swift. I do. She's made a career of revenge, which gets my Complete and Total Endorsement. She's beautiful, just my type, unlike that wack job E. Jean Carroll and her sick lawyer, Roberta Kaplan.

“Rachel Maddow is not getting my money for that penthouse and shopping spree E. Jean promised her on MSDNC. Rachel wears the same outfit every day anyway. Besides, I don’t have \$83 million. My third-rate lawyers drained the money I siphoned from my donors. I thought everyone knew I made that up about being a billionaire.

“I’ll tell you what: The idea that Taylor Swift is more popular than me is a joke. Her fans are 13 years old. They can’t even vote.

“In the Rigged and Stolen election of 2020, I got the most votes of any president in history. She doesn’t have more fans than me. She doesn’t! And my fans are more committed. Swifties won’t stand in line as long as mine. They’ve never broken into the Capitol for her. Oh, what a beautiful day that was.

“Now let me just tell you, I’m two for two, dominating in Iowa and New Hampshire, great, great, fantastic states, very special places. Every place we go we have tens of thousands of people outside every arena. They have to build larger arenas in this country just for me, right?

“Taylor seems like a nice girl, a little too wholesome for my taste. She did a Diet Coke ad and I like Diet Coke. She even got Birdbrain to take her daughter to a concert. And sure, I have a Taylor friendship “BFF” bracelet. Who doesn’t? That neurotic dope Maureen Dowd once compared me to a 13-year-old girl. SHE DOESN’T KNOW ME!

“Taylor more popular than me? Wrong! My movement is so much bigger and more fanatical than her movement. I could beat her so

badly. Melania has been on more magazine covers than Taylor. More men hit on Melania than Taylor.

“And Taylor should not have been Time magazine’s Person of the Year. I should have been on the cover. I am the greatest phenomenon in history! And it should still be Man of the Year. What’s with ‘Person’?

“Like I told The Daily Caller, I wish Taylor and Travis the best. I hope they enjoy their life, maybe together, maybe not. Probably not. Too bad we have to take Taylor down. I liked Taylor’s music about 25 percent less in 2018, when she endorsed that loser Phil Bredesen against Marsha Blackburn in Tennessee. Then I liked her 50 percent less in 2020 when she accused me of trying to ‘blatantly cheat and put millions of Americans’ lives at risk in an effort to hold onto power,’ when I waged war on the post office to undermine mail-in voting, because those weenie Democrats didn’t want to leave the house during Covid. If she endorses Biden again, I’ll like her 200 percent less.

“SAD! But Taylor must be destroyed. She and Travis will be deified as prom king and queen at the Super Bowl, especially if 87 pops the question on America’s Holy Day like they’re in a Hallmark movie. And no one can be deified more than me. I AM THE BIGGEST CELEBRITY ON THE PLANET! Jon Voight, that old Midnight Cowboy, compared me to Jesus, and my tremendous followers think God has sent me to fight the Marxists and fix America, which is now a third-world country.

“Taylor is being treated like an American icon, but I’m the American icon. I’m trying to save America by destroying democracy, the N.F.L. and Taylor Swift. I know it might seem crazy to attack the things that bind America. But I alone can fix it.

“MAGA is waging a Holy War on her because she’s going to urge people to vote, and that would be mainly suburban women who hate me. They tell me, ‘I don’t know if the suburban women like you.’ Suburban women, will you please like me — I saved your damn neighborhoods, OK?

“It’s pathetic that Crooked Joe Biden needs a pop singer to drag him over the finish line. It didn’t help Crooked Hillary when she got propped up by Bruce Springsteen, Beyoncé, Katy Perry, Christina Aguilera, Bon Jovi, Kelly Clarkson and Miley Cyrus. Speaking of music, I hope Taylor doesn’t get a Grammy. I deserve a Grammy!

“Black voters, Hispanic voters, young voters are coming to my side because I’m the greatest. The economy is roaring and the stock market is at record highs because investors are projecting I will beat Biden.

“Biden’s aides have to leak stories about how he calls me a Sick F-Word in private because I cheered on Jan. 6 rioters and I joke about Paul Pelosi getting hit with a hammer by a MAGA supporter. As if cursing like I do makes him a tough guy. Besides, I like violence. It adds some excitement to the rallies.

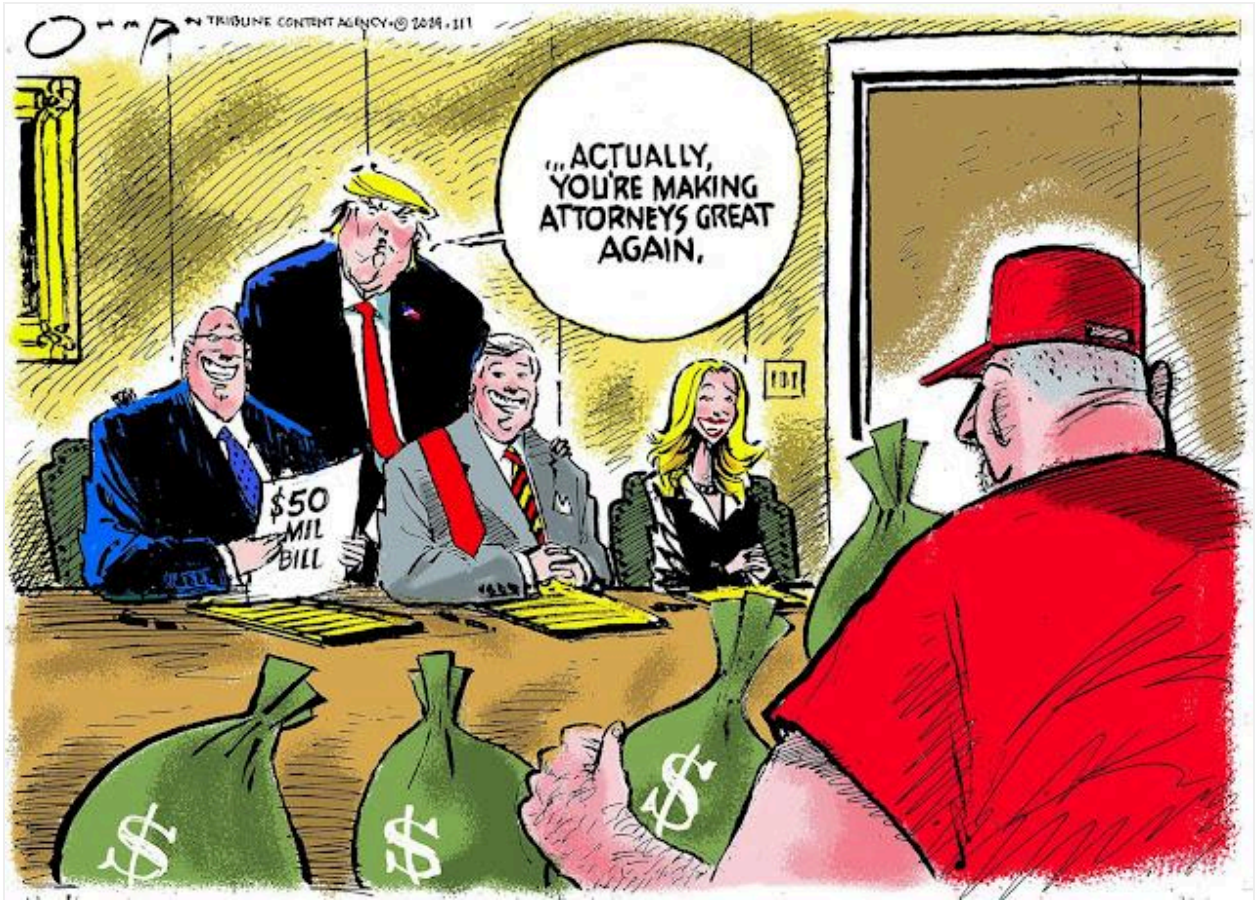
“LOOK AT WHAT YOU MADE ME DO, Taylor. You and Mr. Pfizer are now at the top of my enemies list. I don’t get too angry, I get even. Hey, Taylor, that would be a good song title for you!”

And then,

CNN Newsletter (excerpts)

February 4, 2-24





Taylor Swift's NFL



The NFL, preparing for next Sunday's Super Bowl, is riding high, thanks partly to Taylor Swift's fervent support for her beau, Travis Kelce of the Kansas City Chiefs.

“Due to her in-person game day attendance alone, NFL viewership has skyrocketed — the playoff game between the Chiefs and the Buffalo Bills was the most-watched divisional playoff game in history according to CBS, raking in a whopping 50 million viewers,” **Danielle Campoamor** wrote. “In total, this year's NFL divisional playoff round averaged 40 million viewers, the highest since 1988, and Swift has brought in the highest regular-season viewership among women since tracking began in 2000...

“The largest pop star has introduced an entirely new demographic to professional football — one the league would have otherwise had a difficult, if not impossible, time trying to reach. But for an organization with a nefarious history when it comes to violence against women, **does the NFL really deserve Taylor Swift?**”

Bringing up the rear, in my Facebook timeline today.



Estes Cocke

Thanks for all the birthday wishes. It has been my custom over the past few years to write a poem on my birthday, and as I was sitting in court this morning on a case I wrote the following.

Now 77

So here I sit

In the judicial pit

Waiting on justice to arrive

I must admit

The longer I sit

I'm not hopefull the gods

Will erase the odds

Strong against my client's

Good side.

And justice, she wallows
In the farce of life
No sure which direction to turn
But that she exists
With her occasional fits
Is a miracle - a true gift from God.
Yes, she weighs in
On life, and it's toil and strife
To adjust, somehow
What, to us, is so dear.....
And what should we do
If away she flew, and left
Our balances awash and askew.
Yes, it would leave us to grieve
A sad, sad swan song
Once here, now gone,
leaving no adjustment it seems
for right
Or for wrong.
All this, from this chair
Each year with less hair
Have I dealt with the hands
I've been dealt
An ace here and there
Has been kind to appear
But good hands are sometimes too late.
And so I must wait
For fortune and fate
Which daily rises and falls

That lady is blind
So fortune, be kind
And fate
Be good

Or be late.

Al Cocke

So how did Justice treat ya,
When she finally came to meet ya?
Was she kind and full of grace, or
Leave you in a place
With no good story ending?
Your answer is still pending.
Happy Birthday, Brother!

Estes Cocke

So justice arrived,
And to my great surprise
She brought hope and love to the scene
Where together they worked
On the law on the books
And found mercy
Buried somewhere beneath
A pile of old chains
Rusted by rain
Which frightened the worst of the worst,
And together we ran
as fast we can

To the judge with a deal so sweet
That my client exclaimed
As they unlocked his chains
He'd pay me

End of the week!

Sloan Bashinsky

So, now 81
I wonder...

what do Lady Justice,
The Jealous Mistress,
The Cleaver of Cleavers,
Karma's A Bitch,
Miss Comeuppance
have in mind for
E. Jean Carroll,
Donald Trump,
Hunter Biden,
Fanni Willis,
Amendment 14, Section 3,
United States Supreme Court,
Israel,
Hamas,
Iran,
Joe Biden,
Congress,
The Confederate Flag,

And,
The American Flag?
Taylor Swift?

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

**A Few Remarkable Alabama People I Have Known, by A Southern Lawyer
Who Became a Mystic**



Two friends' and my dreams left me feeling I might wish to go back in time to a little book that came up out of me amidst oceans of tears and snot. I suppose anyone running for president, even if only make-believe, should share with the public a little bit about people who affected him in his early life and remain with him today.

The book can be can be read for free at either of these links:

<https://afewremarkablealabamapeople.blogspot.com/2019/11/a-few-remarkable-alabama-peoplei-have.html> ;

https://archive.org/details/a-few-remarkable-alabama-people-i-have-known_202210

The introduction below explains how the book came about.

A FEW REMARKABLE ALABAMA PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN
by A southern lawyer who became a mystic



This first little book in a trilogy (see links at very end) was set up by a poem, which fell out of me as fast as I could write it.

SHANGHAIED

A calling to serve carries its own wisdom,
which legitimates both the calling and the serving
so that the two are one.

Only the one called to serve
can know this wisdom,
and for some who are called
the knowing comes easily,
while for others the knowing is a fiery baptism.

Each calling is different,
and while some callings can be declined,
others cannot,
and those whose calling is without repentance
know they are in it for the duration of the calling,
and while others may try to persuade them out of it,
the calling for ones such as these always prevails;
thus is it advised to all called for keeps
that they view their calling as a blessing
even when it seems at times to be a curse,
and that they try to reconcile the loss of their captain status
and allow the Spirit of God to man the helm of their ship,
and be glad and willing crew members thereon,
knowing that all sailing ships of souls
need a crew as well as a captain
to maintain and navigate the ship through
seas of many tones, depths and flavors;
so consider each league sailed
as part of the overall journey
going to where the captain deigns to go
by using whatever winds and sea currents available
to navigate the ship to the experiences
this ship and crew need to have
in order to fulfill their calling and its wisdom
revealed by the journey of many leagues,
many known only to the ship and its crew,
all of whom come to know,

some sooner than others,
that once conscripted
there is no safe jumping ship.
(7 June 2004)

A FEW REMARKABLE ALABAMA PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN

GREETINGS

This little book of stories about five large Birmingham, Alabama people, and one from Poland via Troy, Alabama, started falling out of me, amidst much weeping, in the early fall of 2004.

Here's how this little book began:

sloanbashinsky@hotmail.com *[no longer valid]*

Thursday, September 16, 2004 4:33 PM

mecommentary@npr.org, atccommentary@npr.org,
sflowers@npr.org

commentary submission

Dear NPR,

After a two-year hiatus, I recently had my geographic and fiscal circumstances change so that I could again listen regularly to NPR. Then late last week I heard on an afternoon NPR show a couple of commentaries about stagnated writers whose careers were rejuvenated by synchronistic experiences. The next or maybe the next afternoon, I heard a young woman read at length out of a book she had written about her public service experiences in Africa. Yesterday morning I was moved to tell a good buddy of a remarkable judge I'd once known, who was, I felt, a saint, even though he did not attend church. My friend said he hoped I would write it all down and give him and our minister a copy. I then sat down and wrote a piece that mostly wrote itself and took me into some pretty deep places. After I read it to my new landlady and new friend yesterday afternoon, and told her how it had all come about and that I was thinking perhaps of submitting it to NPR, she said that she was already thinking along those lines, and that the piece might be the first of a number of somewhat similar pieces, perhaps to make up a book. I had three non-fiction books published/handled by Simon & Shuster, several lifetimes ago, it seems. Then my writing became mostly mystical non-fiction, verse and novels, which I self-published and mostly gave away, as I then had money for doing that. This new piece perhaps is more generally accessible. Thanks for considering it, and, even if you don't feel you can use it, for helping to inspire it.

Sloan Bashinsky

[NPR did not respond.]

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

Podcast is blacklisted by Canada, Britain, France, Germany, Austria and other European countries and Australia

Recently, CBC, the Canadian version of America's National Public Radio (NPR), interviewed Wavy Gravy (born Hugh Romney, no relation to Mitt), the founder of The Phurst Church of Fun, The Hog Farm, the longest existing commune to this day, The Church of the Cosmic Eagle, the Church of the Infinite Giggle, and Nobody For President, a beloved farm pig who had crossed over and was running from Pig Nirvana.

Wavy Gravy told the CPR host that nobody is qualified to be America's president, and the host said he could not say that, because it was hateful, and he said he just said it.

The host asked Wavy Gravy if he had found anyone out there to carry on the cultural activism he had inspired, such as Ivan Stang and J.R. Bob Dobbs' Church of the Sub Genius. Wavy Gravy named two podcasts, one of which was The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast. He said those two guys (Bob and me) may be viewed by some people as crazy, but what is considered sane is so insane, perhaps people should be listening to the crazy. (Maybe a year and a half ago, Ivan Stang endorsed our podcast.)

Wavy Gravy named two more podcasts, and as he was about to name a fifth podcast, the host said she had been advised that all of those podcasts contained potential hate speech and she terminated the interview.

Bob, who does the tech work for and speaks but is not seen the podcasts, told me that he listened to the interview before the station took

the interview off its website and warned that anyone who republished the interview would violate the Millennium Digital Copyright Act.

The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast had a surge in watcher numbers.

I was reminded of this poem by a south Alabama amiga:

All want the security of the well fed pig.
Horror at the baseness unrecognized.
A lifetime spent in shirt stuffing.
And pen comparison.
Is truth more palatable when honeyed?
Is a stark soulscape less so with the eyes of Monet?
May my affectations always be understood.

Around the time Wavy Gravy was interviewed by CBC, The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast YouTube channel was blacklisted in Canada, Germany, Austria, France, Great Britain and several other west Europe countries, and Australia for “hate speech”, because, Bob and I had discussed Donald Trump and MAGAs and Joe Biden being demonically possessed; we had discussed The Spear of Destiny, by Trevor Ravenscroft, which describes how a powerful demon infiltrated and enhanced Adolph Hitler and his inner Nazi Circle and much of the German population; I had proposed bringing home America’s troops to defend its southern border as peacefully as possible; and we had trolled and criticized the Australian political commentator Caitlin Johnstone, who subscribed to my Substack Newsletter and then invited me to subscribe to her Substack Newsletter, where I watched her repeatedly ignore Israel had responded to the October 7, 2023 Hamas raid how Hamas had hoped Israel would respond, so Israel would become a pariah state supported by America,

which some of Islam views as the great Satan, which America sometimes is, but then, so is some of Islam.

Links to the 2 podcasts before the one Bob and I did tonight about Wavy Gravy and our podcast being blacklisted.

<https://youtu.be/DoRDLQMm6FA>

The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Survey of Land Mine America and the Cost of Truth

<https://youtu.be/-oWyz2GV9Yk>

Thank you Donald Trump for making America Dangerous to Disagree with You

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

God does not let you remember?



The problem with belonging to a political party is it creates an inherent conflict of interest its members when their party, or its leader or leaders, screw up. Do party members then do the my party right or wrong, or do they call a spade a spade?

I think political parties are secular religious, aka, cults. I'm a political independent and have no inner conflicts about poking political parties and their leaders when they miss the mark, and giving them attaboys when they hit it.

I posted on my Facebook timeline:

Sloan Bashinsky

February 10

As I read Amendment 25, it will take V.P. Kamala Harris joining in to remove Biden from the presidency, and I don't see that happening, but I imagine Trump and the Republicans will make plenty more noise

about it and it won't help Biden at the polls. Biden responded poorly on TV yesterday to what's in the Special Counsel's report.

Amendment 25, Section 4

Whenever the Vice President and a majority of either the principal officers of the executive departments or of such other body as Congress may by law provide, transmit to the President pro tempore of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives their written declaration that the President is unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office, the Vice President shall immediately assume the powers and duties of the office as Acting President.

Thereafter, when the President transmits to the President pro tempore of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives his written declaration that no inability exists, he shall resume the powers and duties of his office unless the Vice President and a majority of either the principal officers of the executive department or of such other body as Congress may by law provide, transmit within four days to the President pro tempore of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives their written declaration that the President is unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office. Thereupon Congress shall decide the issue, assembling within forty-eight hours for that purpose if not in session. If the Congress, within twenty-one days after receipt of the latter written declaration, or, if Congress is not in session, within twenty-one days after Congress is required to assemble, determines by two-thirds vote of both Houses that the President is unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office, the Vice President shall continue to discharge the same as Acting President; otherwise, the President shall resume the powers and duties of his office.

Joan

President Biden's response by mixing up some names does not rise to that level.....at all.

Sloan Bashinsky

Ronald Reagan said he could not remember crucial (incriminating) details of the Iran Contra affair, I saw him say that on TV. Trump says stuff all the time that isn't true, but his lemmings believe him. But, Amendment 25, by its very wording, requires the vice president, to sign on to invoking it, and surely the Republicans pushing to invoke 25 against Biden have actually read it? Or, they can't read? Or, they need court appointed guardians? Or, they should walk out in front of the next speeding bus and do themselves and America a favor?

In my email this morning, from Al.com's John Archibald, who often nails bull shit squarely on the head:

Archibald: Whites will soon be a minority in Alabama schools, so the state will pay students to leave

Here we go again, Alabama.

I went to Banks High School in Birmingham. It was famous for football in its day.

Johnny Musso. Jeff Rutledge. A kid named Jimmy Haywood as smooth as anyone I ever saw.

In 1977, the year before I started as a freshman, 239 kids graduated as seniors, according to the Banks yearbook, Contrails.”

Nine out of every 10 of them were white.

By the time I graduated in 1981 my senior class was 66% white.

By 1984, the kids who were freshmen when I was a senior graduated in a class that was 56% white.

Three years after that, in 1987, the senior class was 37% white.

You see where I’m going. You see how it went.

Two years later the Birmingham School Board turned Banks into a middle school. It later closed, though the name has since been adopted by a private academy.

It is the story of schools all over the South.

It took Birmingham, a place synonymous with civil rights struggles, twenty years after Brown v. Board of Education to really integrate its schools. It took less time than that to resegregate.

There was white flight in the ‘70s and ‘80s, and Black flight since. A school system that was 70,000 strong when George Wallace shouted – predicted, as it turned out – “segregation forever” has lost 71% of its enrollment in the time since. Birmingham City Schools are about 1% white now.

It's not just Birmingham. School systems in [Montgomery](#), [Huntsville](#) and [Mobile](#) – though different in many ways – are all majority minority, [according to U.S. News education reports](#).

And the state itself is now on that precipice.

White kids make up just 51% of public school students, while 32% are Black and 11% Hispanic, according to the [Public Affairs Research Council of Alabama](#). [As that group put it in January](#), “this year’s enrollment continues a long-term trend. In 2000, 62% of students were white, and the percentage of Hispanic students barely registered.”

And here we go again.

Because flight has a new name, a new engine: School choice.

[Gov. Kay Ivey and assorted lawmakers last week unveiled a bill](#) that will designate \$100 million in state money to pull from the public schools and hand it – in increments of up to \$7,000 in tax credits per student – to those who would like to fly.

[Click here to read the rest](#), about Alabama's plans (and my problems with it).

Poetry

I love my job. And one of the things I like most about it is interacting with readers. Some send me their own writings from time to time, and some comes in the form of poetry.

I have been touched often by the words of Billy Field of Tuscaloosa. I asked him if I could share this piece with you, and he kindly agreed.

It struck home just a bit:

God does not let you remember
God does not let you know
Does not let you remember
The last time you held your son
In your arms
And carried him
When he was small enough to carry
But almost big enough you could not.

God does not let you remember
The last time.
He does not say
(when it is happening),
“This is it. This is the last time.”
Because He knows you could not take it.

Maybe He knows
That if you did know
You would never put him down.

Those things just happen
Like something that happens while you're asleep
And then, years later, you think about it
And you say, “Yeah, that happened...
But I don't remember it.
I don't remember exactly when it happened.”

--Billy Field, Tuscaloosa

My email to John Archibald:

Great job on white flight.

Alas, the God does not let us remember poem is ... horseshit?
political propaganda?

I remember very well that just before my last semester at the
University of Alabama School of Law, early September 1967, my
7-week old son died of what then was called crib death and today is
called sudden infant death syndrome.

The Alabama School of Law is in Tuscaloosa.

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

some redneck mystic lawyer musings after Tsar Putin-Tucker Carlson interview



Early on, The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast was banned in Russia and Belarus. After my friend Bob learned about the Torrent universe and started seeding our podcast episodes there, Torrent subscribers anywhere could watch our podcasts.

By the time I saw *Red Notice* author Bill Browder interviewed this Sunday morning on CNN's United States of Scandal. I had seen several news reports and commentaries on the death in prison of Russian political dissident Alexei Navalny, viewed by many as murder by Vladimir Putin.

When I lived in Key West, a local lawyer I knew pretty well lent me his copy of *Red Notice*, and told me to read it and find out what is really going on. So, I read it and came away even more convinced that Vladimir Putin was KGB through and through, cut from the mold of Joseph Stalin and Nikita Khrushchev.

On CNN today, Browder said Putin needs to be stopped. I wondered how that might happen? Is Browder going to Russia to stop Putin? I wondered why Browder did not say what I was thinking? That Donald Trump intends to be like Putin, if he gets back in the White House.

Now why would I think such a hateful thing?

How about I watched Trump on TV ask Russia to help him dig up dirt on Hillary Clinton in 2016.

How about after Trump was sworn in as President in 2017, I watched him on TV talk about Vladimir Putin being elected what appeared to be president for life of Russia, and he, Trump, liked that idea, president for life.

How about I read numerous news reports last year and this year, in which Trump was quoted as saying he will get even with the people who falsely persecuted him, and he will pardon the January 6, 2020 insurrectionists.



How about I'd have to be blind, deaf and dumb, or pretend like a sly like a fox not to know Donald Trump is possessed by a demon, which has infiltrated his lemmings, which happened to Adolph Hitler and his lemmings, and to Vladimir Putin and his lemmings, and is happening to Joe Biden and his lemmings.

Oh, you say I can't say that about Joe Biden?

Really?

Well, pretend you are a pastor I know.

I told him yesterday that Joe Biden has helped Israel kill a lot of civilians in Gaza and is guilty of war crimes. The pastor said God is behind it. I said God has nothing to do with it. The pastor said God had the Israelites kill a lot of people in the Bible. I said that's in the Jewish Bible, the Old Testament, and in the New Testament, Jesus said he brought a new covenant, and Jesus never told anyone to kill anyone. The pastor said it is in the New Testament, too. I said he has not read his Bible.

Right now, I'm watching Trump rail on CNN that the \$355 million dollar fine against his company in New York, in a New York state court, is the end of democracy in America. Trump and the MAGAs, and the Republicans who stick with Trump, are the end of democracy in America.

Joe Biden is an agent of the Devil in Gaza, and he has bat shit for brains about how his son Hunter got filthy rich in Ukraine, and about Israel and southern border immigration, but Biden has not said, if reelected, he will be a dictator. He has not said, if reelected, he will get even. He has not said he likes Vladimir Putin. He has not said he likes the idea of being president for life.

Biden won't get my vote in 2024, but he is not a ticket to America's version of Nazi Germany and Putin Russia.

That said, I think all Americans, and all people anywhere, should watch Tucker Carlson's interview of Vladimir Putin, regardless of how they view Carlson and/or Putin, in which Putin tells Carlson that America needs a president who understands Russia better, ie. Donald Trump.

Here is a link for the interview. It's a little over 2 hours.

<https://tuckercarlson.com/the-vladimir-putin-interview/>

I think that everyone should watch the interview, because Putin *is* Russia today. Therefore, it is as important to know what he has to say, as it is important to know what Biden and Trump and the leader of China, Xi Jinping, have to say.

Putin told Carlson that Russia and China share thousands of kilometers of common border. They are trading partners. In that way, they depend on each other.

Putin told Carlson that Russia's economy is the largest economy in Europe. 5th behind China, America, India and Japan.

Russia has more nuclear weapons than America. Russia has hypersonic missiles, which America does not have. Russia has EMP weapons, which can disable American war plane, ship, ground vehicle and missile electronics, which America does not have. Russia's hackers appear to be better than America's hackers.

If I were America's president, I would have zoom discussions with Vladimir Putin once a month, if he would do it. I would have zoom discussions once a month with Xi , if he would do it. I would do that, because Russia and China can destroy America with nuclear weapons, which no other country can do yet, and America can destroy Russia and China with nuclear weapons.

After talking with other nation's leaders, I would have dreams about them, and people I know would have dreams about those leaders, which provide me information about those leaders and guidance about how to deal further with them. If they would not talk with me, the same would happen.

I would have that advantage over them. I know this, because I have dreams about everything which I get involved, and other people have dreams about that, too, which they share with me. Also, for a very long time, when there is something I don't know about what I am involved in, sooner or later, I learn about it in some way or another.

About half of the interview is about Ukraine.

Putin claims in interview to be a Christian. When Carlson asks Putin how he reconciles killing people in Ukraine with being a Christian, Putin says defending Russia comes first. Sound's pretty American, yes?

Putin explains to Carlson the history of Ukraine and Russia's relationship with Ukraine since around 800 A.D. Putin views much of Ukraine as part of Russia. Putin says Russia invaded in 2014 where Neo-Nazis in Russian-speaking Donbass Ukraine were mistreating Russian Ukrainians.

Putin says the 2014 uprising that saw former Ukrainian President Viktor Yanukovich forced from office was the result of a "coup" orchestrated by the United States and supported by Washington's European allies.

Putin says NATO agreed many years ago not to expand, and then it took in countries closer to Russia.

Putin says Ukraine President Volodymyr Zelenskyy's delegation in Istanbul, Turkey was about to sign a peace agreement to end the current invasion of Ukraine and return some of the land Russia had taken, and Great Britain's Prime Minister Boris Johnson, on behalf of President Biden, talked Zelensky out of it. Putin tells Carlson that agreement can still be implemented.

Putin says NATO agreed many years ago not expand, and then NATO put bases closer to Russia.

Putin tells Carlson that after the economic sanctions were imposed against Ukraine, the American dollar became a good bit less important in world commerce, because Russia was forced to pay more in rubles than in dollars.

Neither Carlson or Putin talk about Russian rockets pounding Ukraine cities and killing and wounding lots of Ukrainian civilians, and Russian troops invading parts of eastern Ukraine having nothing to do with Donbass.

Me, personally, I take what national leaders say with a grain of salt.

It's not in their nature to think as I think, because they have not had angels known in the Bible hard on their cases since early 1987.

I am not in their shoes, dealing with what they deal with, but if I were America's president, I would deal with some things very differently than Joe Biden, Donald Trump and their predecessors.

Regarding Ukraine, I would tell the leaders of Western Europe nations that Ukraine is their neighbor and it is on them whether or not to help Ukraine fight Russia, because NATO only comes to the aid of NATO members which have been attacked by a non-NATO country, and Ukraine is not a member of NATO.

My position has nothing to do with how I feel about Russia and Ukraine, or their leaders. What goes on between Ukraine and America is none of America's business. I feel the same about China and Taiwan, North and South Korea, Israel and Islam.

For way too long, America has used preserving "democracy" as an excuse to go to war in foreign countries, when the real reason is the religion of the American Empire is capitalism, and war makes the American military-industrial complex a great deal of money.

When he was leaving the White House, President Eisenhower, who had been commander in chief of the Allied Command in defeating Adolph Hitler's military in Western Europe, while Joseph Stalin's Russia was defeating Hitler's military in Eastern Europe with America's help, told Americans to beware of the military-industrial complex.

What is not taught in American history courses is President Harry Truman wrote in his diary, which I saw in a Life magazine issue maybe in 2005, that he did not drop the A-bombs on Japan to defeat Japan, which was trying to surrender. He dropped the A-bombs to intimidate the Russians, and look at how that turned out.

A palace on the Black Sea coast near Gelendzhik, Krasnodar Krai, Russia. Sergei Kolesnikov and the Anti-Corruption Foundation (FBK), led by Alexei Navalny, said the palace was built for President Vladimir Putin. On 30 January 2021, Arkady Rotenberg said he owned the palace.



President for life.

Donald Trump said he liked that idea.

Sweet batshit crazy pro-life Alabama: Will Nick Saban run for US Senate and put his life at risk? Alabama Supreme Court declares frozen embryos are people



Two crazy, if not batshit crazy, Al.com (formerly The Birmingham News) offerings grabbed my attention today.



Down In Alabama

Feb 20, 2024

Ike Morgan

If Saban ran ...

We generally don't drop too many political poll stories unless they're really important. And, of course, applicable to serious issues and campaigns in the state of Alabama.

With that in mind, I'll share the results of a YouGov poll that said if Nick Saban runs as a Democrat for U.S. Senate in 2026, he'd beat Tommy Tuberville 42 percent to 39 percent (although that's close enough to be within the margin of error), reports AL.com's Howard Koplowitz.

If Saban did beat Tuberville it would make the former college football coaches 4-4 against each other in head-to-head matchups, incidentally.

If the theoretical poll sounds a little like a fantasy for liberal Crimson Tide fans, it probably is, since it assigns Saban to the Democratic party without having him adopt policy positions.

In the same poll, Tuberville was ahead of a "generic Democrat" 49-32 and ahead of former Democratic Sen. Doug Jones in another theoretical matchup, 52-27.

Saban has neither endorsed a political party nor expressed interest in running for office.

And we can appreciate that position.

I replied:

I'm curious if you have any "insider" gossip or crystal ball info that Nick Saban ever considered, is considering, running for the U.S. Senate?

I wish Nick would run against Tuberville, who said on TV, I saw and heard it, if elected, he would do whatever Donald Trump said.

I wonder if Nick wants to drag himself through another colossal house of ill repute after leaving college football's NIL and transfer portal?

I wonder what Miss Terry [the wife] might say about that?

I wonder if Nick runs against Tuberville, if he and Miss Terry's lives will be at risk?

I know for a fact that Nick leading his football team in the Black Lives Matter march in Tuscaloosa during the covid shutdown pissed off a lot of MAGAs.

I hoped Doug Jones would beat Tuberville. Jones had put his life at risk prosecuting the Klansmen who bombed the 16th Street Baptist Church in Birmingham.

Alas, the South rose again and voted for Trump and Tuberville, and our Governor Kay Ivey, whom I hear said does what important Alabama conservatives tell her to do, when she's sober, and that's just how it is.

And this:

Crazy In Alabama

Feb 20, 2024

John Archibald

Still crazy, after all these years
Is it just me? Tell me it's not just me.

Or if it's just me, tell me that, too. Because I'll have some choices to make.

It's been crazy in Montgomery since time immemorial. Since John Knox and his constitution, since George Wallace and his segregation, since Gov. Rose Ego and his failure to understand the way text messages work.

But man. The crazy used to be on the fringes.

I guess I need to let the column speak it for me. Say it, column. Say it.

Learning to live with the anti-woke mind virus
Lord have mercy, it's like the crazy crept up on us in the night. While we were supposed to be asleep.

The Alabama Supreme Court has ruled that frozen embryos are people too. Popsicle people, maybe, but people.

So when somebody drops a vial of humans in a lab, it's not a cleanup on aisle one, anymore. It's a wrongful death suit. We're just a hop, skip and bump away from somebody getting locked up in Alabama's death camp prisons for knocking over a test tube.

Is it just me? Tell me it's not just me.

Alabama lawmakers are pushing bills that would protect themselves, that would give them the illusion of power over history, that would keep them from having to deal with real problems, that would make sure the state of Alabama will continue to feel unwelcome to any of those weirdos.

That's the goal.

I replied:

Regarding the embryo is a protected child decision...

CBS

The Alabama Supreme Court ruled last week that frozen embryos created through in vitro fertilization, or IVF, are considered children under state law and are therefore subject to legislation dealing with the wrongful death of a minor if one is destroyed.

"The Wrongful Death of a Minor Act applies to all unborn children, regardless of their location," the opinion states, including "unborn children who are located outside of a biological uterus at the time they are killed."

The immediate impact of the ruling will be to allow three couples to sue for wrongful death after their frozen embryos were destroyed in an accident at a fertility clinic.

But this first-of-its-kind court decision could also have broader implications.

"No court — anywhere in the country — has reached the conclusion the main opinion reaches," Justice Greg Cook wrote in his dissenting opinion in the case, adding that it "almost certainly ends the creation of frozen embryos through in vitro fertilization (IVF) in Alabama."

Some time ago, something got into me and I wrote this below, which became a chapter in a book I was writing, *Diary Of A Redneck Mystic Lawyer God Grabbed Once Upon A Time*, now a free read at the internet library, [archive.org](https://archive.org/details/diary-of-a-redneck-mystic-lawyer-god-grabb) -

<https://archive.org/details/diary-of-a-redneck-mystic-lawyer-god-grabb-ed-once-upon-a-time/page/n163/mode/2up>

Chapter 28: Did Colonial America women have an unalienable Right to use herbs made by God or Mother Nature (you pick) to prevent or end pregnancies?



A friend reported a dream earlier today, in which Archangel Michael said there are people who might try to kill me over my discussing "Eve's herbs", which end pregnancy.

Same friend told me later today that he'd heard from a woman interested in those herbs, that my home state Alabama, and other red states, are preparing legislation to go quickly into effect, which makes herbs that cause miscarriage, class 1 drugs, which require a doctor's prescription. I replied that no doctor known to me would prescribe herbs for any reason. It later occurred to me that the Mafia and the south of the border drug cartels are gearing up to grow lots of those herbs to sell on the streets of America.

That Pearl Harbor lookout issue aside, I marvel over the federal and state governments presuming they know better than God or Mother

Nature (you pick 😎) what Americans should or should not do with herbs made by God or Mother Nature (you pick 😎).

As a licensed attorney in Alabama, I have a serious legal problem with the federal and state governments preventing people from using herbs that grow wild in nature. Since when do governments have legal jurisdiction over God and Mother Nature?

In that context, let me say I am not a physician, and I do not advise people about medical conditions, other than sometimes I tell people what I do about my own medical problems, by using physicians sometimes, alternative methods sometimes, and blending the two approaches sometimes.

Sometimes I tell people how I use herbs, vitamins and minerals to make me smell like a skunk to Covid-19 and its many variants. I also had 3 Pfizer shots.

Although I am not an herbalist, I used herbs in past times, which helped me, and I use a few herbs today, which seem to help conditions that medicine alone has not been able to help.

The first time I caught salmonella and felt I surely would die, I took an herbal combination prescribed by a naturopath and the salmonella cleared up in a few days.

The next time I caught salmonella and felt I surely would die, a veterinarian, who treated his animal patients with homeopathic

remedies, as well as with modern veterinary medicine, gave me homeopathic arsenic, and the salmonella cleared up in a few days.

Did I break state laws? Did those doctors violate state laws? Did that matter to me or them? No. What mattered was the salmonella went away.

Some years ago, I read a very interesting report of a federal lawsuit filed by the Texas medical profession, seeking to ban acupuncturists, who were not M.D.s, from practicing acupuncture. The Texas medical profession's lawyers argued acupuncture was experimental medicine and, under Texas law, only the Texas medical profession could regulate and use acupuncture. The female federal judge noted that the Texas medical profession had been around about 100 years, while acupuncture had been used in China for 5,000 years and was not experimental. Judgment for the acupuncturists.

Beyond all of that, I can say, based on many conversations I have had with religious right Americans face to face, on Facebook, and elsewhere online, that the root of the opposition to abortion in Alabama, and in America, is the religious right.

If I were hired as a trial attorney, to deal with federal and/or state restrictions on herbs in a court case, I would subpoena anti-abortionists and put them on the witness stand, and prove through them that their opposition to abortion is rooted in their religion.

I would hand them a Bible and ask them to read Genesis 2:7 to the Court.

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

They would be between a rock and a hard spot.

I would ask them if the Bible is the inerrant word of God, every word in it is true? They would be between a rock and a hard spot.

I would ask them who created the heavens and the earth, and all the plants and living beings on the earth? They would be between a rock and a hard spot.

I would ask them if, in the Bible, the only herb God told Adam and Eve not to eat was the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil? They would be between a rock and a hard spot.

I would ask them if God ever made a mistake? They would be between a rock and a hard spot.

I would ask the witnesses if God made herbs that would cause miscarriage? The witnesses would be between a rock and a hard spot.

I would hand them a copy of the Declaration of Independence and ask them to read the Preamble:

In Congress, July 4, 1776

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America, When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

I would ask them if the Founding Fathers drew their authority from Nature and Nature's God? The witnesses would be between a rock and a hard spot.

I would hand them a copy of Amendment I, U.S. Constitution and ask them to read the first line to the Court:

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

I would hand them a copy of Amendment 14, and ask them to read it to the Court.

Section 1.

All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State where they reside. No State shall make or enforce any

law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

I would ask them if they see anything in Amendment 14 saying unborn persons have any of those rights and immunities. They would be between a rock and a hard spot.

I would ask them if Amendment 14 applies the 1st line of Amendment 1 to the states? They would be between a rock and a hard spot.

Of course, opposing legal counsel would object to questions that ask a lay person to state an opinion on the law. I would reply that I'm simply asking the witnesses to read the law and use their common sense to reply to my questions.

In that context, and continuing my mystical and legal opining about such matters also were addressed in the two previous chapters of this unfolding book...

Before and after Bible times, women used herbs to prevent and end pregnancies.

Women used herbs in Colonial America to prevent and end pregnancies. Benjamin Franklin covered the practice in his book, THE AMERICAN INSTRUCTOR.

I did a Google search for Ben Franklin's book and this NPR interview came up:

For Ben Franklin, abortion was basic arithmetic

<https://www.npr.org/2022/05/16/1099244635/for-ben-franklin-abortion-was-basic-arithmetic>





For Ben Franklin, abortion was basic arithmetic

NPR's Emily Feng speaks
with Molly Farrell from The
Ohio State University on
why Ben Franklin included
instructi...

A book by John M. Riddle, **CONTRACEPTION AND ABORTION FROM THE ANCIENT WORLD THROUGH THE RENAISSANCE**, traced the anthropological history of herbs used by women to prevent and end pregnancy.

A similar, later book by Riddle, EVE'S HERBS: A HISTORY OF CONTRACEPTION AND ABORTION IN THE WEST, was featured in an exhaustive article in The American Historical Society article:archives.

[HERBALGRAM.ORG](http://www.herbalgram.org)

Eve's Herbs: A History of Contraception and Abortion in the West. - American Botanical Council

[Eve's Herbs: A History of Contraception and Abortion in the West. - American Botanical Council](http://www.herbalgram.org/resources/herbalgram/issues/45/table-of-contents/article763/?fbclid=IwAR2JFAxrzdIACzu7On4As59BE-OqZ5yJ9pfQMAs_evGh_ZaqnByiMr_jG0l)

https://www.herbalgram.org/resources/herbalgram/issues/45/table-of-contents/article763/?fbclid=IwAR2JFAxrzdIACzu7On4As59BE-OqZ5yJ9pfQMAs_evGh_ZaqnByiMr_jG0l

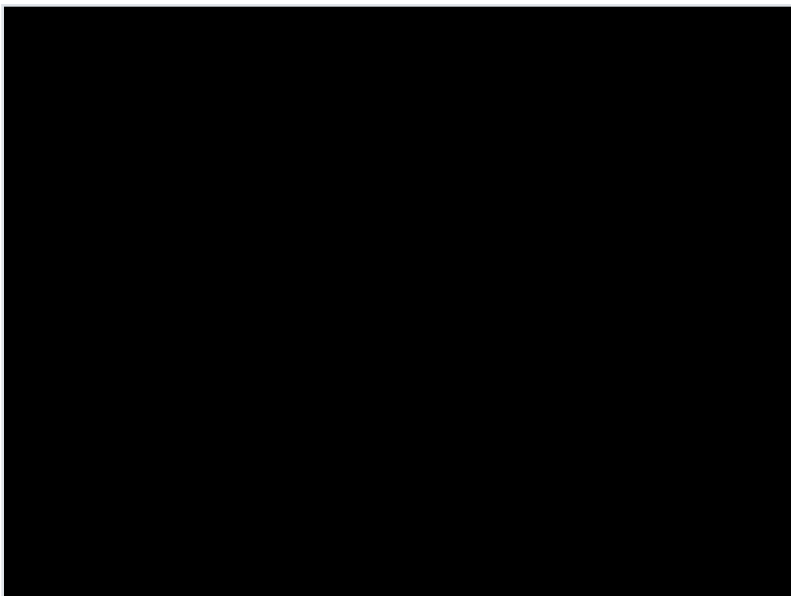
**Eve's Herbs: A History of
Contraception and
Abortion in the West. -
Am...**

The article's author reported that he and his wife enjoyed drinking pennyroyal tea. She was pregnant. She miscarried. He did research and learned pennyroyal was long used to end pregnancies. He did a lot more research and reported that, too, in his article, which some women told me is fascinating.

The EVE'S HERBS book was available for free via a PDF, until it was taken down yesterday, because Riddle was receiving death threats.

Here is a link to an Institute for New Economic Thinking interview of Riddle: [Abortion Drugs Fundamental to Ancient Economies, Argues Historian](https://www.ineteconomics.org/perspectives/blog/abortion-drugs-fundamental-to-ancient-economies-argues-historian)

<https://www.ineteconomics.org/perspectives/blog/abortion-drugs-fundamental-to-ancient-economies-argues-historian>



Abortion Drugs Fundamental to Ancient Economies, Argues Historian

As women's rights to make reproductive choices come under assault, historian John M. Riddle argues that abortion...

The American Declaration of Independence says:

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

Unalienable means it cannot be taken away.

Among these means there were other unalienable Rights.

Clearly, the Declaration does not say women had unalienable rights. However, if men had unalienable rights, surely women had them, even if men back then did agree 😎.

Was women's ancient and ongoing use of herbs made by God or Mother Nature (you choose 😎) to regulate their fertility, an unalienable Right?

As pointed out earlier in this chapter, Benjamin Franklin, who was reputed to be a ladies man, spoke of such herbs in THE AMERICAN INSTRUCTOR.

The American Declaration of Independence birthed the United States of America.

The Declaration was America's first legal document.

The U.S. Constitution and its Amendments were derived from the Declaration.

Unalienable Rights were inherent in the U.S. Constitution and its Amendments.

The U.S. Supreme Court decided American corporations have some Constitutional Rights, even though there is no mention of corporations in the Constitution and its Amendments, nor in the Declaration.

If corporations have Constitutional Rights, how could the herbs created by God or Mother Nature (you choose 🤖), about which Benjamin Franklin wrote, not be unalienable fertility Rights Colonial American women enjoyed, which could not be taken away?

Well?

Consider further rhetorical questions.

Would the American religious right dare contest herbs God made, knowing very well what those herbs could be used for?

Would anyone that heard, "It's not wise to piss off Mother Nature," dare contest herbs She made, knowing full well what those herbs could be used for?

Would the American medical profession (AMA) contest those herbs?

Would Big Pharma contest those herbs?

Would the FDA, CDC and NIH contest those herbs?

Would the Republicans and MAGAs and Donald Trump contest those herbs?

Would 6 religious right U.S. Supreme Court Justices contest those herbs?

Would Joe Biden and the Democrats contest those herbs?

So, what about pregnant women living in red states, who do not want to carry their fetus to term?

They birth a baby they don't want and resent?

They commit suicide?

They use a coat hanger?

They do things to try to kill the fetus, so a doctor can legally perform an abortion to save the life of the mother?

They go out of state to get abortions?

They find pharmacy pills that cause abortions?

They become herbalists and claim their herbs are an unalienable right, protected by the Declaration of Independence?

They claim their herbs are part of their religion, protected by Amendment 1 and Amendment 14 of the U.S. Constitution?

Consider, Native American tribes are allowed to use peyote, as part of their religion.

Consider, a great many pills the FDA, CDC, NIH, AMA and Big Pharma depend on were derived from plants.

Consider the medical uses today of marijuana extracts.

Consider hemp was raised and sold by some of the Founding Fathers, including George Washington. Do you think they ever lit and smoked hemp?

Do you think the Founding Fathers ever used hashish and opium brought back by The East India Trading Company to England and America?

Do you know any forms of booze, a known killer, not derived from a plant?

Do you smoke or chew tobacco, a known killer?

Is it any skin off your nose, if women use God or Mother Nature's herbs (you choose 🧐), to prevent or end pregnancy?

Don't you have something more important to do than butt your nose into the uterus of women you don't know and could care less about, unless they are pregnant and want an abortion?

Are you standing at an abortion clinic every day it's open, begging women who go inside to agree to let you adopt and raise their unwanted baby?

Have you ever had a young child of yours die? If so, you know that hurt you far more than anyone can begin to imagine, who has not had a young child die.

My first wife had two miscarriages, which upset her a lot. I was upset, but not nearly as much as her.

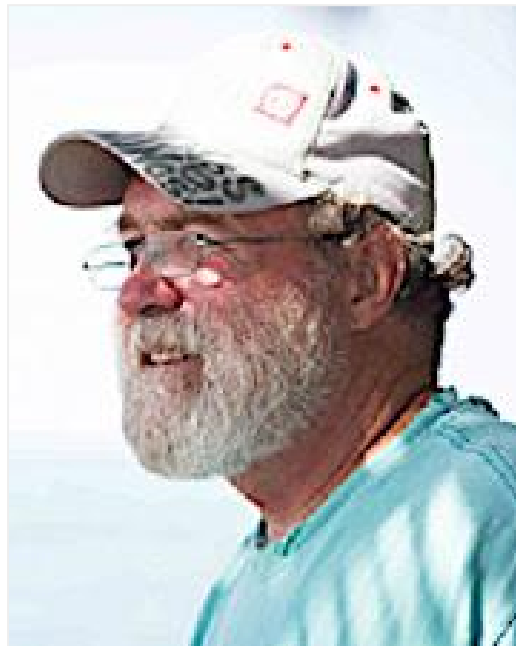
When our son was later born, and then at 7 weeks he died of sudden infant death syndrome, my wife and I were devastated. It was a zillion times worse than the miscarriages.

We did not have funerals for her miscarried fetuses, but we certainly had a funeral for our beautiful, dead infant son, whom we grieved for a very long time.

I don't see funerals for miscarried or aborted fetuses.

In the law is the doctrine of *res ipsa loquitur*, Latin for, "The thing speaks for itself."

an ancient mariner ponders romance



I turned in last night reflecting on some women I have gotten to know somewhat since moving back to Birmingham in June 2018.

A dream around dawn took me back to a point in time and space when I romanced several very different women at the same time, and while it certainly was exciting, it certainly was anxious as well, and I resolved it, I hoped, by marrying one of them, which perhaps was not kind to her, given the great mess I was, which she had to endure, as did her successors.

God only knows I loved the scent of a woman and how much I hated being alone, lonely, so maybe God arranged for me to be alone for a very long time, and I got over being lonely and pining for a woman to keep me company sometimes, or longer.

Of late, and even longer, I think, or sense, some interest in me from women. God help them, if it's true. God help me, if it's true.

Perhaps I can lay some of the blame on Erick Rittenberry's Poetic Outlaws Substack Newsletter. Something he published the other day, and today, stirred something in me.



Selecting a Reader

By: Ted Kooser

POETIC OUTLAWS

FEB 20, 2024

First, I would have her be beautiful,
and walking carefully up on my poetry
at the loneliest moment of an afternoon,
her hair still damp at the neck
from washing it. She should be wearing
a raincoat, an old one, dirty
from not having money enough for the cleaners.

She will take out her glasses, and there
in the bookstore, she will thumb
over my poems, then put the book back
up on its shelf. She will say to herself,
“For that kind of money, I can get
my raincoat cleaned.” And she will.

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

Thumbed through, but did not actually read? Getting her raincoat
cleaned more important than even one of his poems? That's his ideal
reader? A woman he had loved, but she did not dig him?

man of aran

Not to mention, what he appreciates about her most, it seems, is her
beauty. Cleaning the coat can only enhance that.

She has her priorities straight. Poetry in life is a necessity but in book
form a luxury.

Sloan Bashinsky

It's the male author's priorities and broken heart I wonder about.

man of aran

Here's a take. The poem is ironic. The twist is he's not actually looking
for a reader, just someone who creates beauty for its own sake. As he
does with his poetry.

Sloan Bashinsky

Perhaps.

This thing that fell out of me in 1994 probably also applies to poetry.

*Although he sometimes tries to write fiction, when the tale is told,
every character is a character in himself, every plot a plot in himself.
There are no surprises, only his to discover the parts of himself he has
lost, forgotten, thrown away, or never even knew were there. In this
way perhaps he and God are somewhat alike: they both create to
discover just who and what they really are.*

Yet, I agree. All of life is poetry, and that she preferred to have her rain coat cleaned, perhaps of him, perhaps of tears she had shed because of him, perhaps because his poetry did not appeal to her, either, itself is poetry.

Whatever moved him to write that poem was deep.

Lightly, My Darling

By: Aldous Huxley

POETIC OUTLAWS

FEB 24, 2024

It's dark because you are trying too hard.
Lightly child, lightly. Learn to do everything lightly.
Yes, feel lightly even though you're feeling deeply.
Just lightly let things happen and
lightly cope with them.

I was so preposterously serious in those days,
such a humorless little prig.

Lightly, lightly – it's the best advice ever given me.
When it comes to dying even.
Nothing ponderous, or portentous, or emphatic.

No rhetoric, no tremolos, no self conscious
persona putting on its celebrated imitation
of Christ or Little Nell.
And of course, no theology, no metaphysics.
Just the fact of dying and the fact
of the clear light.

So throw away your baggage and go forward.
There are quicksands all about you,
sucking at your feet,
trying to suck you down into fear and
self-pity and despair.
That's why you must walk so lightly.

Lightly my darling, on tiptoes and no luggage,
not even a sponge bag, completely unencumbered.

Sloan Bashinsky

Absolutely lovely.

81, with its physical aches and pains, waking up each morning
wondering why I'm still here? Still hoping a miracle will cause my body
to feel better, or the death angel will take me home, or somewhere
new, to spare me what no beloved old, suffering pet has to endure.

Living alone, a monk, all but a few months since late 2000, engulfed in metaphysics day and night, in all the way but not of this world, what woman could endure that regimen with no end? Lightly, what is that? Remember, I cannot. Perhaps it's possible? I haven't a clue. Is romance possible? Will viagra work? I haven't a clue. Do I even want to try? I really don't know. Back in the day, I would be all in.

Perhaps these poems also are in play?

"Bi Polar"

the world's favorite mood disorder
the cause of all human ails,
including wars,
if the demons aren't counted

bi polar disorder,
the destruction of the
south pole,
the feminine,
the north pole,
he ain't been
right in the head
since she's been gone

(2016)

"Eve's Answer"

Vexing Truth
Life is Poetry,

Poetry is Life,
There's no more to say,
but that would make God
a really dull boy,
now wouldn't it, Eve?

So, Eve, What say you?
After all, You have been,
still are,
blamed,
for everything that went wrong
with hu - MAN - i - ty.

Well, do you really want to hear
what I gotta say?
Is this one of those
be careful what you ask for pregnancies?
Well, is it?

Probably, but say what you wish -
I s'pect you need to be heard.

Heard?
Funny you mention ears.
Yes, ears.
Such important receptacles.
Yet filled with concrete,
shit, propaganda, beliefs, certainties,
well, let's not leave out

SUPERSTITION and RELIGION,
now should we?

By the way,
where do ya suppose
God came from?
Or, out of?

And, why do ya s'pose
I made Eve
in my own IMAGE?'

'Cause Adam was
so bored and dull -
so ... predictable
He was BORING!!!
the shit outta me!!!
That's why.

Now
Shusssssh -
Don't go round quoting me
on any of that -
I've had quite enough of
the religious right
ta last me
the rest of forever!

(2018)

And this:

“I AM A MAN”

I am a man.

I said,
I am a man!

What means it,
being a man?

A man is a warrior:
he lives by a code of honor,
his word is reliable,
his actions confirm his words,
his commitment is holiness,
his enemies are welcome at his hearth,
he fears but moves forward,
he cries and gets up again,
he hates but forgives,
he loves and let's go,
he doubts but trusts God,
he's a good friend,
he seeks resolutions,
he demands nothing,
he risks everything,
he regrets his mistakes,
he seeks to make amends,

he puts others' welfare first,
he accepts apologies truly made,
he expects nothing back,
he lives ready to die,
he laughs when he "should" scream,
he screams when he "should" laugh,
he sings just because,
he shrugs off insults,
he learns from misfortune,
he cusses God for making him,
he wishes he was done,
he loves children and animals,
he relishes a woman's scent,
he smiles when he's content,
he knows God's his master,
he walks in rainbows,
his garden is the world,
his way is nature,
he loves fishing,
his wife is his soul,
his food is life,
his pay is whatever he receives.

Yep, he's crazy.

(2003)

And:

"SHANGHAIED"

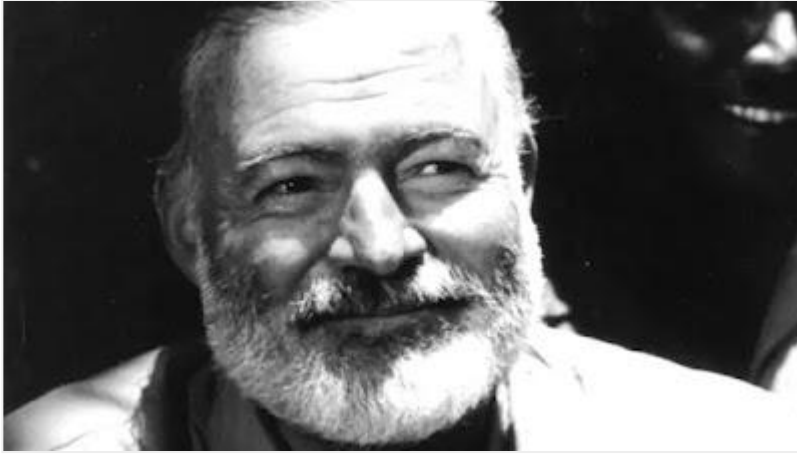
A calling to serve carries its own wisdom,
which legitimates both the calling and the serving
so that the two are one:
Only the one called to serve
can know this wisdom,
and for some who are called
the knowing comes easily,
while for others the knowing is a fiery baptism.
Each calling is different,
and while some callings can be declined,
others cannot,
and those whose calling is without repentance
know they are in it for the duration of the calling,
and while others may try to persuade them out of it,
the calling for ones such as these always prevails;
thus is it advised to all called for keeps
that they view their calling as a blessing
even when it seems at times to be a curse,
and that they try to reconcile the loss of their captain status
and allow the Spirit of God to man the helm of their ship
and be glad and willing crew members thereon,
knowing that all sailing ships of souls
need a crew as well as a captain
to maintain and navigate the ship through
seas of many tones, depths and flavors;
so consider each league sailed
as part of the overall journey
going to where the captain deigns to go
by using whatever winds and sea currents available

to navigate the ship to the experiences
this ship and crew need to have
in order to fulfill their calling and its wisdom
revealed by the journey of many leagues,
many known only to the ship and its crew,
all of whom come to know,
some sooner than others,
that once conscripted
there is no safe jumping ship.

(2004)

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

The Old Man and the Sea presents at a starving writers as a mystical experience conference



In an American novels course my senior year at Vanderbilt, the professor seemed to admire Ernest Hemingway's novels about maintaining grace under fire, and the professor said we knew when the bad guy showed up in a Hemingway novel, because he didn't drink. Hemingway was well-known for drinking, writing and fishing in Key West, Cuba and Bimini.

When I lived mostly in Key West, late 2000-2018, I sometimes was urged to enter the Hemingway contest, in which inebriated old white men with white Ernest Hemmingway-like beards, wearing Orvis fishing outfits, stood on a stage hoping to be chosen the winner. Sometimes I said I wouldn't enter the contest, because I knew how to write and fish, and I didn't drink.

Yesterday's post about a tale of a Pleiadean colony in Kundalina, Alabama, whose hero didn't want to practice law, and two tales about a chubby redneck gal with anger issues and her lover boy lawyer with angel issues, who didn't want to be president, garnered a response from a fellow in nowhere Nebraska, who might have a bright future disturbing the status

quo far beyond where the buffalo once were said to roam and the clouds were not cloudy all day.

Free Radio Rulo

@bigjim777



100 subscribers



Free Radio Rulo

By Free Radio Rulo

Backwoods, vegetarian, off grid, eco-socialist, Big Jim operates a pirate radio station and publishes a newsletter from an old Wonder Bread Truck in rural Rulo, Nebraska.

Free Radio Rulo

God speaks in strange ways through art! Any other substances involved my dude? Sounds like a my kinda novel!

Sloan Bashinsky

Naw, other than body fluids :-), of which there are plenty in parts of *Kundalina* and *Heavy Wait*, but not so much in *Return of the Strange*,

which wriggled up out of me last year, after all the blooms had fallen off the roses, so to speak.

Free Radio Rulo

When the divine works through you ya just gotta let it flow brother! I can't imagine ever writing a novel, that must be an experience!

Sloan Bashinsky

Based on what I have read of yours, your Muse is working on you pretty darn good, and that's why I took a shine to you. There might be a novel or two or three in you, and if She shows up in that way, go with her wherever she takes you.

A couple of years before *Kundalina, Alabana* started showing herself to me, I was invited to be a speaker at a writer's conference at Birmingham Southern College. I then lived in Colorado, and by then was deep into my writings being steered by something much bigger and smarter than me. Out of the blue, it came to me use "writing as a mystical experience" for my topic, and then I was swamped with looking at Ernest Hemingway's *Old Man and the Sea*, the last novel he completed, as his unconscious suicide note. The boy left behind at the dock was young Hemingway whose father had no time for him. The great marlin was Hemingway's manhood. The sharks were his feminine, come to take back what he had tried so hard to prove to himself, and the the cancer that would eat his brain until he manned up and killed himself.

That was my spiel during the first day of the writer's conference in a small seminar room. There didn't seem to be much interest. The 2nd day, I had the entire conference for my audience, and I tried again, and there didn't seem to be much interest in writers writing about themselves unawares, and I was feeling stuck, when someone asked me what I did about writers block, and I said I didn't get it. When there was something to write, I had to write it. When nothing was coming, I did something else. And that's when it got interesting.

About a year later, *Kundalina* started showing up and I typed maybe 100 pages, and then seemed to dry up and I put her aside. I was playing golf at different public golf courses, picking up playing partners at the pro shop. One day, I was put with two men, one lived in Alaska. I asked him if he knew a fellow from Birmingham, who was a college fraternity brother of mine, and then he went to law school, and ended up making a whole lot of money suing auto manufacturers in Alaska, for defective products? The man said he knew the lawyer very well, they were good friends. I said my early childhood next door neighbor sweetheart and the lawyer became an item, and then it didn't work out and it was rough for them both. The fellow said he had not heard of that and he would be sure to bring it up when he returned to Alaska. I advised be careful, it was a big owee for his friend.

The next morning, I woke up feeling like an idiot. That little girl was the model for the heroine in *Kundalina*. I went back to work on the manuscript, and after completing a draft, shared it with the desktop publisher lady, who had gotten my book *Prisons & Freedom* ready for printing. She read the manuscript and said I had done a good job on the hero, Riley Strange, but not on Mary Lou Snow. I needed to bring her to life. So chastised, I brought her to life.

A friend in Birmingham read *Kundalina* and asked my clinical social worker Sandplay therapist wife where in the hell did Sloan fiend Mary Lou, he was in love with her?! Betty told him, Mary Lou is a part of Sloan.

About a year later, two novels showed up at the same time and I wrote on both of them each morning and finished both on the same day. *Br'er Rabbit Meets the Devil* and *Krazy Justice* were wild rides, too. But before they could be published by a vanity press, Betty said she wanted time apart and my world imploded and I left America for a while and those two novels eventually were lost.

How something a lot bigger and smarter than me caused me to write *Heavy Wait* about as fast as I could type it is explained in the

beginning of that strange tale about two very different Rileys and Mary Lous, and a redneck gal named Willa Sue Jenkins. I thought when it was done that there would have to be a sequel, but it didn't come, and it didn't come, and finally it came last year.

The Muse is different for each writer, poet, novelist, etc. I describe how the Muse is for me.

A little while before the two lost novels were coming up out of me, this came:

He feels deep beauty in the dark pool from which his writings flow, she clings to him like fine silk, precious oil, she feels solid, compressed, like a black pearl growing from inside out, ever larger with each stroke of his pen, pushing her precious waters over her banks into his dreams and life.

Free Radio Rulo

Wild! I would have enjoyed the Hemingway analysis. So some of your characters often turn out to be parts of your subconscious? This all reminds me of James Joyce for some reason. Is he an influence of yours? Who else influences your style?

Sloan Bashinsky

When I read Joyce several lifetimes back, so to speak, he was much too deep for me to grasp. If there is a writer who influenced my writing style, it was Tom Robbins, whose novels Just Another Roadside Attraction, Jitterbug Perfume and Even Cowgirls Get the Blues left me kinda jangled and enamored. But I think it was Hemingway who perhaps planted a seed in me that caused me to fantasize being a writer someday.

I wonder if my father had it to do over, he would have urged me to take a typing course during my first year in high school? He said he had found being able to touch type was valuable in his business life. Some things I wrote to him and about our family did not please him. But my

goodness did being able to touch type make it so much easier to shoot off my mouth on paper and computer screens.

My writing style evolved as time passed. Professional book editors and a creative writing class helped some in the beginning, Then angels helped some. That kind of editing wasn't much fun for me, but I fortunately was able to accept it as constructive.

That was before the poetry and novels came. They had their own style which I suppose was buried in me, asleep.

My writings always were out of the box, disturbing the status quo. The first two poems, which I will fetch, set the tone.

I wrote maybe 50,000 pages of blog posts. Starting 2019, some of the blogs became books, but the novels were stand alones. I did not sit down and dream them up. They dreamed me up. Same with the poetry, and some prose that just up and came out of me.

"Living Poets"

Dead poets are poets who never write
Who obey shoulds and oughts
Who live to please others
Who value money over God
Who die without ever having lived
Death is their mark
Dead poets are remembered by the living.
Living poets are remembered by time
Dead poets never sing their song
Living poets never stop singing it
The difference between the two is this:
One worships fear, the other life
To be a dead poet is hard
It requires being someone else
To be a living poet is easy

It only means being myself
One choice is hell, the other heaven
That is what is meant by free will

(1991)

"The Mockingbird"

I happened upon a mockingbird
singing its fool head off –
I asked it how and why it sang?
But all it did was look ahead,
all it did was sing.
It never turned to see if I was watching,
or listened for money jingling in my pockets,
or asked if I liked its music,
or expected a recording contract –
It was too busy singing
to pay any attention to me.
Thus did I learn
the greatest sin of all

is to kill a mockingbird.

(1992)

If you read the novels *Kundalina*, *Heavy Wait* and *Return of the Strange*, you will see and feel very different writing from what I post at my Substack and blogs. And you might wonder when it's made up, and when it isn't. But then, not a few times I have been accused of making up my non-fiction books and blogs, which often are stranger than fiction :-).

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

**I moved from small open air insane asylum Key West back to multitudes
flew over the cuckoo's nest Alabama**



I mostly lived in Key West from 2001-2018. Locals called it The Conch Republic. Before I lived there, the city briefly seceded from the Union, until it realized it depended entirely on FEMA to resurrect it after being clobbered by a big hurricane.

Locals also called Key West, Key Weird, where the weird go pro. I viewed the city as an open air insane asylum, where you couldn't get locked up for being different, and unlike Hotel California, you could leave any time you wanted.

A small city, Key West had people from many ethnic backgrounds and nationalities, and I concluded it was a proxy for the rest of America, and as Key West went, so went America.

I was wrong.

Although Key West had a lot of churches, about 1/5 of the adults living there were not heterosexual and the religious right had very little sway. A lesbian Democrat living in Key West was elected to the city's county

commission seat. A lesbian Democrat was elected to the city commission. Now she is the city's mayor.

I was further wrong.

Key West voted Democrat in every national and state election. Perhaps that dated back to the Civil War, when Key West was a Union port, but the locals sympathized with the Confederacy.

I was further wrong.

Even the professional weirdos in Key West thought I was weird.

In the late fall of 2018, I moved back to my home state Alabama, which bills itself as The Heart of Dixie.

Montgomery was the Confederacy's capital.

When I was growing up, Alabama voted Democrat in national and state elections, until the U.S. Supreme Court, Congress and President John F. Kennedy and the Alabama National Guard and President Lyndon Baines Johnson de-segregated Alabama, and Alabama morphed into a Republican stronghold.

Today, Alabama is MAGA country.

Today, Alabama is right-wing religious freak country.

What the fuck am I doing here?!

In Al.com's **Down In Alabama** today...

Embryos and an alleged fetus

It's good to see y'all back, and I hope your weekend was a good one.

It's no surprise we're going to pick right back up with Story No. 1 in the state right now -- the legal status of embryos and its effect on in vitro fertilization.

Thanks for being with us.

Ike Morgan

Embryo-gate raged on through the weekend, even [taking up time on Saturday Night Live](#), for anyone who might've been watching.

Heading into the weekend in Alabama, Democrats introduced a bill in the House and Republicans in the Senate said they were preparing legislation to preserve in vitro fertilization in the wake of the state Supreme Court's ruling that interpreted a state law as giving human embryos the same rights as children.

[Gov. Kay Ivey also said she was working with lawmakers to preserve IVF.](#)

Within days of the court's ruling, some clinics stopped providing IVF services. Alabama Attorney General Steve Marshall said on Friday that the AG's office had "no intention" of prosecuting anyone using the procedure. That prompted some, including Hoover Republican Rep. Susan DuBose, to lean on clinics to restart IVF treatments, [reports AL.com's Sarah Whites-Koditschek](#).

Note that while the AG's promise may have eased concerns over *criminal* prosecution, this issue arose from a *civil* case over destroyed embryos.

to fetuses (or a lack of, in this case)

AL.com did a story last year on the extent to which Etowah County has arrested women who allegedly used drugs while pregnant. It's happened more there than anywhere else -- 250 over a 10-year period -- and led to some women spending much of their pregnancy in jail. Now, reports AL.com's Amy Yurkanin, a woman recently settled a lawsuit against Etowah County Sheriff's Office employees over being jailed for endangering a fetus that didn't exist.

According to court documents, the woman spent 36 hours in jail and wasn't pregnant at all. Apparently, her young child -- who does exist -- told a case worker that the mom was pregnant.

Young'ns, man.

According to court documents, the woman offered to take a pregnancy test but it didn't happen. Terms of the settlement were not released.

I emailed Ike:

Your IVF and imaginary pregnant woman in jail howlers today, and what I already knew about The Make Alabama Great IVF FUBAR, left me laughing my ass off and wondering when the Jesus never knew me freaks in the Alabama Legislature will pass legislation to reopen Bryce Hospital in Tuscaloosa to shelter themselves and their birds of cuckoo feather Supreme Court justices and like-minded dodo bird Alabamians from the bright sunlight, which would reveal the truth that would set them free, if their heads didn't permanently reside where the sun never shines.

In another of my 81-year-old play pens, Poetic Outlaws:

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

81, with its physical aches and pains, waking up each morning wondering why I'm still here? Still hoping a miracle will cause my body to feel better, or the death angel will take me home, or somewhere new, to spare me what no beloved old, suffering pet has to endure. Living alone, a monk, all but a few months since late 2000, engulfed in metaphysics day and night, in all the way but not of this world, what woman could endure that regimen with no end? Lightly, what is that? Remember, I cannot. Perhaps it's possible? I haven't a clue. Is romance possible? Will viagra work? I haven't a clue. Do I even want to try? I really don't know. Back in the day, I would be all in.

Lasita

Lasita's Substack

Sending love; sorry I cannot do it in person... but perhaps you can feel it.

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

Maybe in person, I might go into cardiac arrest and depart this plane and see what happens then? :-)

I went to Lasita's Substack to see what was there:

Openness and Love

LASITA

AUG 12, 2023

How do I live my basic principles? Also, how do I continue writing a post? Being a newbie in this practice, makes it difficult. I feel a need to

share since so many people are feeling similar emotions these days and to know we have support is important. I met a friend today on my walk by the Santa Fe River: Rachamana, and she asked me; "how are you feeling hope in these times?" I acknowledged that it was very challenging, especially since the invasion of Ukraine.

Lasita

I will keep adding comments UNTIL I work out how to publish new posts.

Today I want to share a LESSON from one of my Spiritual Teachers: HERMAN REDNICK.

This is from Volume 1 of EARTH JOURNEY, p. 629

BROTHERHOOD

To break the hypnosis and see with a clear eye, imagine for a moment that you love everyone here. There is no criticism or resentment. Your heart glows and you are grateful for the person sitting next to you. You have no fear of how anyone will react or of what they think of you. For a moment you let the divine fire within your heart glow. You feel a sense of joy and freedom you never felt before. The hypnosis that gripped you in the past and your resistance to people is gone. Now it is not your personality but your true self coming through the heart. You experience what it means to truly love your brother. You realize that in the past you were in a state of bondage through a state of hypnosis. You can now taste the pure joy and freedom that come from love without reservation.

mantra:

I love my neighbor.

His (Her) soul and mine are one.

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

I dunno, I just get up each morning and face the day and whatever it brings, the good, the bad, the beautiful and the ugly, and even the horrible sometimes, doing the best I can, being as real as I can, which includes sometimes getting angry and wondering what's the point? Because I am somewhat woke after 81 years and climbing, what I see, in the main, looks like SNAFU progressed to FUBAR and even past that to FIDO. But I keep waking up each day, so I'm still supposed to be here, and since I can't do a lot of things I use to do, I do what I am able, which kinda reminds me of a line out of a Rolling Stones song, "You can't always get what you want, but you always get what you need," which kinda reminds me of the title of a Gloria Steinem book, "The Truth Will Set You Free, But First It Will Piss You Off."

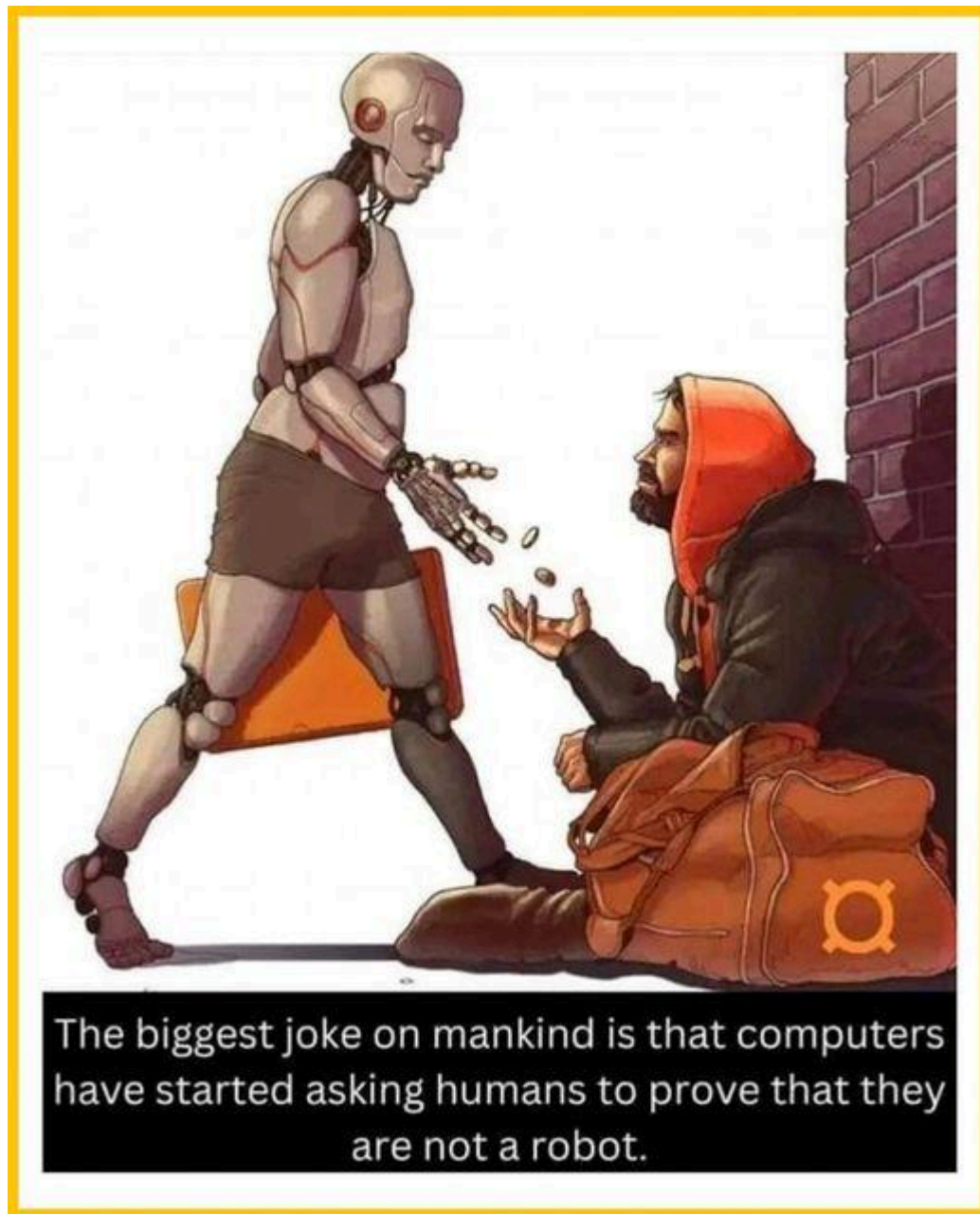
This came to me as I was moving into something new in 1995.

Love without Truth
is mush
Truth without Love
is harsh
They live together,
or die

I then proceeded to forget all about that and ended up in a black night of the soul, which made an earlier dark night of the soul seem wonderful. But, if I had not experienced the black night, I might not have been able to cope with what came after it, which was, well, not exactly a bed of roses, but it was a lot easier than the black night.

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

C18 C.S. Lewis wrote that God whispers and shouts to a deaf world, and I hope I have listened good enough - otherwise my illusions, delusions, collusions, conclusions, near misses and some direct hits are all I have left



Once upon a time when I was hitchhiking near Helen, Georgia, where I spent the late spring and summer and *Heavy Wait: A Strange Tale* fell out of me about as fast as I could type on a desktop computer in the Helen

public library, I was given a ride by a fellow who later read the *Heavy Wait* manuscript and did not decide I was batshit crazy.

When later I lived in the trailer on Little Torch Key and was running the first time for the county commission, John sent me a couple of hundred of these decals, which he'd had made many years before.



The other day, John said he would send me a few more of the decals, and he texted me yesterday, the same day President Biden got 618,426 votes in the Michigan Democratic primary and Uncommitted got 101,100, and Donald Trump got 756,851 votes in the Republican primary, and Nikki Haley got 294,884.

John

Enjoyed reading *Tiny Kingdom Blacksheep* on archive.org.

Non-political stickers in Post Office. President's Day indeed, it seems that presidents and Angels used to be more robust. I would be happy to share my copy of *Heavy Wait* with your new chubby buddy, if you want to let her hold it in her hand, instead of read it online.

Me

Thanks, but if she don't have the gumption to read it online, maybe that's a sign?

John

We are too old to share our illusions. All the best!

Me

😎 Shoot, I'm so old that my illusions, delusions, collusions, conclusions, near misses and some direct hits are all I have left.

John

Agreed. I am ready for your next book, *Heaven Wait*. By the way, who is Jake Carruthers? [author of *Kundalina, Alabama*]. Long ago abandoned nom de plume? Birdie's last name was McClaine or similar. Just curious. [Birdie was the street performer in Helen who gave me the storyline for *Heavy Wait*, half of which I had lived the year before].

Me

Nom de plume, initials, J.C. 😎

John

Oh yeah

Me

Maybe another novel is in me, time will tell.

The three novels at archive.org [*Kundalina, Alabama*; *Heavy Wait*; *Return of the Strange*] about heaven and other stuff on earth await meanwhile.

Kundalina, Alabama

<https://archive.org/details/kundalina>
(1992)

Heavy Wait: A Strange Tale

https://archive.org/details/heavy-wait-a-strange-tale_202212
(2001)

Return of the Strange (sequel to Heavy Wait)

https://archive.org/details/retun-of-the-strange-v-20_202306
(2023)

Last night, my best friend in the Florida Keys, who kept egging me on to run for public office down there, whom I doubt read even *Heavy Wait*, sent me a C.S. Lewis meme about God's way of trying to wake up the dead, which I thought was both funny and depressing, and I told him it left me wondering why anyone should even try? Yet, C.S. Lewis kept trying to reach Christians.



I dreamed before dawn this morning of needing to loft a soft pass of a football to an old childhood friend, who was not Christian inclined until he married a devout Christian lassie. I was a groomsman in their wedding and told my wife after the ceremony that I had lost my best friend.

During a dark night of the soul, he went to work for her father and made a shift that I imagine pleased his soul, but I can't imagine him

crying to hold my novels, nor spending time chatting with me. In fact, I bumped into him twice recently at my eye doctor's office and it was as if he didn't recognize me.

Last time I saw him before that, he showed up at the front door of my trailer on Little Torch Key. His wife and another couple were in a rental car. The woman in the other couple was in my Birmingham city high school homeroom class. She had tried to recruit me to come to Birmingham for a class reunion, which morphed into a Birmingham Country Club event, even though I was the only kid in our homeroom whose parents belonged to BCC, which convinced me to decline to attend the reunion.

They declined my offer to join them for dinner that night in Marathon. I wondered how they had my street address to plug into the rental car GPS?

His older brother was calling me from time to time back then, and it seemed from the way he talked that he was in some kind of facility and his younger brother was trying to help him.

The older brother and I became good friends when I practiced law in Birmingham, after I introduced him to his wife, who was a neighbor whose divorce from her 1st husband I had handled.

That's another sad mere Christianity story I could best tell on my laptop...

On my laptop...

I finally concluded the older brother's wife was a black widow in disguise after she was done with him and he went into a 3-year black night of the soul, which consisted of him sitting on a couch in his living room every day and into the night until it lifted. He then engaged the world and seemed to be doing okay, until he wasn't doing okay.

I think he, but perhaps not his younger brother, would have appreciated what John and I sometimes discussed: When are we ever not in church?

The longer I live, the more convinced I am that, in the main, what Jesus in the Gospels said and did went in one ear and right back out the same ear.

From Poetic Outlaws today:



The Empty Boat

By: Chuang Tzu

POETIC OUTLAWS

FEB 28

To a mind that is still, the entire universe surrenders.
- Chuang Tzu

If a man is crossing a river
And an empty boat collides with his own skiff,
Even though he be a bad-tempered man
He will not become very angry.

But if he sees a man in the boat,
He will shout at him to steer clear.
If the shout is not heard, he will shout again,
And yet again, and begin cursing.
And all because there is somebody in the boat.
Yet if the boat were empty.
He would not be shouting, and not angry.
If you can empty your own boat
Crossing the river of the world,
No one will oppose you,
No one will seek to harm you.
The straight tree is the first to be cut down,
The spring of clear water is the first to be drained dry.
If you wish to improve your wisdom
And shame the ignorant,
To cultivate your character
And outshine others;
A light will shine around you
As if you had swallowed the sun and the moon:
You will not avoid calamity.
A wise man has said:
“He who is content with himself
Has done a worthless work.
Achievement is the beginning of failure.
Fame is beginning of disgrace.”
Who can free himself from achievement
And from fame, descend and be lost
Amid the masses of men?
He will flow like Tao, unseen,
He will go about like Life itself
With no name and no home.
Simple is he, without distinction.
To all appearances he is a fool.
His steps leave no trace. He has no power.
He achieves nothing, has no reputation.

Since he judges no one
No one judges him.
Such is the perfect man:
His boat is empty.

Chuang Tzu was an influential Chinese philosopher who lived around the 4th century BCE during the Warring States period of ancient China. He is considered one of the key figures in Daoism (Taoism), a philosophical and religious tradition that emphasizes living in harmony with the Dao, often translated as "the Way."

Thomas Merton once wrote about Chuang Tzu: "His philosophical temper is, I believe, profoundly original and sane ... it is basically simple and direct. It seeks, as does all the greatest philosophical thought, to go immediately to the heart of things. Chuang Tzu is not concerned with words and formulas about reality, but with the direct existential grasp of reality in itself ..."

Sloan Bashinsky

Well, I sure flat ass flunked the empty boat test :-). As did Buddha and Jesus. However, did Chuang Tzu become an empty boat, who achieved nothing and nobody recognized him? If so, how do we know about him today? :-)

The other day, someone who deals with lots of people where he works asked me why I keep tangling with messed up people online, and I said it gives 81-plus-years me something to do besides watch even more TV and read even more news online and talk even more to myself. It's a job, for which I don't get paid, whereas he gets paid to deal with idiots where he works.

For me, Poetic Outlaws is the place I visit online, where people seem to be swimming against the herd currents, seeking to be who they really are, which actually is a whole lot easier than trying to be someone else, which requires just about all of our energy to pull off.

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

C19 A different view of the war in Gaza



Gaza

Okay young'ns...

According to what my mother and other family members told me, my great grandfather Leopold Bashinsky was a Polish Jew who came to America in the latter 1800s. Later, one of his brothers came over. They settled in Troy, Alabama.

Leopold married a Southern Baptist woman, and they raised their children in the Baptist church in Troy, which Leopold attended, but he did not convert. During World War II, Leopold's family in Poland were killed by the Nazis.

Among other things my mother and other family members told me about Leopold, the townspeople of Troy brought their disputes to him, for him to resolve, instead of to the town lawyers, because they trusted Leopold to decide what was fair. His wife had engraved on this gravestone, "God's noblest creation is an honest man."

I reported what I was told by my mother and other family members about Leopold in the “He Was a Nobel Creation” chapter of A FEW REMARKABLE ALABAMA PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN, which now is a free read at the internet library, archive.org.

https://archive.org/details/a-few-remarkable-alabama-people-i-have-known_202210

My mother’s parents were Southern Baptists, and that’s how I became a Southern Baptist until my mother became an Episcopalian and took her children with her to that church. Eventually, I stopped attending church. Her Episcopal minister is described in the “He was a parish priest” chapter of that book. My mother told me that when Lee’s vestrymen decided to hire off duty Mountain Brook police officers to block blacks from worshipping at St. Luke’s, he told them, if blacks could not worship in the church, he would close it.

My college sweetheart, your grandmother, and I did not raise your mothers in churches, but let them decide how to find their own way in life. One of your mothers married a Jewish man she had known since childhood, and she converted to Judaism and I was fine with it. I dreamed last night about her and me doing something, which was not going to be pretty, then later in the night I dreamed of her wearing a beautiful white pearl necklace.

When I lived in Key West, my lawyer, who was a good friend, was a younger Jewish man, who now is a city commissioner. He told me one day in his office that it didn’t bother him that I talk about my dreams, because Jewish people believe dreams come from God.

Although I had Jewish friends in childhood and later, I am not very familiar with the Jewish religion as it is practiced today. Nor am I particularly familiar with Israel, other than some things I see on television and read online.

I have long felt it was a shame that Western Europe and America did not give sanctuary to the European Jews after World War II, and I have long felt there will be strife in Palestine for so long as the State of Israel exists.

After Hamas launched a raid into Israel on October 7, 2023, my 81st birthday, the mystic in me figured the odds were 100 percent that I would get involved.

I saw an article by retired American international war correspondent Chris Hedges and paid to subscribe to his Substack newsletter with a very large following, and I began commenting under his posts.

I then received a subscription to my Substack newsletter from the Australian political commentator Caitlin Johnstone, who invited me to subscribe to her Substack newsletter, which was free or pay, and I subscribed for free, and began commenting under her posts.

At both places, I received a lot of criticism for saying Hamas realized it could not beat Israel and its benefactor America in a land war, and the October 7 raid was clever bait, which Hamas hoped would cause Israel to respond as it did, so that the entire world would turn against Israel and America. I blamed Hamas, as well as Israel and America, for the obliteration of Gaza.

I finally decided to quit participating at the Hedges and Johnstone forums, and to ensure that I would stick to my decision, I blocked both of them from my email account. But today something from Johnstone got through.

Caitlin Johnstone's Newsletter

Aaron Bushnell wasn't addressing the Israeli government with his soul-jarring message. He wasn't even addressing his own government. He was addressing you. Each of us. His goal was to get

us all to open our eyes to the horror of what's happening, and spur us to action to end it.

Here is what that is about:

Published: 02.27.2024

Extremism, Terrorism & Bigotry

From: Center on Extremism

On February 25, 2024, Aaron Bushnell, an active-duty member of the U.S. Air Force, approached the Israeli Embassy in Washington, D.C., and set himself on fire to protest the ongoing Israel-Hamas war, saying he would “no longer be complicit in genocide.” His act of protest has garnered praise from anti-Israel groups and foreign terrorist organizations (FTOs).

Bushnell is the second person to self-immolate in front of a U.S.-based Israeli government building in protest of the war: in December 2023, an unidentified woman was critically injured after setting herself on fire in front of the Israeli consulate in Atlanta.

Bushnell livestreamed his protest on Twitch; his account has since been removed. As he walked towards the embassy, Bushnell said to the camera, "I am an active-duty member of the United States Air Force. And I will no longer be complicit in genocide. I am about to engage in an extreme act of protest. But compared to what people have been experiencing in Palestine at the hands of their colonizers—it's not extreme at all. This is what our ruling class has decided will be normal."

Once outside the embassy, Bushnell placed his camera on the ground and poured gasoline over himself. As he burned, Bushnell repeatedly shouted “Free Palestine!” until he collapsed to the ground. Bushnell was transported to a local hospital and later died from his injuries.

Below are some reader comments under Johnstone's post, followed by my comment, which is typical of how I engaged in online political discussions since just after 9/11.

Roger

Or, like the Son of Sam, he was addressing voices in his head. Perhaps it is best to wait to learn more about this young man before you rush to martyr him. Either way, may he rest in peace.

miggety

He stated his reasoning very clearly, there is no mistaking why he did what he did. Additionally, as a person with military clearance on the level with which he had, he would have been subject to rigorous mental evaluations, so his mental health was fine. Honor his memory by avoiding making unnecessary and presumptuous comments online and fight for the liberation of our Palestinian brothers and sisters.

dikran's Newsletter

Yes. I wonder if the effort of the rather Christian project of justifying the extraordinary Western genocides as the will of God, does make psychopaths of all monotheists? They have all done it, though Judaism and Islam are but young in deed, eager to catch up. Netanyahu's enthusiasm is revolting. And the reliability of the pretext: Oct 7th. See Jefferson on Native Americans west of the Appalachians. It's in our dna. Using the Terrorism Card, over and over. After the messy back and forths with most of my friends about Joe Biden, I conclude every time by saying I am stunned by his behavior. Trump I'd expect it, even Obama, definitely Clinton, both of them, but I thought Joe too primal, too base too unslick. Cunnning them christians.

AJMIII21h

U must have just now heard of Joe Biden because he has been this way since he came into Senate

Margaret McGowan

That's why the media have blanked him out. No front page news or top TV item ... either silence or character assassination that he was an anarchist & crazy religious nutter. The usual response when someone discloses the stark truth.

Porfirio

Mishima. Venner. Bushnell. He is in the company of Samurai.

spingerah

There is a lot of criticism of this kid because apparently he was in contact with antifa and had some fairly pedestrian tweets in the past. While he may have been a leftist his action undeniably has and will cause many people to look closer at what is happening to the people in Gaza. It's too bad we live in a world of spin & the spin I have seen so far is revolting. If you have a friend and that friend is doing something that will cause them great harm & possibly end with their death, in my opinion if you are really a friend you must try to get them to stop. The genocide that is happening may be obfuscated for now but that may change. Lies usually do not work out well in the long run, a simple lesson children are usually taught. What is happening in this instance will probably not be good for Israel,

Sloan Bashinsky

Looks to me Bushnell acutely addressed the Israel and American governments in the most graphic way possible, and to say it was for you or me entirely misses his point. As does someone here questioning Bushnell's sanity.

Bushnell knew exactly what he was doing. He did what you, I and nobody else were prepared to do. He got off his internet connection to do it. But did that impress Netanyahu or Biden? I doubt it. Did it impress God? I don't know. But it certainly was more impressive than a jihadist suicide bomber killing a lot more civilians than his own selfish self, certain it was God's will.

On CNN this morning, so it must be Zion- America propaganda?:-), IDF troops opened fire and killed and wounded many people in a food

line in Gaza and IDF is investigating. Such horror will continue, unless Israel and Hamas get over themselves and choose peace over war. Joe Biden has been a hawk for a very long time. He is a devout Catholic, who does not know the Jew Jesus in the Gospels. Biden's skewed religious programming and his dislike of jihad Islam forces him to side with Israel, and his growing criticism of Israel is ridiculous in the face of his continuing to give Israel dollars and munitions.

Donald Trump told Israel he is their best friend, so where does that leave Gaza, Palestine and The Middle East if Hamas and Israel do not get over themselves and choose peace over war?

It's on Hamas and Israel to end the obliteration of Gaza, and from all I have seen in the news and at your and Chris Hedges's Substacks, neither side wants peace in Gaza. The American religious right want Israel to obliterate Islam in Palestine and the Middle East.

You live in Australia, Caitlin, and while you have a large following, you have no sway over American politics. Nor does it look to me that you understand American politics. Nor does it look to me that you understand Israel, Hamas and jihad Islam.

The war in Palestine is biblical, rooted in the three Abrahamic religions' scriptures. For so long as the state of Israel exists in Palestine, there will be strife there. There is nothing you can do about that. There is nothing I can do about it. There is nothing anyone but Israel and Hamas and Islam can do about it.

God has nothing to do with any of it. Anyone who claims otherwise is delusional.

So far, no one replied to my comment, which never happened before at Johnstone's forum.

I cannot imagine any mother in Palestine not wanting the war in Gaza to end. Nor can I imagine any mother in Palestine starting that war. Men, well history has proven they seem to really like war.

Three nights before 9/11, Archangel Michael asked me in my sleep, "Will you make a prayer for a Divine Intervention for all of humanity?" I woke up and made the prayer. On 9/11, my concern was America would start

another foreign war like the war in Vietnam. It not occur to me that America would attack both Afghanistan and Iraq.

A few days after 9/11, Michael told me as I was walking out of the U.S. Post Office in Key West, "America needs to get out of the Middle East altogether and let Islam and Israel work it out, or fight it out, and in that way learn, which, if either, are God's chosen people."

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

Danger, men thinking - no fig leaves in Paradise



The other day, something Eric Rittenberry published in his Poetic Outlaws Substack Newsletter caught my fancy, which happens frequently there, and I tossed in my own immediate man thoughts.

Then, someone replied to my comment, and I had more man thoughts.

I received something new from Eric today, and I had even more man thoughts.

Which reminds me of the “Danger Men Thinking” sign on the wall behind the communal table in the Starkville Cafe, Starkville, Mississippi, where only men tend to eat.

Anyway, th’ar she blows!



The Empty Boat

By: Chuang Tzu

POETIC OUTLAWS

FEB 28, 2024

To a mind that is still, the entire universe surrenders.

- Chuang Tzu

If a man is crossing a river
And an empty boat collides with his own skiff,
Even though he be a bad-tempered man
He will not become very angry.
But if he sees a man in the boat,
He will shout at him to steer clear.
If the shout is not heard, he will shout again,

And yet again, and begin cursing.
And all because there is somebody in the boat.
Yet if the boat were empty.
He would not be shouting, and not angry.

If you can empty your own boat
Crossing the river of the world,
No one will oppose you,
No one will seek to harm you.

The straight tree is the first to be cut down,
The spring of clear water is the first to be drained dry.
If you wish to improve your wisdom
And shame the ignorant,
To cultivate your character
And outshine others;
A light will shine around you
As if you had swallowed the sun and the moon:
You will not avoid calamity.

A wise man has said:
“He who is content with himself
Has done a worthless work.
Achievement is the beginning of failure.
Fame is beginning of disgrace.”

Who can free himself from achievement
And from fame, descend and be lost
Amid the masses of men?
He will flow like Tao, unseen,
He will go about like Life itself
With no name and no home.
Simple is he, without distinction.
To all appearances he is a fool.
His steps leave no trace. He has no power.

He achieves nothing, has no reputation.
Since he judges no one
No one judges him.
Such is the perfect man:
His boat is empty.

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

Feb 28

Well, I sure flat ass flunked the empty boat test :-). As, apparently did Buddha and Jesus. However, did Chuang Tzu actually become an empty boat, who achieved nothing and nobody recognized him? If so, how did we know about him today? :-)
The other day, someone who deals with a lot of people in his work asked me why I keep tangling with messed up people online, and I said it gives 81-plus-years me something to do besides watch even more TV and read even more news online and talk even more to myself. It's a job, for which I don't get paid, whereas he gets paid to deal with idiots where he works.
For me, Poetic Outlaws is the place I visit online, where people seem to be swimming against the herd currents, seeking to be who they really are, which actually is a whole lot easier than trying to be someone else, which requires just about all of our energy to pull off.

Carl White

February 29

I don't really like the empty boat example. We don't yell at the empty boat cause it's not listening lol... not sure how that relates to being at peace or going with any sort of flow. Does that debunk the whole point? Surely not.

Sloan Bashinsky

March 1

I think there are several important points in Chuang Tzu's poem, and they do not entirely gee and haw together, which perhaps is the point?

The poem is a culture jammer? A systems bunker buster? A call for fools?

For sure, any argument I get into requires my presence. While I think to be invisible to other people might be an interesting life, a game of sorts, I like mixing it up with people I like, don't like, don't know well and may never know beyond a brief encounter.

Yet, is the point of life to become "invisible" to others?

That's the 9th insight in James Redfield's "The Celestine Prophecy", published by Time-Warner, which made Redfield Time Magazine's "The Celestine Prophet" and a whole hot of media publicity and money, to the extent he moved from Alabama to Florida, which has no state income tax.

So, Redfield sure didn't reach his own 9th insight :-).

According to a woman I later came to know pretty well, she and Redfield attended the Unity Church on Highland Avenue in Birmingham, Alabama, my hometown. I was familiar with the church, having attended some services there.

The woman said she and Redfield bounced ideas off of each other at the church, and he turned their ideas into "The Celestine Prophecy", and he gave her no credit and none of the loot, and she wasn't exactly happy about being invisible and poor, while Redfield was raking in many millions off that book, and many millions off later books, and off speaking and leading a new mega religion.

I seriously doubt Redfield would have cared for living as she was living, as I was living and would live, as Chuang Tzu lived.

Am I jealous of James Redfield?

Hmmm.

Do I want his karma for preaching something he had not lived himself?

Hmmm.

Would I like to sit down and discuss stuff with Redfield?

Hmmm.

Would he want to sit down and discuss stuff with me?

Hmmm.

Would he be interested in reading my stranger than fiction books and novels at the free internet library: archive.com?

Hmmm.

In Chuang Tzu's time, writings and oral traditions were how stuff was passed down, so someone had to know Chuang Tzu for us to know a little about him today, so he was not invisible in his time

Today, we have the internet and the web and even the dark web, and whereas being read there and watched and heard in The Redneck Mystic Lawyer podcasts by people at You/Tube and Torrent platforms all over the world is not the eternal life of which Jesus in the Gospels spoke, and of which Buddha spoke before him, it certainly allows someone who shoots off his mouth in cyberspace to haunt humanity for a very long time.

That reminds me of a old Sufi saying, "Let God kill him who himself does not know and yet presumes to show others the way to the door of His kingdom."

That reminds me of the massive human space satellite junkyards orbiting the Earth, navigation hazards for visiting space traveling races, but not for angels and demons, who are of a different fiber altogether.

I wonder how Redfield, or Donald Trump, or Joe Biden, or Vladimir Putin, or the men leading Israel and Hamas, and Christians, Jews and Muslims, for just a few examples, would cope with being disturbed and spanked and stood and humiliated before endless mirrors, and their ignorance elucidated by angels known in their own Scriptures?

I can imagine Chuang Tzu would have welcomed it

I can imagine he actually experienced it.

I can imagine his poem is a multilayered weapon of mass
destruction of maya, hubris, self deception, self importance,
ignorance.
A puzzle with many moving parts.
A cosmic joke.
By a fool.

And,

Tennessee Williams on Love and Ego

POETIC OUTLAWS

MAR 1, 2024

Excerpts:

“If I got rid of my demons, I’d lose my angels.”

— Tennessee Williams

Like Faulkner, Tennessee Williams, one of America's most renowned playwrights, was a personage of the South, having been born and raised in the Mississippi Delta.

He once remarked: “I’ve never cared whether I shock people because I think people shocked by the truth are not deserving of the truth. The truth is something one has to deserve.”

Williams frequently incorporates elements of Southern Gothic literature into his plays, featuring themes of decay, grotesque characters, and the haunting influence of the past on the present. Many of his characters seek refuge in fantasy worlds or use escapism as a means of coping with their struggles. However, these illusions often prove to be fragile and unsustainable in the face of reality.

The following is a profound passage Tennessee Williams wrote in a 1947 letter-

In creative fiction and drama, if the aim is fidelity, people are shown as we never see them in life but as they are. Quite impartially, without any ego-flaws, in the eye of the beholder. We

see from the outside what could not be seen within, and the truth of the tragic dilemma becomes apparent. Not that one person is bad or good, one right or wrong, but that all judge falsely concerning each other, what seemed black to one and white to the other is actually grey—a perception that could occur only through the detached eye of art.

Nobody sees anybody truly but all through the flaws of their own egos. That is the way we all see each other in life.

Vanity, fear, desire, competition-- all such distortions within our own egos-- condition our vision of those in relation to us.

Add to those distortions to our own egos the corresponding distortions in the egos of others, and you see how cloudy the glass must become through which we look at each other.

That's how it is in all living relationships except when there is that rare case of two people who love intensely enough to burn through all those layers of opacity and see each other's naked hearts.

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

There are no fig leaves in Paradise, nor any secrets?

Ethan Summers

Interesting enough, Williams talks about seeing “each other's naked hearts”, not naked minds... 😊 But probably the heart seen as the last judge is enough to vouch for an honest mind

Sloan Bashinsky

I have heard an idle mind is the devil's workshop, and I have heard the heart has its own reason that reason cannot know :-)

Ethan Summers

Interesting point, maybe you are right. Maybe one should look into other's heart before questioning other's mind. Yet

I'm thinking that not having both the mind and the heart in sync, which is to say when mind dictates in matters of the soul and vice versa, is the guarantee for endless sufferings

Sloan Bashinsky

Perhaps first look into our own heart, mind and suffering, and then to no man can we be false?

My eight grade class all had to recite Polonius to Laertes in class, and my 7th grade English class all had to recite:

The Fool's Prayer

By: Edward Rowland Sill

The royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool:
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"T is not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'T is by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool."

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

Luna Love

Hmm, I guess there are no suggestions as promised? Oh well. I didn't expect resources.

Sloan Bashinsky

I'm just a tried old man who has run a lot of different rivers, some gentle, some not, perhaps my brain was damaged, my heart was many times, so I apologize for not understanding your comment, if it was meant for me.

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

a beauty in Yukon Alaska and a grandfossil in Alabama, and Kali, Lilith, Eve, Jesus and Magdalene, and Lucifer



This Beauty below was in my in box when I went online this Sunday morning, and I replied, and she replied, and then a grandfossil showed up, and there was more back and forth.

Rolling on the River

Leaving Lucifer II cont'd

<https://elizabethro.substack.com/p/rolling-on-the-river>

ELIZABETH RO

MAR 3, 2024

That morning, as in every morning for the past few weeks, I woke to hear the fish wheel. My husband had left a little earlier to go up river to find some standing dead cottonwood trees. This meant that the tree had died but remained upright. The process caused the tree to dry quickly and this, the natives said, was the best wood to burn for smoking salmon. That fish wheel, I swear I could hear the salmon sliding and sloshing into the trough as the baskets on the fish wheel, moved by the current, plunged deep, deep into the swift Yukon River

scooping up one salmon run after another. “Swish, flop, wiggle drop”, the endless white noise as the salmon fell into the trough. I would retrieve the catch as soon as my husband returned with the river boat-another day at fish camp...

I rolled over and stretched before I rose. India was a year and a half ago but still each morning as I rose I felt the tug in my heart which remained at the Ashoka Mission Vihara in Mehrauli, India. There was a rooster at the mission and every morning before dawn he would flap his massive wings and crow. Now it was the sound of fish sliding down the chutes and rather than pending hours of meditation, I would be performing hours of manual labor. Manual labor of processing and smoking salmon-the old fashioned way. The baby stirred in my tummy as I brought myself to the present moment-oh did I not tell you? I was now about 5 months pregnant.

I had returned from India, married J and we had purchased a riverboat and moved to Galena, Alaska, a village on the Yukon River. He was a bush pilot. I found work at the liquor store, I got pregnant, we decided we wanted to learn a more self-sufficient lifestyle, collected a nice group of huskies for a dog team, quit our jobs and moved down river to Ruby, Alaska, one of the finest Indian villages you'll ever find. In retrospect it happened quickly, just like that, except every moment of that retrospective is alive and even now as I breathe this adventurous story into being, I can go there and BE there. The quality of air, its coolness; the quiet sounds like the Yukon River lazily brushing its sandy depths, the sight of endless spruce trees, white ptarmigans hidden in the first snowfall that magically flutter away. 30 below parkas and freeze-dried produce that you ran to the store to get. Just a short jaunt of perhaps a city block away; you get home and the celery leaves flake off into powder. It's all there inside of me and makes up part of me; as I reach for the salt, it's in the movement, in the very breath and blood of my human life form.

I got out of bed-our little shanty was almost just the bed. I figure it was no more than about 9x10; wooden framed and sided with sheet metal. Metal all the way to the roof and, Lord help me, it was hot when the sun was shining-which was always. When dusk came-our term for evening in the summer, we hoped for a breeze to sweep through the shanty to chase away the heat. Sometimes it came; most often it didn't. I looked over to the *Blazo box shelves for the matches to light the tiny Coleman stove we kept on the small, really small front porch. I'd made some beans the day before so I would fry up a few eggs and that would be our morning meal. The small porch was also our cooler for storing food that would perish if kept in our tiny, hot, house. It worked and all summer our activities were centered around processing the salmon that ran up that big, muddy, Yukon River.

Every summer the villages thin out as the families move to their fish camp. The salmon runs of the Yukon are the lifeblood of the families for winter food. One run comes after another as the salmon move closer to their spawning grounds so it's an all summer job. Each family has a spot on the river and has had that spot for generations. The family fish camp is situated near an eddy (deeper water) in the river. The fish wheel which acts on the same principle of a watermill is placed on top of the eddy. In place of paddles, two baskets scoop up the fish that are running up the river.

A chute attached to the baskets slides the fish down into a trough where they stay until someone retrieves them and ferries them, by boat, back to the fish camp for processing; smoking or drying. This is all done on the river since there are no roads back to camp or to the villages. Harvesting and processing is from dawn to dusk.

Not long after we moved to Ruby, we were fortunate enough to strike up a deal with Albert and Dolly. They had purchased Altona Brown's family fish camp. Her only child had died a few years back and that was all she had left of relatives. Albert and my husband agreed to a deal where we (husband and I) would move to the fish camp, run the

fish wheel, and process the salmon for half the catch. The camp was a mile from Ruby. Albert and Dolly were aging and were happy to pass on the responsibility.

While waiting for the run to come in, we stayed at the roadhouse. As we got closer and closer to the run the villagers waited anxiously. One day while I was sitting at the dining table of the Esmailka's house a tiny white butterfly fluttered by the window. "When you see that butterfly, that means the run is coming in about two weeks" Harold was passing on to me what the elders had once told him. I watched the butterfly flit in and out of plants and flowers then off it went to nearby flora out of my line of vision. Sure enough, rumors swelled about where the salmon were-one day-two days out. It was coming and coming soon. My thoughts traveled back to Harold Esmailka's statement and my fingers counted about 14 days. Sure enough; the salmon were coming.

We moved to the fish camp, tethered our dog team to poles planted firmly into the river bank and began to move our meager possessions up the hill to our little shanty. Right next to our lodging the giant smokehouse loomed over us. It was the size of a warehouse three-stories high and 20 feet or more across. After we unpacked in our tiny space we went over to look at the smokehouse where we would be filling it to the rafters with smoking fish. It was huge-in my mind I could not imagine the need for such heights in hanging salmon. Peeled spruce poles crisscrossed the scaffolding all the way to the top. The smell of smoke was embedded into every inch of the warehouse.

Albert would be there the first day of the run to show us how to prepare the salmon for smoking and that day was coming soon. My heart was soaring with excitement as the day neared. I went out and did the first harvesting of standing dead cottonwood. The dogs were neatly tethered; we were ready.

Albert ran us all the way through the process. He rode in our riverboat to view the first catch of salmon that were waiting for us in the trough of the wood and chicken-wire fish wheel. We scooped them up and brought them back to the camp. The wheel was almost halfway between us and Ruby. Our eddy was one of the best on the river; it hugged a rocky cliff that was at least 30 feet high. The water ran swiftly and deep on this one. Back at fish camp, we had a gravity fed water hose placed in the creek that brought ice-cold water down into a galvanized steel tub situated near the creek's edge and back from the river. The tub was our holding tank for the fresh catch. As we gutted and prepped the fish at the fish table, the others, now dead, chilled in its icy cold water.

After the catch was put in the tub, Albert moved to the cutting table and we moved in close to him as he began to explain the whole shebang of fish preparation. I won't go into the lengthy conversation but it was detailed and specific to each run. The dog salmon, for instance, would not be dipped in a salt-water brine like the king salmon would. The fileted salmon were carried up to a hanging rack that resembles gymnastics parallel bars about 6 feet high; all made of peeled spruce. Seven prepped fish dangle from a pole and that pole hangs between the two parallel bars. The fish straddle the pole by the tail end-inside out. We would have to have smudge fire under the salmon as they "glazed" creating a shiny veneer that would seal the salmon.

"You must keep the smudge going otherwise flies will plant their eggs in the salmon and destroy the process" Albert solemnly told us. Smudge-he showed us, was collected quackgrass and such-you light it but don't create a fire; a smoke must rise from the burn and remain smoldering under the fish to keep the flies away. The fish were cut with a machete that must be razor sharp. He then showed us how to sharpen the machete with a sharpening steel and tested it on the hairs of his wrist-a clean shave. "That's how sharp it must be at all times to avoid tearing," he told us.

The poles of hanging salmon were on a slight rise of ground between the shore and the warehouse and had to be taken up the steep hill to the smokehouse once they were properly glazed. The first catch would be placed on the lowest scaffolding in the smokehouse and as time passed they were moved up, up and up to the highest part of the ceiling; making way for more and more poles of processing fish. In so many weeks you could jar some, in so many weeks you had the gyeoga ready for the dog teams winter food (non-salted or brined). At about 6 weeks you had the best smoked king salmon in the world. All the time the cottonwood must smolder under a piece of sheet metal and beneath the fish-24/7.

As Albert chanted his litany, I rocked back and forth, “Boy, this will be fun!” I exclaimed. Albert stopped what he was doing and looked at me. “This is work,” he said. I felt sorry for him. This poor man has no pleasure in life. I thought to myself.

Now, as I stretched and lumbered my way to the shoreline, viewed the holding tank of fish, gazed at the table and sharpened my knife I knew what he was talking about. Baby growing, winter coming and food wanting. “This is work, let's get on with it...”

*Blazo boxes are wooden boxes that hold two, square, five gallon tins of kerosene oil. This was the way the oil was shipped back in the day. The boxes are as prized as the tins of fuel. They make good stools, shelves, drawers, etc. If you spotted one abandoned on the shore you made sure you got there before anyone else did to claim it.

Sloan Bashinsky

This is lovely.

I'm curious why you named your books “Leaving Lucifer”?

Elizabeth Ro

Thank you and I am honored you liked it. I think you are an amazing writer and I enjoy the writes you put out, so I am double, double honored.

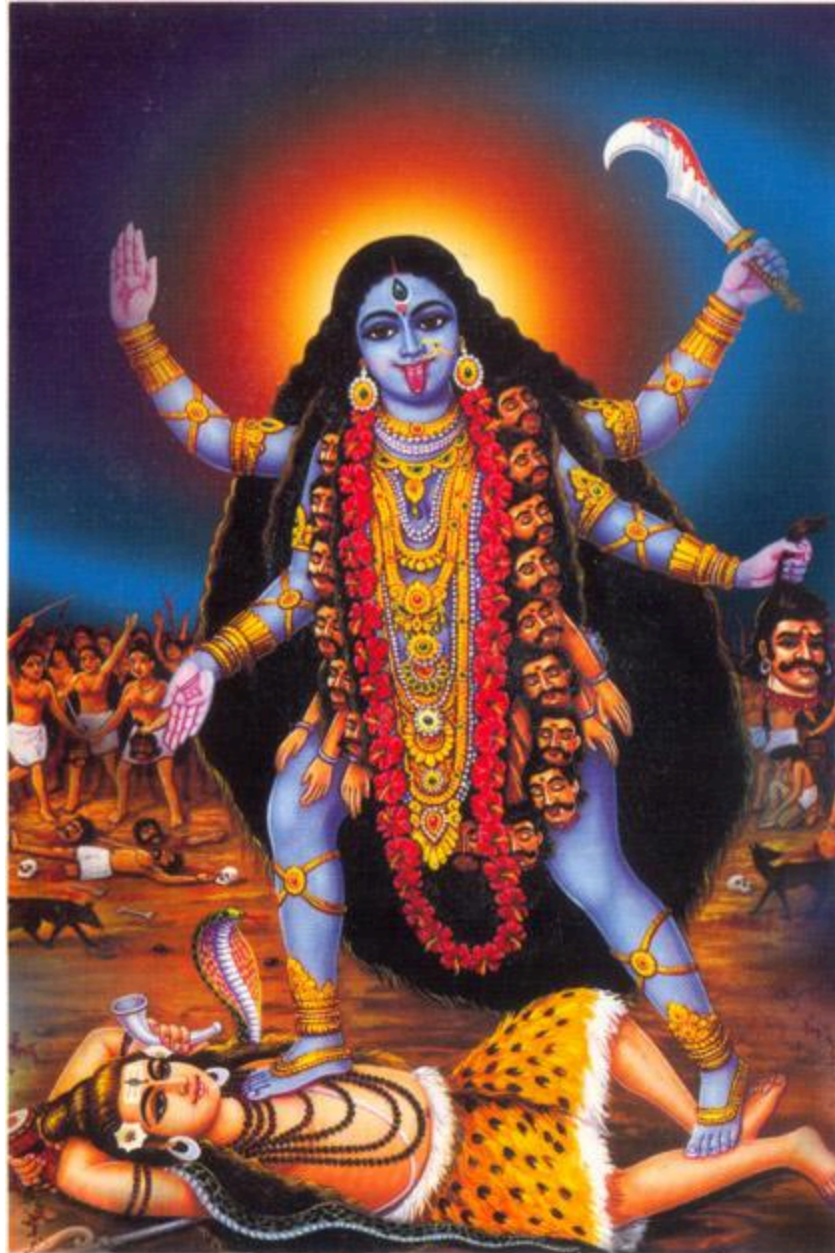
I wrote my first book Leaving Lucifer, Part 1 (available on Amazon) which details my drive to India and meditating in a Buddhist monastery for 5 months. It's a light-hearted read although the title appears dark. So, what I am placing on my Stack is the Part 2, the END. I use Lucifer to represent the going from one place of knowledge (brain) to another place of awareness (heart).

Sloan Bashinsky

Ah, so.

I recall hearing from time to time that an idle mind is the Devil's workshop, and that the heart has its own reasons that reason cannot understand.

I often have mused that the Indian art of Kali wearing a necklace of severed men's heads, while she held up a severed man's head in one of her four hands, and a sword in another of her hands, and her tongue is stuck out, and she stands with both feet on Shiva lying on his back with his hands clasped behind his head, looking up at her, and a horde of angry half-naked women behind Kali suggests she doesn't care for how men think :-).



Twice in the past few years, I let men in India get inside my laptop after they persuaded me they would fix it for me, and then they tried to stick me up, and after trying to reason with them didn't work, I told them that in the fall of 2002, a woman I was sweet on told me in a dream, "Sloan, you married Kali!", and I woke up, terrified. Then, I was taken into yet another course in looking at me in a mirror. After hearing that, the men in India restored my laptop to me and bid me adieu.

I passed through Mumbai for 3 days in 2000, but otherwise my experiences with India are from reading about it and talking with people I go to know well, who went to India and lived in ashrams, and they felt it was really important that they did it, and they were struggling to move on to the next place their souls wanted to them to go.

Looks to me that your soul took you to the Yukon River. :-)

Yesterday, I wrote this description for a book coming out of me, *Grandfossil's Tales to His Grandchildren*. The chapters can be read at grandfossil.blogspot.com. When the book is completed, it will be a free read at archive.org, which has a number of my non-fiction books and three of my novels, all of which might be viewed as stranger than fiction by some people :-).

Ok, younguns. Confession time. I went back to 1994 to hijack the title of this unfolding book from the husband of my oldest daughter, who called me after their first child was born and asked me what I wanted my grandchildren to call me? I said, "Grandfossil," and that stuck.

Confession time again. I hijacked the title of this book from the Eurasian mystic G.I. Gurdjieff's 2nd book, *Beelzebub's Tales to His Grandchildren*, in which Gurdjieff is Beelzebub recounting for members of his spiritual movement how he matured from being not so smart and wise and what he learned along the way and what they might wish to take from it and use for themselves.

One of my best college friends went to work for the New York Environmental Agency in Albany, New York and his first assignment was to clean up the Love Canal, which was a chemical waste dump. After some years, he was running that agency. After 20 years, he retired and went to work for the United States Environmental Protection agency in Washington, D.C.

One day, he told me that he was the guy who decided what chemicals farmers put on the foods I ate. He retired from that job and went to work for a company that was trying to raise awareness for the environment in America. He told me they had concluded that most adults were impossible to reach, so they were going into lower, middle and high schools, hoping to reach children.

So, yes, I hijacked his environmental company, too, because the spiritual food every person has to deal with, one way or another, consciously or unconsciously, is the social, religious and political pollution of themselves and the human species, which process Gurdujieff called “The Work”, which I came to be involved in in my 45th year, not because I was smart or devout, but because I was totally desperate, out of bright ideas, and felt I had failed in every way a man could fail.

In that wretched state, I prayed one morning in early January 1987, “Dear God, I do not wish to die like this, failed. I offer my life to human service.” About ten days passed. I woke in the wee hours, maybe 2 a.m., and saw two white, shift-shaped beings hovering above me in the darkness. I figured they were angels. I heard, “This will push you to your limits, but you asked for it and we are going to give it to you.” I remembered the prayer I had made and saw a white flash and was jolted by something electrical. That happened two more times. The beings faded out. The time elapsed was about 10 seconds. My body was shaking and sweating.

Slowly, in phases, I was turned upside down and inside out and every which-a-way but loose. I was stood before endless mirrors

looking at myself. Some of it was wonderful, sublime. A lot of it was horrible. My way of thinking, feeling, and perceiving myself and people and the world around me completely changed. If it happened to me, it can happen to anyone. It helps to know it happened to others.

Sloan Bashinsky

March 2, 2024

Birmingham, Alabama, USA

Elizabeth Ro

Well, this is amazing because what you said about Kali makes sense now in that she brings significant change and is seen as evil. I thought instantly of Beelzebub when you shared your book title. I love that. And yes, people have a hard time moving into their own experience and becoming Witnesses themselves. Thank you for this. I am truly amazed at the Kali reference and how it ties in to transformation and change. I'll be looking more into that!

Sloan Bashinsky

In 2002, I did two soul drawings of Kali, and she was beautiful, blond in one drawing, red-headed in another, and yet when sometimes I dreamed of her, I felt like I had been spanked for trampling the feminine in something going on in my waking life. I came to view her as the Hindu version of Jesus in the Gospels, death and resurrection, so to speak, but in the soul sense.

Elizabeth Ro

I get it. I will need to read up on her now. My thoughts go to Lilith (see Talk Lilith to Me) and Mary the mother of Jesus. This is a new dig for me and I am grateful you brought this up. 🙏

Sloan Bashinsky

I don't know what you might find written about Kali. My experiences with her, thus my take on her, are from my own experiences with her, and that India art of her seems to speak for itself.

My younger daughter had a pet ball python she named Lilith. I don't know much about Lilith, either.

My take on Eve is she did precisely what God designed her to do, and then she caught bloody hell for it from the religious pundits, who did not understand, for how could people really know God, who had not experienced being absent from God?

Perhaps my view of Eve explains why I was not drawn to Lilith.

I was drawn to Magdalene, who clearly in the Gospels was Jesus's mate- O Lord, I could not help saying again, if she washed his feet with her hair and tears, and then anointed his feet with precious oil she scarce could afford, what did she wash and anoint him with when they were in private?

Why did Jesus send Magdalene to the men disciples in hiding after the crucifixion, to tell them she had seen him and he would be with them soon? Unless, to tell them that she stuck with him and they fled, and she was really important to him.

At Pentecost, the men disciples received the Holy Spirit, the female side of God, not recognized by Christendom, but recognized in Judaism as Shekinah. Up to then, the men were still little boys, quarreling among themselves, not getting what Jesus had taught them. Shekinah activated in them the seeds Jesus had planted and grew them into men God could use.

Same happened for women Jesus knew, who are not recognized as disciples by Christendom. Same happened later to women and men in Christendom, some of whom the Church recognized as saints, some were not.

Should I suppose you have read *Holy Blood Holy Grail*, about Jesus and Magdalene's bloodline, whose carriers even today do not feel like they are from this planet, but they are stuck here for a while?

Jesus in the Gospels taught a way of thinking and living that would have changed humanity completely, if it had taken hold generally.

I think Kali is kinda like that in Hinduism. Although I don't know if that is how Hindus view her, I met a Hindu man in Key West, who was a devotee of Kali, and I watched her deal with him, and he knew it was her, when he strayed away from her, and it wasn't pretty.

Maybe instead of reading up on Kali, you just go about your life and see if she shows up?

Maybe she sent you to Yukon Alaska? :-)

Elizabeth Ro

You pointed me a direction and I appreciate it. Thanks a bunch. You pointed me a direction and I appreciate it. Thanks a bunch.

Sloan Bashinsky

I think you might wish to reconsider your position on Lucifer, which I think I suggested once before to you? I've had lots of dealings with that realm, and it's very real and it's very tricky. In the fall 1995, I was told in my sleep, it is very easy to mistake Lucifer for The Holy Spirit. And then I spent a long time learning why I was told that, and it was not pretty, and it was really difficult, and I remain even now ever concerned I am at risk to it, if I am not very careful.

Elizabeth Ro

This is the type of conversation that needs to be had over a period of time to better unfold all the layers of learning you and I have been through and where they come in and out. I have heard that about the HS as well. Thank you so much! This is opening a whole area of study for me. So grateful!

Sloan Bashinsky

Perhaps you keep doing what you are doing in Alaska, including your writings, and you wait on the Spirit to steer you regarding further study? Each day brings plenty to fuel each person's walk with God by whatever named called, and I think that was Jesus's main point in the Gospels, and the main point of other advanced human beings on this world, who share their views and thoughts with people around them. Based on my dealings with Kali, that is how she "teaches" me, when the mood strikes her :-). I probably should be grateful she did not cut off my stupid man head a few times :-)

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

One nation, under God?



In my Apple newsfeed this Sunday morning was what I felt was a sincere attempt by Christian Republican writer Peter Weher to address Donald Trump being embraced by white American evangelicals. Weher traces the rise to dominance in America of the religious right before and after Trump became president in 2016. My relatively brief thoughts trail his lengthy essay.

The Atlantic

WHERE DID EVANGELICALS GO WRONG?

Peter Weher

Jesus told us to love our enemies. And yet so many have embraced hostile politics in the name of Christianity.

MARCH 03, 2024

America is a riven society. Political divisions have been on the rise for years. The gap between the Republican and Democratic Parties has grown in Congress, and the share of Americans who interact with people from the opposing party has plummeted. Studies tell us,

“Democrats and Republicans both say that the other party’s members are hypocritical, selfish, and closed-minded, and they are unwilling to socialize across party lines.”

Many Americans read news or get information only from sources that align with their political beliefs, which exacerbates fundamental disagreements not just about policies but about basic facts.

So-called affective polarization—in which citizens are more motivated by who they oppose than who they support—has increased more dramatically in America than in any other democracy.

“Hatred—specifically, hatred of the other party—increasingly defines our politics,” Geoffrey Skelley and Holly Fuong have written at FiveThirtyEight. My colleague Ron Brownstein has argued that the nation is “confronting the greatest strain to its fundamental cohesion since the Civil War.”

One might reasonably expect that Christians, including white evangelicals, would be a unifying, healing force in American society. After all, the apostle Paul wrote that Jesus came to tear down “the dividing wall of hostility” between groups that held profoundly different beliefs. “Blessed are the peacemakers, for they will be called the children of God,” Jesus said. In that same sermon, Jesus also said, “I tell you, love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you.” Even if those goals have always been unattainable, they were seen as aspirational.

Yet in the main, the white evangelical movement has for decades exacerbated our divisions, fueled hatreds and grievances, and turned fellow citizens into enemies rather than friends. This isn’t true of all evangelicals, of course. The movement comprises tens of millions of Americans, many of them good and gracious people who seek to be peacemakers, including in the political realm. They are horrified by the political idolatry we’re witnessing and the antipathy and rage that emanate from it. But it is fair to say that this movement that was at one

time defined by its theological commitments is now largely defined by its partisan ones.

FOR MUCH OF the 20th century, evangelicals were disengaged from American politics, in part because of the humiliation of the 1925 Scopes “monkey trial,” in which one of the nation’s most prominent evangelicals and politicians, William Jennings Bryan—a populist Democrat who ran for president three times—prosecuted the case against a high-school teacher, John T. Scopes, who was charged with violating Tennessee state law for teaching evolution in schools. Bryan, who also testified, won the case but hurt his cause. (Scopes was found guilty, but the verdict was overturned on a technicality.) Outside of fundamentalist circles, Bryan and the movement he represented, which attacked the empirical findings of science, became the object of ridicule.

Theology gave fundamentalists and evangelicals another reason to keep their distance from politics. Many churches and denominations stressed personal piety over social engagement. The world was irredeemably corrupt, they believed; the role of Christians was to save souls, not remake the world.

In 1965 a young Independent Baptist pastor, Jerry Falwell, argued that the Church should be separate from the world. “We have few ties to this earth,” he said. The civic responsibilities of Christians were therefore limited: obey the law, pay taxes, vote. But that was about it. “I would find it impossible to stop preaching the pure saving Gospel of Jesus Christ and begin doing anything else,” Falwell said, “including fighting communism, or participating in civil-rights reforms.”

At the same time, some significant evangelical figures, such as the theologian Carl F. H. Henry, were calling for cultural reengagement. “While it is not the Christian’s task to correct social, moral, and political conditions as his primary effort,” Henry wrote, “he ought to lend his endorsement to remedial efforts in any context not specifically

anti-redemptive.”

Your guide to today's biggest stories, boldest ideas, and best in culture.

In 1973, about 50 politically moderate-to-progressive evangelical leaders, including Henry, signed the “Chicago Declaration of Evangelical Social Concern.” It was meant to address what they perceived as the gap between Christian faith and a commitment to social justice. Marjorie Hyer of *The Washington Post* wrote at the time that the gathering “could well change the face of both religion and politics in America.”

What happened instead is that the 1970s saw the rise of the religious right. It was a response to what conservative Christians considered to be a whole series of rapid, disorienting changes in social and moral norms. The 1960s ushered in the feminist movement and the sexual revolution. There was Woodstock and the Stonewall Riots, the birth of the National Organization of Women, and a wave of campus uprisings.

In the 1970s a whole series of issues—the Equal Rights Amendment, gay-rights ordinances, regulations on Christian schools, the IRS threatening to strip Bob Jones University of its tax-exempt status because of its policy against interracial dating, the 1973 *Roe v. Wade* decision legalizing abortion—convinced many evangelicals and fundamentalists that their values were being subverted, their way of life assaulted. Political activism became a form of cultural resistance—and eventually, they hoped, a means to cultural victory.

“The critical development in the mid-1970s was mobilization, and on a national scale,” the historian Mark A. Noll wrote in *The New Republic*. “As that mobilization took place, it transformed well-established traditions of evangelical and fundamentalist religion into a political instrument.”

By the late 1970s, Falwell, who a decade earlier had advocated separatism, was embracing political activism. In addition to serving as pastor of Thomas Road Baptist Church and chancellor of Liberty University, which he founded in 1971, Falwell was organizing “I Love America” rallies at state capitols. In 1979 he founded the Moral Majority, whose purpose was to mobilize conservative Christians against “secular humanism” and what he later called “the flood tide of moral permissiveness.”

“We are fighting a holy war,” he said, “and this time we are going to win.” He was hardly alone. Falwell counted as allies pastors, televangelists, and theologians; leaders of para-church organizations and “pro-family” ministries; Christian television programs (like The 700 Club) and radio shows with a massive reach (like Focus on the Family); and Christian political activists.

“The eruption of the Christian Right was sudden,” according to Frances Fitzgerald, author of *The Evangelicals: The Struggle to Shape America*. “In 1980 they seemed to be everywhere, putting on huge conferences and mass rallies, and giving interviews on secular TV shows.”

“Low voter participation was an expression of a religious position,” A. James Reichley, a scholar of politics and religion, told *The Christian Science Monitor* in 1984. “But that changed dramatically in the early 1970s, to the point that the evangelicals now are among the highest participants in elections. Not all the first-time registrants are for Reagan and not all are being brought in by the churches. But the churches are having a substantial effect.”

Leading up to the 1980 election, evangelicals tended to be more Democratic than non-evangelicals were. (Fifty-seven percent of evangelicals describe themselves as Democrats compared with 47 percent of non-evangelicals.) In 1976, Jimmy Carter split the evangelical vote with Gerald Ford. During the 1980 presidential

election, however, Falwell pledged to mobilize voters for Ronald Reagan, “even if he has the devil running with him.”

Reagan defeated the incumbent Democratic president, Carter, in a landslide, winning about two-thirds of the evangelical vote. Four years later, Reagan carried almost three-quarters of the evangelical vote. The mass migration of evangelical and fundamentalist Christians to the Republican Party was well under way. American politics was changing in profound ways; so, too, was the evangelical movement.

IN THE 1980s, the Presidential Biblical Scoreboard published by two church-related groups pushed evangelicals to assess candidates under the “biblical-family-moral” framework. But what was at least as significant as the issues that galvanized evangelicals and fundamentalists was the temperament, the cast of mind, that increasingly defined much of the evangelical, as well as the fundamentalist and Pentecostal, world.

The rhetoric had turned apocalyptic. In 1980, Falwell said that America was “floundering to the brink of death.” A year later, D. James Kennedy, the pastor of Coral Ridge Presbyterian Church in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and a leading religious conservative, told 2,000 delegates at a joint meeting of the National Religious Broadcasters and the National Association of Evangelicals that evangelicals should increase their level of political involvement because “secular humanists have declared war on Christianity in this country and they are progressing very rapidly.”

In 1982, the theologian Francis Schaeffer, one of evangelicalism’s most important public intellectuals in the latter half of the 20th century, gave a speech in which he warned that America “is close to being lost.” He warned about “the Humanist conspiracy” and said that if public schools didn’t teach creation as well as evolution, that amounted to “tyranny.” In *A Christian Manifesto*, the book that emerged from his speech, Schaeffer warned about an “elite

authoritarianism” that would systematically destroy the Christian worldview. “It is not too strong to say that we are at war, and there are no neutral parties in this struggle,” Schaeffer wrote.

Year after year, decade after decade, the same themes were repeated. America was always on the brink of moral collapse. The secular, progressive barbarians were always at the gates. The threat was existential and unending. It was a zeitgeist of catastrophism.

This attitude catalyzed among evangelicals and fundamentalists an ambience of fear, the belief that catastrophe was just around the corner, a sense that those who didn’t share their views were out to destroy their country, their values, their children. For many evangelicals, politics became a contest between the Children of Light and the Children of Darkness. They raged against their opponents, whom they saw less as fellow citizens than as their enemies. Politics became drenched in grievances and demonization, almost always aimed at liberals and Democrats, especially Democratic presidents. Evangelical leaders set the tone.

One example: In 1994 Falwell sold a videotape that alleged that President Bill Clinton had ordered the murder of “countless people.” (The Washington Post reported that Falwell acknowledged on CNN that he had no independent evidence to corroborate the allegations. And none was ever found.)

The next Democratic president, Barack Obama, was accused of “paving the way for the future reign of the Antichrist,” in the words of Robert Jeffress, a significant figure in the evangelical world and pastor of one of the largest Southern Baptist churches in the country. The then-president of Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, Paige Patterson, affirmed Jeffress’s claim: “I understand what Jeffress is saying.” This rhetoric was the coin of the realm.

Worldviews have consequences, both good and bad. Just two days

after the terrorist attacks on September 11, 2001, Falwell and Pat Robertson—a Baptist minister, religious broadcaster, founder of the Christian Coalition and the Christian Broadcasting Network, and Republican presidential candidate in 1988—had a conversation on Robertson’s television show *The 700 Club* in which Falwell said, “What we saw on Tuesday, as terrible as it is, could be minuscule, if in fact God continues to lift the curtain and allow the enemies of God to give up probably what we deserve.” He added that the American Civil Liberties Union has “got to take a lot of blame for this,” and Robertson agreed. Falwell went on to say:

To which Robertson responded, “Well, I totally concur, and the problem is we have adopted that agenda at the highest levels of our government.”

For three and a half decades, apocalyptic thinking, frustration, and fury helped define the politics of evangelicalism and fundamentalism. The intensity of the fear fluctuated, but it never fully waned.

My Atlantic colleague Tim Alberta, the author of *The Kingdom, The Power, and the Glory: American Evangelicalism in an Age of Extremism*, pointed out in an interview that after the Cold War ended, during the 1990s, a decade of peace and prosperity, “some of that panic starts to fall away a little bit.” But what started to “trip the alarms inside of evangelicalism,” according to Alberta, was the end of the George W. Bush presidency and the election of Obama. Alberta points out that portions of the white evangelical movement were deeply uncomfortable with a Black president, with the leftward shift of the culture, and with advances for gay rights and same-sex marriage.

All of this was happening prior to Donald Trump’s appearance on the political stage. But it went to a whole new level after he won the Republican nomination and the presidency in 2016. The religious right didn’t change so much as the person the religious right supported for president changed. He ushered in a whole new era.

THE ALLIANCE BETWEEN the religious right and Trump—a nonreligious, thrice-married man who celebrated his infidelities in the tabloids, paid hush money to a porn star, cheated on his taxes, spread conspiracy theories, mocked POWs and people with disabilities, and was found liable for what the judge in the case referred to as rape—seems incongruous, and in some ways it is. After all, for years evangelicals insisted that good character was essential in political leaders, and especially in presidents. That was certainly the case when evangelicals lacerated Clinton for his moral failures.

In 1998, for example, Gary Bauer, then the president of the Family Research Council, a star of the religious right and a family-values crusader, wrote that “children cannot be set adrift into a culture that tells them that lying is okay, that fidelity is old-fashioned and that character doesn’t count.” And he pointed to Clinton’s affair with Monica Lewinsky: “The seamy facts under public discussion are shameful enough. But fascination with this story should not be allowed to obscure the deeper lesson these incidents impart. That lesson is this: Character counts—in a people, in the institutions of our society, and in our national leadership. In character is destiny. Our founders believed and set down in their own words that only a virtuous people could remain free.”

But once Trump won the Republican nomination in 2016, Bauer, like many influential evangelical figures—including Franklin Graham, son of the famed preacher Billy Graham; Jerry Falwell Jr., who was the president of Liberty University before he was ousted amid scandal; Robert Jeffress; Al Mohler, the president of Southern Baptist Theological Seminary; James Dobson, the founder of Focus on the Family; Tony Perkins, Family Research Council’s longest-serving president; and Wayne Grudem, a theologian and an author—fell into line behind Trump. In doing so, they embraced a man whose personal, political, and business ethics are not only far more compromised and corrupt than Bill Clinton’s; they are unsurpassed in the history of the

American presidency. For evangelical leaders and for those representing the movement, character no longer counted.

“We kind of gave him—‘All right, you get a mulligan. You get a do-over here,’” Tony Perkins, the president of the FRC and an ardent Trump supporter, told Politico.

In October 2016—several weeks after the release of the notorious Access Hollywood tape in which Trump bragged about his affairs and declared that when you’re a star, “You can do anything. You can grab them by the pussy. You can do anything”—more than seven in 10 white evangelical Protestants said an elected official can behave ethically even if they have committed transgressions in their personal life. Five years earlier, when Obama was president, only 30 percent of white evangelical Protestants said the same. No group shifted their position more dramatically.

The argument is commonly made that this was pragmatic. Evangelicals might not admire Trump, but he would deliver on their policy agenda, and that mattered most. That might have been true for some, but a good deal more was going on as well.

The Calvin University historian Kristin Kobes Du Mez, the author of *Jesus and John Wayne: How White Evangelicals Corrupted a Faith and Fractured a Nation*, challenges the commonly held assumption that the religious right backed Trump for only pragmatic reasons. She argues that Trump represented the fulfillment, rather than the betrayal, of white evangelicals’ most deeply held values. Kobes Du Mez’s book offers an account of 75 years of evangelical history, showing how the evangelical subculture worked for decades to replace the Jesus of the Gospels with an idol of rugged masculinity and Christian nationalism.

The support for Trump was “the culmination of evangelicals’ embrace of militant masculinity,” she argues, and they condoned his “callous display of power.”

In a 2018 interview with The Guardian, Jerry Falwell Jr.—who referred to Trump as a “good moral person”—described Democrats as fascists and “Brownshirts.” Tony Perkins told Politico that evangelical Christians “were tired of being kicked around by Barack Obama and his leftists. And I think they are finally glad that there’s somebody on the playground that is willing to punch the bully.” And in 2016 Pastor Jeffress told NPR, “I’ve said I want the meanest, toughest SOB I can find to protect this nation. And so that’s why Trump’s tone doesn’t bother me.”

White evangelical Protestants are now among the Republican Party’s most loyal constituencies. In 2020, Trump actually expanded his support among white evangelical Protestants, winning 84 percent of their vote after having received 77 percent four years earlier.

White evangelical Christians are the most consistently reliable supporters of the most polarizing and morally depraved president in American history. It has hurt America, and it has done tremendous damage to the witness of the Christian faith.

THE RELIGIOUS RIGHT BEGAN, at least in part, at least for some, as a defensive reaction to the aggressions of the modern world. It has ended up in a very different and troubling place. So how might those of us who are Christians, regardless of where we fall on the political spectrum, help redeem this moment? Most fundamentally, it will require a reshaping of sensibilities, a fundamental rethinking of the “how” of politics.

First, Christians need to reacquaint themselves with the Jesus of the New Testament, not the Jesus of the American right (or left). The real Jesus demonstrated a profound mistrust of political power and did not encourage his disciples to become involved in political movements of any kind.

The most meaningful emblem of Christianity is not the sword but the cross, which is the antithesis of world power. Jesus made clear time and again that his kingdom is not of this world. And the New Testament does not provide anything like a governing blueprint.

The early Church did not hand out voter guides. What it did do, according to the sociologist Rodney Stark, was create “communal compassion” and social networks; care for the sick, widows, and orphans; welcome strangers and outsiders; respect women; and connect to non-Christians. That is how a tiny and obscure messianic movement in the second and third centuries became the dominant faith of Western civilization. That is how it transformed the ancient world and the course of human history.

This does not mean that Christians, Christian institutions, and churches should never under any circumstances be involved in politics, because politics has profound human consequences. It is one arena in which to pursue justice, which matters. What this does mean is that Christians need to assume a much different posture, to move away from hyper-partisanship toward a more detached and prophetic role, and to take more seriously than many do the idea of dual citizenship—the belief that we may be citizens of the City of Man but that our deepest loyalties are to the City of God.

A proper political theology would prevent Christians, Christian institutions, and churches from becoming pawns in political power games. “The church must be reminded that it is not the master or the servant of the state, but rather the conscience of the state,” Martin Luther King Jr. said. “It must be the guide and the critic of the state, and never its tool.” Today, far too many evangelical Christians—however admirable they may otherwise be and despite the many good works they may do—are tools of a dangerous movement and of a dangerous former president.

Second, Evangelicals also need to develop a theory of political and

social engagement that is far more comprehensive and careful, mature and informed, textured and sophisticated. In this respect, evangelicals and Protestants have much to learn from Catholicism, which has laid out and built on principles of social teaching over many centuries. The cornerstones of Catholic social thought are human dignity; subsidiarity, which holds that nothing should be done by larger and more complex institutions that can be done as well by smaller and simpler ones; and solidarity, meaning the social obligations we have to one another, with a special concern for the poor and most vulnerable members of the human community.

As Michael Gerson put it when describing Catholic social thought, “The doctrinal whole requires a broad, consistent view of justice, which—when it is faithfully applied—cuts across the categories and clichés of American politics. Of course, American Catholics routinely ignore Catholic social thought. But at least they have it. Evangelicals lack a similar tradition of their own to disregard.”

Until some similar approach begins to take hold—and is transmitted from theologians and church leaders to the wider community of believers—the random, ad hoc nature of evangelical political involvement will continue and probably worsen. There is no authoritative theological construct in place to check, channel, and refine raw partisanship cloaked in Christian garb.

A third thing that needs to happen is for many politically active Christians to move away from a spirit of anger toward understanding, from revenge toward reconciliation, from grievance toward gratitude, and from fear toward trust.

Ken Stern is a fair-minded liberal who spent a year with people on the right to better understand their worldview. (His book *Republican Like Me* documents his journey.) Stern visited evangelicals in a variety of settings, and was impressed by the generosity he encountered. A few years ago, I met with him, along with the pastor of the church I was

attending. He asked us why, if many evangelicals devote their lives to helping others, does that not translate into a political agenda? How is it that anger and aggression have become the public face of Christianity, while the many acts of kindness and charity, and the spirit informing those things, are kept under a bushel, largely out of public view? Why do evangelicals consistently show their worst side rather than their most winsome one?

We wondered the same things.

In his 1997 book, *What's So Amazing About Grace?*, Philip Yancey writes of asking strangers, "When I say the words 'evangelical Christian' what comes to mind?" He mostly heard political descriptions, and not once did he hear a description redolent of grace.

Yancey wrote:

It is that "culture of grace" that can transform people's hearts, and in the process renew not just the Church but also American society and American politics. But a "culture of grace" does not mean Christians should fail to criticize what deserves criticism or stay silent in the face of wrongdoing. Christians are not called to be passive in the face of injustice and maliciousness.

The fourth thing Christians can do to strengthen their public witness and the state of our politics is internalize and act on the lessons from the parable of the Good Samaritan, which speaks to this moment in a powerful way.

In the story, a Samaritan comes across a Jew who has been beaten, robbed, and left dying on the side of a dangerous road from Jerusalem to Jericho. After a priest and a Levite both ignore the wounded man, the Samaritan rescues him and, at his own expense, nurses him back to health. "Go and do likewise," Jesus says.

At the time, Samaritans and Jews despised each other, and had few

dealings—a first-century version of the political, ethnic, and religious tribalism we know too well.

The point Jesus, a Jew, was driving home is that we need to break down the walls between us. We are called to love our neighbors—a category which, according to the parable, includes those who are racially, religiously, ethnically, and culturally different than we are—and to help them in their need in the most practical way, materially and physically.

Instead, too many Americans view the “other”—for some, that refers to refugees, Muslims, or Mexicans; for others, it’s rural southerners, gun owners, or religious fundamentalists—with a combination of suspicion and contempt that is eating away at our sense of national unity.

Christians can model what it means to reach across the divides that exist in their work settings, in their churches, in their social circles, and on social media. They can demonstrate tolerance and understanding toward those with different life experiences. They can be intentional about finding volunteer settings that put them in contact with people who have different political views, skin color, national origins, and class status.

There’s no magic wand we can wave to repair the breach. A nation’s civic and political culture is changed by what we do in our daily lives—in our homes, schools, communities, and houses of worship. And by loving our neighbors we take the most important first step. That is what Jesus calls his followers to do, and what citizenship in 21st-century America demands.

A LITTLE MORE THAN A DECADE AGO, my friend Steve Hayner was going through the Gospel of Luke, and was struck again and again by the grace and embrace Jesus extended to those whom the religious elite had every reason (they thought) to kick to the curb. People on the low rungs of life, including those with frailties and flaws,

flocked to Jesus—not because he preached moral rectitude but because he was willing to love them, to listen to them, and to welcome them.

“I doubt whether God will have much to say about our political convictions in the end,” Steve wrote to me at the time. “But I’m quite sure that he will have something to say about how we loved the least, the marginalized, the outcasts, the lonely, the abused—even when some think that they have it all.”

“Political convictions that lead toward redemption and reconciliation are most likely headed in the right direction,” he added.

This isn’t a prescription for a particular kind of political involvement. It’s certainly not a road map for dealing with complicated public issues. It is, however, a reflection of how Christians should engage the world, including the political world.

A successful Christian political-social movement will require making the case for social order and moral excellence with generosity of spirit, while offering a healing touch to those who are suffering and living in the shadows of society.

Politics can be a more noble enterprise when it is twinned with faith, but only faith properly understood and properly executed. Such a faith would be guided by the wisdom expressed by the Roman Catholic monk Thomas Merton: “A theology that ends in lovelessness cannot be Christian.”

This essay is adapted from a paper in a forthcoming volume on religion, civil discourse, and democratic renewal sponsored by Penn's Perry-Collegium Initiative.

Peter Weher is a contributing writer at The Atlantic and a senior fellow at the Trinity Forum.

I tried for a while to find a way to respond to Weher online, and was not successful.

I would have congratulated him on his effort and suggested, if he has not yet done so, that he read Trevor Ravenscroft's chilling book, *The Spear of Destiny*, which paints how a powerful demon infiltrated Adolph Hitler and enhanced him, and then did the same to Hitler's inner circle, and then infiltrated most of the German population.

I would have suggested, if he has not already done so, that Weher read the German theologian Dietrich Bonhoeffer's book, *The Cost of Discipleship*, in which Bonhoeffer compared "cheap grace" to the real deal. Bonhoeffer was attributed with saying, "Silence in the face of Evil itself is Evil, God will not hold us guiltless." Bonhoeffer and other men tried to assassinate Hitler and were caught and disposed of.

I would have suggested, if he has not yet done so, that Weher find the *Vanity Fair* article, in which Ivana Trump said, when she was married to Donald, he kept a book of Hitler's speeches in a cabinet on his side of their bed, and sometimes he read it at night.

I would have suggested, if he has not yet done so, that Weher find the news reports of Trump being asked about that *Vanity Fair* article, and he said, if he ever had such a book, he never read it.

I would have suggested, if he has not yet done so, that Weher look at photos and film footages of the oceans of white people at the 2017 Charlottesville Confederate monuments removal protest, and of Trump rallies, and of the January 6, 2020 insurrection inside the national Capitol.

I would suggest, if he has not yet done so, that Weher find the film footage of new President Donald Trump talking about Vladimir Putin being made president for life of Russia, and Trump said he liked the idea of president for life.

Not to be one-sided. A demon infiltrated Joe Biden, who helped Israel obliterate half of Gaza. The same or a different demon infiltrated the Christian war hawks Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton, and before them, the Christian war hawk George W. Bush, and before that, his Christian war hawk president father. Likewise, the Central American war hawk president Ronald Reagan, and the Vietnam war hawk president Lyndon Baines Johnson.

However, none of those presidents aspired to be America's version of Adolph Hitler and Vladimir Putin, and white American evangelicals seem fine with Donald Trump being America's Hitler and Putin.

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

OK, younguns, if your America has gone batshit crazy and you wonder if you matter, what's the point...



OK, younguns, I know, because I been there, that you don't think and go about things the way I do, and that's okay, but a time will come, I won't be around, but hopefully you will, even though the way America is going right now, with an addle-minded Gaza genocide president who won't let border states defend themselves from the southern invasion, and his want to be king and get revenge pussy grabber opponent who says God sent him and thinks his wife's name is Mercedes and the president is Obama, you might have moved to Tortola, Jamaica, Great Britain, South Africa, New Zealand or Australia, all of which I have visited, where English is spoken, so you can BREATHE, so you can TALK, so you can LIVE, so you can be YOU, without worrying about DEATH THREATS from American NAZIS singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic". You will need a passport.

Ok, younguns- I wrote this description below for a book coming out of me, *Grandfossil's Tales to His Grandchildren*. The book is like a last will and testament disposing not my worldly belongings, but some of my musings and experiences. The chapters can be read at grandfossil.blogspot.com. When the book is completed, it will be a free read at archive.org, which already carries a number of my non-fiction books and three of my novels, all of which might be viewed as stranger than fiction by some people :-).

Ok, younguns. Confession time. I went back to 1994 to hijack the title of this unfolding book from the husband of my oldest daughter, who called me after their first child was born and asked me what I wanted my grandchildren to call me? I said, "Grandfossil," and that stuck.

Confession time again. I hijacked the title of this book from the Eurasian mystic G.I. Gurdjieff's 2nd book, *Beelzebub's Tales to His Grandchildren*, in which Gurdjieff is Beelzebub recounting for members of his spiritual movement how he matured from being not so smart and wise and what he learned along the way and what they might wish to take from it and use for themselves.

One of my best college friends went to work for the New York Environmental Agency in Albany, New York and his first assignment was to clean up the Love Canal, which was a chemical waste dump. After some years, he was running that agency. After 20 years, he retired and went to work for the United States Environmental Protection Agency in Washington, D.C.

One day, he told me that he was the guy who decided what chemicals farmers put on the foods I ate. He retired from that job and went to work for a company that was trying to raise awareness for the environment in America. He told me they had concluded that most adults were impossible to reach, so they were going into lower, middle and high schools, hoping to reach children.

So, yes, I hijacked his environmental company, too, because the spiritual food every person has to deal with, one way or another, consciously or unconsciously, is the social, religious and political pollution of themselves and the human species, which process Gurdujieff called “The Work”, which I came to be involved in during my 45th year, not because I was smart or devout, but because I was totally desperate, out of bright ideas, and felt I had failed in every way a man could fail.

In that wretched state, I prayed one morning in early January 1987, “Dear God, I do not wish to die like this, failed. I offer my life to human service.” About ten days passed. I woke in the wee hours, maybe 2 a.m., and saw two white, shift-shaped beings hovering above me in the darkness. I figured they were angels. I heard, “This will push you to your limits, but you asked for it and we are going to give it to you.” I remembered the prayer I had made and saw a white flash and was jolted by something electrical. That happened two more times. The beings faded out. The time elapsed was about 10 seconds. My body was shaking and sweating.

Slowly, in phases, I was turned upside down and inside out and every which-a-way but loose. I was stood before endless mirrors looking at myself. Some of it was wonderful, sublime. A lot of it was horrible. My way of thinking, feeling, and perceiving myself and people and the world around me completely changed. If it happened to me, it can happen to anyone. It helps to know it happened to others.

Sloan Bashinsky
March 2, 2024
Birmingham, Alabama, USA

Ok, younguns, if you don’t want to worry about what already happened, or what lies ahead, which the Jew Jesus certainly advised in the Gospels, because each day has enough trouble of its own; if you just want to get up each morning and deal with what is dead in front of you as best as you can,

damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead, through the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, the flag is still there, although a bit tattered, upside down even; if you wonder if what you think, say, hope, dream or do matters, consider this Beauty that landed in my email account yesterday, and my comment under it.

Let this Darkness be a Bell Tower

By: Rainer Maria Rilke

POETIC OUTLAWS

MAR 3, 2024

Quiet friend who has come so far,
feel how your breathing makes
more space around you.

Let this darkness be a bell tower
and you the bell. As you ring,

what batters you becomes your strength.
Move back and forth into the change.
What is it like, such intensity of pain?
If the drink is bitter, turn yourself to wine.

In this uncontainable night,
be the mystery at the crossroads of your senses,
the meaning discovered there.

And if the world has ceased to hear you,
say to the silent earth: I flow.
To the rushing water, speak: I am.

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

Amen.

Without mystery, it would be pretty darn boring, and what would be the point?

Everything said, written or even thought ends up in some kind of record, somewhere, like a giant library.

Spider Woman is a tad larger than the internet web.

Looking hard in the mirror is quite different from looking elsewhere.

The fearless searching moral inventory is not a best seller most places, but moves adventuresome souls faster than the speed of light.

The second fastest way to move backward is to become a programmed robot, and the first fastest way is to then join a herd..
Decartes finally figured out that he existed by saying, I think, therefore I am.

A broken heart proved many times that I existed, as did get hitting with a line drive in the balls when I was 11, and my infant son dying of crib death, and quite a few other emotional things.

I don't need to think, to know I exist, but darn if thinking hasn't caused me a lot more problems than feeling.

I think I'm gonna have me a good cry some day about why my soul wanted to have so many painful experiences this time around, but then, there were lots of wonderful moments, too.
But every time I planned, God seemed to laugh.

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

A mockingbird was told, “You cannot do this work correctly if you are looking to get anything back from the people you are trying to help”



Last night, I dreamed of being involved in something, and someone said Caitlin was coming around and some people had interrupted it. I woke up wondering what that could be about?

Lying in bed and using my I-Phone, I went online and found this at caitlinjohnstone.com.eu :

November 23, 2023

Welcome! This is a temporary Caitlin Johnstone website. Our former website which resides at caitlinjohnstone.com was plagued with spam bots and we had to ditch it for the time being and set up camp here.

Send a monthly donation:

Subscribe to Patreon [here](#)

Pros – Patreon offers us some stability in paying bills, as it is a consistent monthly sum that we can count on.

Cons – The fees are very high. Approximately 10 percent of each payment goes to bank fees and Patreon’s own fees. Patreon also can pull the plug on us at any time for wrongthink, as they have done already with some other content creators.

Subscribe to Substack [here](#)

Pros – The fees are about the same as PayPal and it is a monthly subscription that we can budget our lives around.

Cons – We can’t set it to pay-as-you-feel pricing; there are only a few different price ranges to choose from.

Send a one-off donation:

Send to PayPal [here](#)

Pros – It’s an easy way to send a one-off payment.

Cons – The fees are also quite high. PayPal also likes to pull the plug on people for wrongthink reasons.

Direct bank deposit

Pros – The fees are very low.

Cons – For anyone outside Australia it can be a bit fiddly to work out how to send money overseas.

Caitlin Johnstone

Bank of Melbourne

BSB 193-879

Acc 416 618 218

International: SWIFT code/SWIFT BIC Address: SGBLAU2S

Routing Number: 021 000 021

IBAN: 193879416618218

(Note: Australia doesn’t use IBAN codes but if it is required then apparently you use the BSB and account number combined, no spaces, as above)

Cryptocurrency

Bitcoin address: bc1qymgnd40jpx5wj6492gnqgdjkyr2gcpkvfgefla

Pros – The fees are very low, lower even than a direct deposit.

Cons – It can be a steep learning curve if you don't already use crypto.

Other Cryptos Accepted

Ethereum address:

0xC0D085df9c21B775932A022AeCf5f8d2AeB029F3

Bitcoin Cash address: qraw0zyvk5pd9nyfcrctz7fxmtpfds5n8gc9jr2hu9

Checks

Pros – Tried and tested.

Cons – The fees are very high – \$10 USD per check.

Send to:

Caitlin Johnstone

PO Box 378

Mentone, VIC 3194

Australia

- For PDFs go to [Gumroad](#) for whatever-you-reckon's-a-fair-thing pricing; if you don't like the other payment methods you can just order a PDF for however much you like
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Contact: admin @ caitlinjohnstone. com

Read on for more about us and what we're about...

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What My Little Project Here Is All About

In short, what you read in this space is an ongoing collaboration between myself (Australian) and my husband Tim Foley (American) geared toward awakening human consciousness and drawing humanity into my understanding of what a healthy world would look like. All the articles, essays, poems and notes you read here are pointed toward that agenda.

When asked to describe this project I often say “I write about the end of illusions,” because from my point of view all of the major problems our species now faces are born of a misperception of what’s really happening. On a collective level human behavior is being driven by propaganda and the systems it manufactures consent for, and on an individual level we’re being driven by the delusion of ego. From my point of view it’s all just illusion, so I frequently swing in and out discussing illusion’s large- and small-scale manifestations without breaking them up too much; that’s why you’ll see commentary on mass media manipulations intermingled with what look like spiritual or philosophical observations, often in the same essay. For me it’s all one issue.

I see illusions as the only obstacle to the creation of a healthy world, which in my view would look like a movement from the competition-based models of capitalism, militarism, imperialism and domination to collaboration-based models where all humans work in cooperation with each other and with our ecosystem toward the common good of all beings. The only things preventing that movement are the large-scale illusions that our rulers have been indoctrinating us with since birth about what’s real and what’s possible, as well as the small-scale illusions of ego and separation which keep us enslaved to fear, greed, and unconscious reactivity.

The prospect of a large-scale awakening of human consciousness and radical transformation of the way humans behave on this planet may sound lofty and impractical, but the way I see it our species has [trapped itself in a situation](#) where that will either happen or we’ll go the way of the dinosaur. Every species eventually hits a point where it

either adapts to changing situations or goes extinct, and as we accelerate toward nuclear war and the destruction of our biosphere it seems fair to say that that crucial juncture is upon homo sapiens now. In my analysis I've been focusing a lot on the US government and the empire-like international cluster of allies, partners and assets structured around it, not because it's the only evil in our world but because at this point in history it is the driving force behind the lion's share of humanity's troubles. The US-centralized empire is ramping up aggressions against Russia and China simultaneously and working to destroy any nation which resists its goals of global conquest, all while using its military and economic might and the most powerful propaganda machine ever devised to coerce humanity into moving in ways that don't serve ordinary people.

Because the US propaganda machine is so immensely powerful, my forceful criticisms of the empire are often met with shock and suspicion by the many people who've been indoctrinated by it. Online vitriol is my constant companion, and I've been accused of being a secret agent for every US-targeted nation in the world. I guess it's probably worth mentioning that I have never worked for or been paid by any government of any kind; some people think I've written for RT, but in reality RT is just one of the many outlets who've occasionally chosen on their own to republish my work as part of my [longstanding open invitation](#) for anyone who wishes to use my work for free.

My funding comes entirely from people who read and enjoy my work. I've actually got a [very interesting system](#) for making a living doing what I do where all the financial support I receive comes my way totally unconditionally from the goodwill of my readers. Because everything I write is available to read for free (even [my books](#) come in pay-what-you-want PDF versions and consist entirely of material that's freely available online), they're not purchasing anything from me or expecting to receive anything in return for their gift; they're supporting my work solely because that's what they want to do. This gift economy-based model of survival where everyone gets to read and use all my work for free is one of the ways I try to walk my talk in the

way I live on this earth, and lets me be my own kind of living sigil for the direction I'd like to see the world take.

This has been a wild and amazing adventure, and I am so grateful for everyone who has made it possible over the years, either with funding, or with likes and shares on social media, or by pointing friends and family to this little space here. I can safely promise that I will continue fighting the machine as hard as I can and pulling the steering wheel toward truth and health for as long as that's what people want me to do. I sincerely believe we can win this thing, and I feel truly blessed to get to spend my time pouring my own small portion of humanity into serving that objective.

Thank you all so much.

I commented under many of Caitlin's posts about the war in Gaza. I agreed with Caitlin about Israel and America, but every time I said Hamas hoped its October 7, 2023 attack in Israel would provoke Israel to respond in the way it did in Gaza, to turn the world against Israel and its benefactor America, I got back unfriendly comments from Caitlin's readers. Although Caitlin sometimes replied to readers who praised her, she never replied to me. One reader told me that one of Caitlin's Gaza posts was aimed directly at me, and I thought the reader might be correct, and I thought other of Caitlin's Gaza posts might be aimed directly at me. I wondered out loud in a couple of my comments, if Caitlin was on Hamas's payroll?

I've been going against the status quo grain since late in my law practice in Birmingham, Alabama, ending 1985, not making any money at it, but doing it because I felt it was what I needed to do. In early 1987, angels known in the Bible got ahold of me and started turning me inside out and upside down and every which a way but loose, and stood me before endless mirrors, even as they kept me going against the status quo grain and not making any money at it.

In 1993, this came to me from out of the blue, when I lived in Boulder, Colorado:

God's gifts are not for sale, but are freely given to angels, saints, sinners, devils and fools alike, for all are God's children.

In the spring of 2001, as I wrote the novel *HEAVY WAIT: A Strange Tale* about as fast as I could type it, I was told in my sleep, "You cannot do this work correctly if you are looking to get anything back from the people you are trying to help."

The next night, the voice told me in my sleep, "You are going back into a prison where you once lived to try to help other people still living there." I saw myself inside of a facility, and there were quite a few men and women in there, around my age or younger, dressed casually, wandering around, and off to my right I saw a way out of there and knew I would not use it until I had permission to use it.

I began to have a lot of dealings with people I had not known, who did not attend church, and also with people who attended church. It has been that way ever since. All along, I was against the grain, the minority report.

I tried several times to help my blogs, which had good reader numbers, generate donations via PayPal, but very little money came in and I stopped trying to make money in that way.

A fellow named "Bob" showed up out of the blue in early 2017, and we started getting to know each other and running against the grain white water rivers together.

A small inheritance from my father in 2017 stopped me from being homeless, and a large inheritance from him in 2020 allowed the following to happen.

Bob created the Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast, which is free, does not solicit, and contains no advertising.

Bob put into free internet library, archive.org, my non-fiction metaphysical books and the novels *HEAVY WAIT: A Strange Tale* (2001), and its sequel, *RETURN OF THE STRANGE* (2023), and my first novel,

KUNDALINA, ALABAMA (1992), which are extremely wild rides, and not entirely all made up.

All needed to read those books is a smart phone, tablet, or laptop or desktop computer. Kindle and Nook readers also work. Go to archive.org and type Sloan Bashinsky in the search space and press Enter and all of those books will come up and can be opened and read by clicking on their icons.

Thanks Bob, hundreds of thousands of people all over the world watch each episode of The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast on YouTube and Torrent platforms, and thousands of people all over the world per month read my books at archive.org, for free.

I get almost no feedback from people who watch the podcasts and read the books. I got almost no feedback from people who read the blogs when I lived in Key West. I can imagine that all of the above was forecasted by a poem that up and flew out of me in 1992, in Boulder.

"The Mockingbird"

I happened upon a mockingbird
singing its fool head off –
I asked it how and why it sang?
But all it did was look ahead,
all it did was sing.
It never turned to see if I was watching,
or listened for money jingling in my pockets,
or asked if I liked its music,
or expected a recording contract –
It was too busy singing
to pay any attention to me.
Thus did I learn
the greatest sin of all
is to kill a mockingbird.

Birmingham is infested with mockingbirds, as is Key West. As is Tortola, in the BVI, which I discovered after being sent there for a while in 1996. As is Isla Mujeres, Mexico, which I discovered after being sent there for a while in 1999.

There were no mockingbirds in Boulder, but I did see a lot of magpies.

I saw no mockingbirds in Helen, Georgia where *HEAVY WAIT* leaped out of me in 2001 and *A FEW REMARKABLE ALABAMA PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN* up and flew out of me in 2004, a free read at archive.org.

I saw no mockingbirds when I was in Australia in the fall of 1995, but a male and a female aborigine living in the old way came to me out of dreamtime and welcomed me into their tribe.

I checked out Caitlin Johnstone's Substack post today and here is the lead and a link to the whole thing.

CAITLIN JOHNSTONE
MAR 4

"Pay no attention to that genocide right in front of your face."

That's the constant message we're getting from the dominant institutions in this present-day dystopia. From our news media. From our political parties. From our government. From our mainstream culture of diversion and superficiality.

<https://www.caitlinjohnst.one/p/pay-no-attention-to-that-genocide>

Here is my comment to Caitlin, followed by back and forth with one of her regular readers, with whom I have had many discussions. Aron Bushnel was a U.S. soldier who set himself on fire in front of Israel's embassy in Washington, D.C. to protest what Israel, with President Biden and Congress and America's help, is doing in Gaza.

Sloan Bashinsky

You wrote a while back, "Aaron Bushnell wasn't addressing the Israeli government with his soul-jarring message. He wasn't even addressing his own government. He was addressing you. Each of us. His goal was to get us all to open our eyes to the horror of what's happening, and spur us to action to end it."

I wondered if you and your readers would be spurred to do what Bushnell did?

As for yours today.

Every day lately on CNN and other American TV news stations, and in my Yahoo and Apple newsfeeds, I see reports about the carnage in Gaza and President Biden and Vice-President Harris trying to get a ceasefire, and Hamas and Israel are not agreeing to anything.

In my social circles, I don't hear anyone talking about it voluntarily.

I imagine the Democrats don't want to talk about it, because their president is saying he doesn't like the carnage in Gaza, but he keeps giving Israel money and arms?

I suppose the Republicans and the MAGAs aren't talking about it, because they hope Israel destroys Hamas, and then Israel destroys Hezbollah, and then Israel destroys Iran, and they resent Biden acting like what they think Trump would act if he were president?

I talked today with a Jewish friend, who, like me, is a retired lawyer, and unlike me, he defends Trump pretty much all the way.

He said he thinks the way to stop the carnage in Gaza is for Hamas to agree to return all of the October 7 hostages and Hamas and Israel agree to stop fighting until one of them starts fighting again. I said I agreed with him.

However, from all I have seen in the news since October 7 of last year, Hamas insists on swapping its October 7 hostages for the several thousand Palestinian prisoners in Israel prisons and jails, which causes me to think those prisoners are far more important to Hamas than the living, wounded and dead civilians in Gaza, and that those prisoners are members of Hamas.

I am not encouraged that there will be peace in Gaza, because I don't think that is what Hamas wants, and I doubt that is what the men running Israel want either.

So, back to Bushnell. Why haven't you and your readers followed his lead, hoping that will stop the carnage in Gaza?

russian_bot

"Sloan", where've you been? 🤔 And no, I didn't read what you wrote.



Sloan Bashinsky

I've been doing other things than read Caitlin and Chris Hedges, but in a dream around dawn this morning, I was with some people and someone said Caitlin was coming around and some people got in the way, so on waking, I wondered if the dream was a prank, or a test, and I thought about it all day and decided to read what she posted today, and then I wrote the comment you didn't read, which was for Caitlin and her readers who seem in lockstep with her about what's going on in Gaza, starting October 7 last year, which was my 81st birthday, which I knew meant I would be writing about it.

russian_bot

"starting October 7 last year, which was my 81st birthday" - 🤔 You should have stated beforehand you knew more about Oct 7 than most other people. No wonder this forum was confused as to where you were coming from.

That said, you should dump your dreams. They prove useless.

Sloan Bashinsky

My dreams always are about something I am dealing with in my so-called waking life, or soon will be dealing with. It has been that way since early 1987, my 45th year.

There was nothing to be confused about. I wrote in plain English what the October 7 raid was about from Hamas' standpoint, and nobody at Hedges and Caitlin's places wanted to hear it.

The World Court figured it out, and that's why it cut the baby in half. Reading Caitlin and Hedges is like being in a kindergarten full of abused children, who never heard of projection and looking in the

mirror at what their buttons getting punched really is about. In the killed, wounded, living people of Gaza, Caitlin and her devotees see themselves unawares, and that's why they do not see what Hamas has done and really is. A monstrous abusive parent.

The war in Gaza is the work of the Devil, literally, and both sides are working for the Devil. President Biden helping Israel is working for the Devil. America helping Israel is working for the Devil. Defending either Hamas or Israel is working for the Devil.

Russian_bot

"There was nothing to be confused about" - well, there was. I don't believe prior to today you ever mentioned it was your birthday. To me, at least, that explains your obsession.

And I haven't read the rest of your response.

Sloan Bashinsky

No obsession, simply a signal from what I was raised to call God, but I'm not stuck on a name, that I was going to be working in that arena, which sort of thing dates back to early 1987, when everything changed in a few seconds, and my life started over. I wrote thousands of pages about it at blogs and in books, and I can't prove any of it, nor can anyone disprove any of it. That's where I'm coming from in everything I get involved in. You seem to think you are clever and very smart, and you may be, but you are not nearly as clever and smart as you think you are. But perhaps someday you will meet up with what met up with me and your view of yourself and everything else will change regardless of how you think or feel about it.

russian_bot

"You seem to think you are clever and very smart" - that has never been my intention as I'm with you on what you refer as "I was raised to call God". I totally agree with your "you are not nearly as clever and smart as you think you are" in that it applies to everybody, including

me. I just poke you on your obsession, even if you object to calling it such, as you seem to stubbornly object to taking a wider look. Anyway, I wish you could get a better answer from somebody in this forum as I'm certainly unable to provide it or contribute to obtaining it. I wish you luck, sincerely.

Sloan Bashinsky

Heh, I was perfectly happy to never read Caitlin again, but something a lot bigger and smarter than me wasn't content with it. Maybe someday that something will call on you. Maybe someday it will call on Caitlin. If it does, it's all over but the shouting :-)

sloanbashinsky@yahoo..com

**To face life stone cold sober and let truth, beauty and love breathe, or not,
that is this poetic outlaw's question**



I found one forum online where truth, beauty and love still breathe pretty good. This from it was in my email this morning.



Bluebird

By: Charles Bukowski

POETIC OUTLAWS

MAR 6, 2024

there's a bluebird in my heart that

wants to get out
but I'm too tough for him,
I say, stay in there, I'm not going
to let anybody see
you.
there's a bluebird in my heart that
wants to get out
but I pour whiskey on him and inhale
cigarette smoke
and the whores and the bartenders
and the grocery clerks
never know that
he's
in there.

there's a bluebird in my heart that
wants to get out
but I'm too tough for him,
I say,
stay down, do you want to mess
me up?
you want to screw up the
works?
you want to blow my book sales in
Europe?
there's a bluebird in my heart that
wants to get out
but I'm too clever, I only let him out
at night sometimes
when everybody's asleep.
I say, I know that you're there,
so don't be
sad.
then I put him back,
but he's singing a little

in there, I haven't quite let him
die
and we sleep together like
that
with our
secret pact
and it's nice enough to
make a man
weep, but I don't
weep, do
you?

Sloan Bashinsky
Sloan's Newsletter

Yeah, Charles,
I have cried oceans and oceans of tears and rivers and rivers of
snot,
and perhaps you should try it, if you're man enough?
Did you ever hear that the heart has its own reasons that reason
cannot know?
Did you ever hear that the lungs are the organs of feelings,
and if you smoke cigarettes you cannot know how you really feel
about anything?
Did you ever hear that booze alters the mind,
so that it does not work as designed?
Did you ever wonder if the bluebird is your soul,
and you kept her caged in a dungeon your entire life,
because you were terrified of what she might do,
if you simply got out of her way and let her fly and sing?
Is this poem your version of the Merchant of Venice's sad tale?
You never let your heart sing, or bleed?
You never let your lungs cry?
You never let your blood run?

Because you were trapped in your fear, mind, cigarettes and booze?

I hope you let your blue bird out the next time around, if there is a next time.

Poetic Outlaws

He let it out all the time, don't let him fool you. His poems still reverberate throughout the cosmos. He's achieved more than most "clean", sober minded people. As Churchill once said, which applies aptly to Bukowski: "All I can say is that I have taken more out of alcohol than alcohol has taken out of me."

Sloan Bashinsky

Based on this poem, Bukowski did not let his blue bird fly and sing as it desperately wanted to do, and he wrote that acknowledgement to the blue bird, but was the blue bird comforted?

Ethan Summers

It was, as he did let his soul fly through his poetry

Sloan Bashinsky

Based on the poem, he did not let the blue bird fly, and I take him at his word.

Poetic Outlaws

"I only let him out
at night sometimes
when everybody's asleep..."

That's when the writing happened. That's when love happened.

Sloan Bashinsky

Again I ask, was the blue bird comforted by this poem, or by only being let out at night sometimes?

It's a beautiful poem, but it also is a very sad poem.

My perspective is affected by having two parents defend themselves and dampen their souls with booze from rising in the morning to turning in at night. I respect Bukowski's honesty, but if he did not cry, something was very, very wrong.

Poetic Outlaws

You've been a Bukowski hater since the beginning. I'm used to it from you by now. Just know though, his writings have pulled millions of people out of the muck of life. He gave hope to the hopeless. We need a few souls out there that can rise above the sentimental.

Sloan Bashinsky

I don't hate Bukowski, I read his poems, and I listen to his soul and to his ego, and sometimes I say here what I see and hear. I have told people they should subscribe to Poetic Outlaws, if they want to get dosed in reality, for a change :-)

Ethan Summers

I agree with you entirely yet I understand his point of view too. How sad this world would be if we would be all alike. Some need to hear from time to time the shards of broken glass that once formed their being, scattering on the floor to make sure they are still alive 😊

Sloan Bashinsky

And, how AWFUL this world would be if we would be all alike :-)! But uniqueness is not what humanity, in the main, seems to think is important, given the susceptibility of most people to social, religious, educational, political, etc. robotic programming and needing to belong to this or that herd, which Bukowski did not do, based on all I have read of his at Poetic Outlaws, but for whom, shamefully, I still might not know he had existed. I have to wonder what pain or whatever in him caused him to buffer, even squelch,

the bluebird; caused him to buffer, even squelch his pain with cigarettes and booze and, yes, prostitutes?

My mother told me that she started smoking 2 packs of Pall Malls a day at age 15 to rebel against her Puritan parents, and she got up drinking vodka and went to bed drinking vodka, and when she tried to divorce my father, her mother told her, if she went through with it, would kill her (mother). So, my mother buried herself in her church and called off the divorce and contracted lung cancer and it spread around in her and she got her divorce from my father and her mother and father.

My father didn't smoke, but he got up drinking vodka and went to bed drinking it, and he came unglued when my mother died, and he wept every night for months, as his real feelings overpowered the vodka and everything else in him. But he did not stop drinking for a very long time, and by then he had a morphine to pump to relieve pain in his spine, which had suffered from weight beyond its power and medicine's ken.

I probably should thank my parents for encouraging me not to drown myself in booze, and I never smoked a cigarette. I got to deal with my angry bowel pain head on, and what lies underneath it, for decades, and it still greets me when I wake up each morning, and it accompanies me throughout the day into the night and bedtime, and even in my sleep. Yet, I know where it comes from, or where most of it comes from, I have admitted what I did to cause it, but what others did I can only indulge, and I take nothing to reduce it, because nothing I ever tried worked, so I know it's not medical, but is of the soul.

We all get more chances, Bukowski may already have come back and is getting another chance. My hope is that that I live this life clear enough, painfully enough, lovingly, head on enough, so that I don't have to come back and try again to be who I really am, for a change :-)

This fell out of me as I was eating breakfast one 1995 morning, totally unaware that the world I then knew would soon cash and

burn and I would start life all over, again, and that I would do it several more times :-)

“Sacred Prism”

Earth,
The sacred prism
through which souls are refracted
into their elemental parts,
Purified in Holy Fire,
Then one-forged
and sent on their way
to not even God knows where,
Simply because they are all
Unique Emanations of God,
Evolving . . .

Ethan Summers

Bukowski was broken in more than one way and I wouldn't offer him as a life example to others, much less to my offsprings but the sensitivity that transpires from his writings is undeniable. I'm curious of one thing though. Have you found yourself in a situation in which you felt the urge to weep but refrained your tears long enough until they dried out? Did you try in such moments to write something instead (maybe poetry)? Sometimes strange things happen in moments like these. Tears that were supposed to be rolling on the outside, begin to roll inwardly and you get some bizarre awareness and steadiness you didn't know you had...

Sloan Bashinsky

No, I have not tried to do it that way, but I can imagine it would be a very powerful spiritual practice, and it kinda reminds me of the movie "Shakespeare In Love", after his lady love was shipped off to America to marry some boring beast of a man at the Queen's

behest, and young Shakespeare wrote "The Tempest" and a storm came up and sunk the ship his lady love was on and she swam to the shore of some tropical island, perhaps Bermuda, and the film ended.

All of my poetry has been alchemical, painting my own journey, some very personal, some also applicable to the collective. In late 1993 and early 1994, a lot of poetry came out of me and a lot of tears and snot, too. After that, poems came every now and then, even until now. Two poems came before 1993, one in 1991, one in 1992, which laid the foundation for the rest of my life, I think. Before that, I did not know I was a poet, and quite frankly, poetry had long kinda terrified me, because I didn't understand it very well, if at all.

Here are the first two poems.

"Living Poets"

Dead poets are poets who never write

Who obey shoulds and oughts

Who live to please others

Who value money over God

Who die without ever having lived

Death is their mark

Dead poets are remembered by the living.

Living poets are remembered by time

Dead poets never sing their song

Living poets never stop singing it

The difference between the two is this:

One worships fear, the other life

To be a dead poet is hard

It requires being someone else
To be a living poet is easy
It only means being myself
One choice is hell, the other heaven
That is what is meant by free will
(1991)

"The Mockingbird"

I happened upon a mockingbird
singing its fool head off –
I asked it how and why it sang?
But all it did was look ahead,
all it did was sing.
It never turned to see if I was watching,
or listened for money jingling in my pockets,
or asked if I liked its music,
or expected a recording contract –
It was too busy singing
to pay any attention to me.
Thus did I learn
the greatest sin of all
is to kill a mockingbird.
(1992)

Poetic Outlaws

You do know that almost everyone I post on this page was a rascal, right? I don't do puritans. Everyone I post smoked, drank, and danced with the dark. Bukowski just wrote more poetically about it. Fearlessly. It was Paglia who once said: "Great art has often been made by bad people. So what? Expecting the artist to be a good person was a sentimental canard of Victorian moralism, rejected by the "art for art's sake" movement led by Charles Baudelaire and Oscar Wilde."

Sloan Bashinsky Liked by Poetic Outlaws

It's because of what you post here that I come here and tell others in what I write at my blog and Substack to come here :-), because this is the only place I have found online where truth, beauty and love still breathe pretty well :-).

Sally Lunn Sally's Substack

Obviously, you have no idea that Bukowski was viciously targeted by the Government. Save your judgement for when you can survive what Bukowski survived, please.

Sloan Bashinsky

I survived the death of my infant son, and several heart breaking divorces, and a really angry bowel that hatched in 1969 and never let up, and being cast out of my family, and being homeless a long time, and homeless again for another spell, and several dark nights of the soul, and a black night of the soul that had me planning to off myself every day for 16 months until it lifted, and I did not turn to booze or other drugs to dampen it. The government did not come after me, yet, but I keep provoking the government on the left and on the right, so perhaps it will come after me, and I will face it stone cold sober, as well, which neither of my parents were able to do. So, I do have some experience with alcoholics and their pain and how they drugged it, instead of facing it stone cold sober.

Douglas Prouty**FootieJazz**

wow, nice

I was tempted to chime in something about the blackbird in me,
pecks at my cage always when i'm mid-song
you know the one up with the sun and preaching positive
wondrous mindset
like i'm grateful for the toothache
and forgiving the jeep that 360ed in my driveway at 3am
the black bird that knows where the knife is
that says homo when i do one of my jete's into the pool
the whole worlds going to shit he caws
and maybe I smile back
tell him on saturday
i'll smoke a cigarette and howl at the moon through the pines
if that will make him happy

Sloan Bashinsky

Whatever you are smoking, keep smoking it :-). In some traditions, crows are messengers from the gods, The Great Spirit, etc.

I went through the New Age in the latter 1980s, and some of it was interesting, but it didn't seem to be what I needed. I think trying to be positive no matter what might cause adverse chain reaction in the part of the psyche that feels it really does need to yell and scream, and cry and shriek and rage. I can imagine lots of medical and mental diseases have roots in the blocked psyche.

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

14th Amendment justice for all except Donald Trump



Ta, da!

Amendment XIV

Section 1.

All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the state wherein they reside. No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Section 2.

Representatives shall be apportioned among the several states according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each state, excluding Indians not taxed. But when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the

executive and judicial officers of a state, or the members of the legislature thereof, is denied to any of the **male** inhabitants of such state, **being twenty-one years of age**, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion, or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such state.

Section 3.

No person shall be a Senator or Representative in Congress, or elector of President and Vice President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any state, who, having previously taken an oath, as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any state legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any state, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof. But Congress may by a vote of two-thirds of each House, remove such disability.

Section 4.

The validity of the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including debts incurred for payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection or rebellion, shall not be questioned. But neither the United States nor any state shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave; but all such debts, obligations and claims shall be held illegal and void.

Section 5.

The Congress shall have power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article.

Ta, da...

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES

No. 23–719

DONALD J. TRUMP, PETITIONER v.

NORMA ANDERSON, ET AL.

**ON WRIT OF CERTIORARI TO THE SUPREME COURT
OF COLORADO**

[March 4, 2024]

PER CURIAM.

A group of Colorado voters contends that Section 3 of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution prohibits former President Donald J. Trump, who seeks the Presidential nomination of the Republican Party in this year’s election, from becoming President again. The Colorado Supreme Court agreed with that contention. It ordered the Colorado secretary of state to exclude the former President from the Republican primary ballot in the State and to disregard any write-in votes that Colorado voters might cast for him.

Former President Trump challenges that decision on several grounds. Because the Constitution makes Congress, rather than the States, responsible for enforcing Section 3

against federal officeholders and candidates, we reverse.

Here's a google docs link to the entire opinion:

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1GfVSw80aggDr5WQAF-WVw6av_BO-AO6vo1hltfk5Cxo/edit

More specifically, 3 Democrat and 6 Republican Supreme Court Justices ruled states cannot enforce Amendment 14, Section 3 in federal elections, and 5 Republican Justices went further and ruled only Congress can enforce 14/3 in federal elections, especially the presidency. States can enforce 14/3 in state elections. The majority opinion became the new law of the land.

Of note, the 9 Justices did not overrule the Colorado State Court finding and the Colorado Supreme Court affirmation that Donald Trump engaged in insurrection against the U.S. Constitution.

Of note, in past times, the U.S. Supreme Court enforced the other parts of Amendment 14 without any Act of Congress prescribing or allowing such enforcement.

For example, On May 17, 1954, U.S. Supreme Court Justice Earl Warren delivered the unanimous ruling in the landmark civil rights case *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka, Kansas*. State-sanctioned segregation of public schools was a violation of the 14th amendment and was therefore unconstitutional. This historic decision marked the end of the "separate but equal" precedent set by the Supreme Court nearly 60 years earlier in *Plessy v. Ferguson* and served as a catalyst for the expanding civil rights movement during the decade of the 1950s.

For example, in *Roe v. Wade*, 410 U.S. 113 (1973), the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that the Due Process Clause of the Fourteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution provides a fundamental "right to privacy", which protects a pregnant woman's right to an abortion. It also held that the

right to abortion is not absolute and must be balanced against the government's interests in protecting women's health and prenatal life. It resolved these competing interests by announcing a pregnancy trimester timetable to govern all abortion regulations in the United States. The Court also classified the right to abortion as "fundamental", which required courts to evaluate challenged abortion laws under the "strict scrutiny" standard, the most stringent level of judicial review in the United States.

Thus, in *Trump v. Anderson*, the U.S. Supreme Court, *sui juris* (in its own right), could have ruled Trump was barred from holding federal office regardless of whether Colorado or any state could enforce 14/3 against Trump.

Instead, the U.S. Supreme Court made Congress the sole enforcer of 14/3 in federal elections, while the Court retained the power to enforce the rest of Amendment 14.

That is so beyond nuts that it defames nuts to be dragged into it.

Let me back up.

For a very long time, Republicans screeched states' rights trumped the power of the federal government to interfere in states' affairs. Before then, Democrats, including Alabama Governor George Wallace, screeched states' rights trumped federal government interference in states' affairs.

In *Dobbs v. Jackson Women's Health Organization*, 597 U.S. 215 (2022), the U.S. Supreme Court held the Constitution of the United States does not confer a right to abortion. The court's decision overruled *Roe v. Wade* and said abortion is a matter for each state to decide.

Yet, according to the nine justices in *Trump v. Anderson*, states cannot enforce Amendment 14/3, nor by logical inference, any other part of Amendment 14, unless Congress has passed an act allowing states to do that.

That is so beyond nuts that it defames nuts to be dragged into it.

So, what do you think really happened?

What really happened is plain as day.

After a Denver Colorado satellite radio station interviewed a federal judge about my Amendment 14, Section 3 law school exam question and answer, which is a free read at <https://archive.org/details/amendment-14-section-3-law-school-exam>, and my tech friend Bob's and my podcast about the law school exam question, <https://mail.google.com/mail/u/0/#inbox?projector=1>, the radio station was inundated with death threats, its bonding company cancelled coverage, and the station went off the air.

After the Colorado Supreme Court then ruled 14/3 barred Trump from holding public office and thus could not be on the Colorado ballot, the justices on that court were inundated with death threats.

After the Maine Secretary of State then ruled 14/3 barred Trump from being on the Maine ballot, the Maine Secretary of State was inundated with death threats.

In the federal and state civil and criminal cases against Trump, the presiding judges and prosecuting attorneys were inundated with death threats.

Wanting to stay alive, the 6 Republican and 3 Democrat Supreme Court Justices ruled states cannot enforce Amendment 14, Section 3 in federal elections. Members of Congress have the same self preservation interest.

On top of that, the Republican members of Congress will never vote to pass a law applying 14/3 to their candidate, Donald Trump. But they might vote to apply 14/3 to Joe Biden, if Trump tells them to do it.

Sloan Bashinsky, J.D., LLM (taxation), former United District Court Judge's law clerk and practicing attorney

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

state of the plagued union America



It's now March 10, 2023.

In dreams last night, I was shown that I had missed the main point in the “state of the union plagued America” post, in that I was supposed to write it as an American trying to bring all Americans together, because we are Americans. So, this morning, I rewrote that post and just now I deleted the original post, which I now wonder if I should not have done, but it's done and I don't know how to resurrect it. Anyway, here is the new version.

Last night, I watched President Biden's state of the union message on CNN, which lasted around 70 minutes. I was transfixed by his focus, moving smoothly from one topic to another, speaking to bread and butter issues, calling out the Republicans before him, and their former president, like they were standing before a Gatling gun. Whatever I think about Biden as a person and his politics and philosophies, his cognitive function was splendid, and all of America and the entire world got to see it.

The looks on the faces of the Republican leader of the House of Representatives and all of the Republicans in the audience shrieked they were NOT HAPPY. Like it or not, willing to admit it or not, the fact is "Sleepy

Joe Biden” is exponentially more mentally and emotionally stable than “very stable genius” Donald Trump. I felt the Republicans might need:

HURT FEELINGS REPORT	
Date Of Hurt Feelings _____	
Time Of Hurtfulness _____ A.M. P.M.	
Which Ear Was Hurtfulness Spoken Into:	
Left <input type="checkbox"/>	Right <input type="checkbox"/> Both <input type="checkbox"/>
Is There Permanent Feeling Damage?	
Yes <input type="checkbox"/>	No <input type="checkbox"/>
Did You Need A Tissue For The Tears	
Yes <input type="checkbox"/>	No <input type="checkbox"/>
Reason For Filing Report (Check All That Apply)	
1. I Am Thin Skinned	<input type="checkbox"/>
2. I Am A Little Bitch	<input type="checkbox"/>
3. I Am A Cry Baby	<input type="checkbox"/>
4. I Want My Mommy	<input type="checkbox"/>
If You Feel You Need A Hug, Go Home To Mommy And She Will Change Your Diaper.	
If You Feel As Though You Need To Speak To Someone To Soothe You, Call This Number: 1-800-Cry-Baby	
Signature _____	

This college economics major and former practicing attorney with a tax law degree, who worked for his father’s large Alabama corporation Golden Flake Snack Foods, Inc. and then as a practicing attorney represented regular people and small companies, smiled when Joe Biden reeled off

statistics showing how well the American economy is doing, and when he said it's high time rich people and corporations start paying the same proportional taxes that ordinary working men and women pay, and it's high time Americans start paying the same low prices for prescription drugs and medical care that people every where else in the world pay, and it's high time Republicans stop threatening to reduce Social Security and gut Obamacare.

I smiled when Biden said he will pass a federal law bringing *Roe v. Wade* back to life, but as a lawyer, I didn't see how he will be able to do it with 6 religious conservatives on the U.S. Supreme Court. I wished Biden would issue an Executive Order saying the Supreme Court was wrong for saying in *Dobbs v. Jackson* that American women had no historic right to abortion, thus it could not be a constitutional right, when Ben Franklin himself wrote in his book, *The American Instructor*, that American women in his day, and since antiquity, used herbs made by Mother Nature and/or God to prevent and terminate pregnancies, and he is ordering his Food and Drug Administration (FDA) Director to make abortion pills freely available at every FBI and DEA office and federal courthouse in the United States of America.

When a man in the audience shrieked that his son was killed in Afghanistan because Biden pulled America out of Afghanistan, I wondered why that son's father did not shriek about President George W. Bush and his Vice-President starting that rich white man for profit war, and President Barack Obama continuing that war after accepting the Nobel Prize for peace, and President Trump continuing that war, and that's why his son was in Afghanistan in the first place? Those leaders knew how it went in Saigon after America pulled out of that rich white man for profit war. What were the father and his son thinking might happen if his son went to

Afghanistan, which had proven a graveyard for American troops, and for Soviet Union troops before that, and for British troops before that?

When Biden talked about the war in Gaza and having the Navy build a floating dock to receive American aid to the beleaguered people of Gaza, and he and his people were pushing hard for a ceasefire in Gaza, I wanted to tell him, "If you really wanted a ceasefire, why did you keep sending Israel money and arms after you saw Israel obliterating Gaza? Why aren't you not spending that money to help Texas and other southern border states defend against the invasion from Mexico, and why aren't you spending that money helping American cities deal with a flood of immigrants sent to them by Texas and other southern states?"

When Biden called out the Republicans for not passing his southern border defense bill before Congress, while criticizing him about the southern border, I wished he would bring home American troops from dangerous places to defend the southern border as peacefully as possible, and ban Americans and their money from going into Mexico, and ban people in America from sending money to Mexico- until Mexico stops the invasion into America.

American cities are overwhelmed with having to take care of homeless immigrants, and that simply needs to stop. It is not America's job to receive and take care of non-Americans, when so many Americans need help with just getting by. Donald Trump and the MAGAs and the Republicans are right about that.

When Biden called for much stronger gun control and comprehensive background checks, I wished he would bring his troops home and use them and the national guards to defend America's public schools from domestic

terrorists aided and abetted by gun makers, the National Rifle Association and the United States Supreme Court.

When Biden talked about all the work he has done helping bring electric cars and trucks and their several thousand pound batteries and charging stations to America, I wondered where someone like me who lives in an apartment building with street parking will charge an electric car or truck? I wondered where Biden will put the several thousand pound toxic waste batteries after they wear out? I wondered why he has not allowed the automotive industry to use road-tested devices in the U.S. Patent Office in Washington, D.C., which can be installed in car and truck engines, which use electrolysis to pull hydrogen out of water to fuel internal combustion engines, which do not pollute the air, and a sedan can go several hundred miles on a gallon of water, and gasoline no longer will be a burdensome expense for most Americans, and while the oil industry will become a whole lot less important, maybe America can forget about the Middle East, because it no longer needs oil from there.

When Biden talked about the covid shutdown of America, I remembered that he, the Democrats and the American medical industrial complex led the charge to discredit New York family practitioner physician Vladimir Zelenko's cheap 5-day early stage infection cure, which would have allowed America to stay open and save America from Red China's bioweapon.

Dr. Vladimir (Zev) Zelenko
Board Certified Family Practitioner
501 Rt 208, Monroe, NY 10950
845-238-0000

March 23, 2020

To all medical professionals around the world:

My name is Dr. Zev Zelenko and I practice medicine in Monroe, NY. For the last 16 years, I have cared for approximately 75% of the adult population of Kiryas Joel, which is a very close knit community of approximately 35,000 people in which the infection spread rapidly and unchecked prior to the imposition of social distancing.

As of today my team has tested approximately 200 people from this community for Covid-19, and 65% of the results have been positive. If extrapolated to the entire community, that means more than 20,000 people are infected at the present time. Of this group, I estimate that there are 1500 patients who are in the high-risk category (i.e. >60, immunocompromised, comorbidities, etc).

Given the urgency of the situation, I developed the following treatment protocol in the pre-hospital setting and have seen only positive results:

1. Any patient with shortness of breath regardless of age is treated.
2. Any patient in the high-risk category even with just mild symptoms is treated.
3. Young, healthy and low risk patients even with symptoms are not treated (unless their circumstances change and they fall into category 1 or 2).

My out-patient treatment regimen is as follows:

1. Hydroxychloroquine 200mg twice a day for 5 days
2. Azithromycin 500mg once a day for 5 days
3. Zinc sulfate 220mg once a day for 5 days

The rationale for my treatment plan is as follows. I combined the data available from China and South Korea with the recent study published from France (sites available on request). We know that hydroxychloroquine helps Zinc enter the cell. We know that Zinc slows viral replication within the cell. Regarding the use of azithromycin, I postulate it prevents secondary bacterial infections. These three drugs are well known and usually well tolerated, hence the risk to the patient is low.

Since last Thursday, my team has treated approximately 350 patients in Kiryas Joel and another 150 patients in other areas of New York with the above regimen.

Of this group and the information provided to me by affiliated medical teams, we have had ZERO deaths, ZERO hospitalizations, and ZERO intubations. In addition, I have not heard of any negative side effects other than approximately 10% of patients with temporary nausea and diarrhea.

In sum, my urgent recommendation is to initiate treatment in the outpatient setting as soon as possible in accordance with the above. Based on my direct experience, it prevents acute respiratory distress syndrome (ARDS), prevents the need for hospitalization and saves lives.

With much respect,

Dr. Zev Zelenko

cc: President Donald J. Trump; Mr. Mark Meadows, Chief of Staff

After President Trump and Meadows received that letter, Dr. Zelenko was interviewed by Sean Hannity on his FOX show.

Trump told Americans on National TV that hydroxychloroquine might be a miracle cure.

Trump's FDA director gave temporary emergency approval for hydroxychloroquine to treat Covid-19.

The Biden-Democrat-Medical-Industrial complex shrieked hydroxychloroquine killed people, even though for a long time hydroxychloroquine was used to treat malaria, lupus and rheumatoid arthritis.

The FDA director rescinded permission to use hydroxychloroquine to treat Covid-19.

From the website of Wisconsin U.S. Senator Ron Johnson:

April 10, 2020

Dear Mr. President:

We, the undersigned practicing physicians, urgently ask that you take two steps to help us treat patients according to our best ability and medical judgment, using the clinical and basic science data we already have on the effectiveness of certain established medicines in this war against COVID-19:

1. A Presidential Directive to remove the [FDA Emergency Use Authorization restriction](#) that states Hydroxychloroquine (HCQ) and

Chloroquine (CQ) from the Strategic National Stockpile, are only approved "for certain hospitalized patients," and to direct the FDA to include the option of early out-patient use of these medications.

2. A Presidential Directive or Executive Order to a) prohibit Governors from arbitrarily restricting hydroxychloroquine (HCQ) to only hospitalized patients, and b) prohibit State Medical Boards and State Pharmacy Boards from threats of disciplinary action (now occurring in multiple states) against doctors and pharmacists legally prescribing and dispensing HCQ and CQ off-label for early treatment or prophylaxis for COVID-19 in out-patients or at-risk or exposed persons.

Restricting use to hospitalized patients means loss of the critical early window of opportunity to: (1) prevent the virus attaching to host cells, (2) reduce viral replication that prolongs time of infectivity and spread, (3) reduce the number of hospitalizations and need for intubation and mechanical ventilators, and (4) reduce risk of multi-organ damage and death or permanent lung impairment after recovery.

Evidence of successful treatment in thousands of patients is accumulating from many countries as well as U.S. physicians; it is far beyond "anecdotal."

HCQ has been FDA-approved for malaria since 1955, and it is now also approved for treating lupus and rheumatoid arthritis, with an impressive safety record.

When World Health Organization and U.S. academic experts say there is "no evidence that any medicine can prevent or cure" COVID-19, they correctly mean that we don't yet have a randomized,

placebo-controlled, doubleblind clinical trial (RCT). But designing, setting up, conducting, and analyzing any RCT takes many months or years.

We can't wait months for a completed RCT or a vaccine. People are dying every day. Staggering numbers of people have lost jobs, incomes, and ability to live life normally, all of which lead to loss of life that could quickly exceed losses from the virus.

Physicians taking care of patients in our communities across the country must be free to use the medicines at hand free of politicians and bureaucrats' second-guessing and threats. It is unprecedented—and lethal—for state governors and medical boards to forbid physicians' freedom to prescribe long-approved and safely used medications.

In a war to save lives and our country, we must fight with all the weapons we have at hand.

Instead of firing the FDA director and hiring a new FDA director, who would allow the use of hydroxychloroquine, zinc and azithromycin to treat Covid-19 in its early stage, very stable genius make America great again President Trump caved to the political pressure and launched Operation Warp Speed, which made some pharmaceutical companies a whole lot of money, while MAGAs and millions of other people all over America refused to be vaccinated, and hospitals all over America, including my home state Alabama, were flooded with dying Covid-19 patients, and people with other serious medical conditions were turned away by those hospitals.

The angels who run me and my tech friend Bob, who created The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast and gets my books into the free internet

library, archive.org, very much liked Dr. Zelenko's March 23, 2020 letter to President Bush and Mark Meadows.

Those angels told Bob that Red China invented the bioweapon and was working on a vaccine, and the angels told me that it could not be allowed for Red China to have the weapon and the vaccine, so an angel caused the weapon to get loose to prevent Red China holding the rest of the world hostage.

Dr. Zelenko was God's doctor for Covid-19.

President Trump and Joe Biden and the Democrats and the medical-industrial complex screwed America when they threw God's cure under the bus.

A Trump fan who attended the January 6, 2020 rally, but did not go with the mob to assault the national capitol, Dr. Zelenko died on June 30, 2022.

If you Google search Dr. Zelenko, you will find plenty to discredit him. But then, if you Google search Joe Biden and Donald Trump, you will find plenty to discredit them.

The fate of Dr. Zelenko and his cheap, fast, early stage infection cure is one of many reasons why America needs a president and congressmen and federal judges who set aside their personal agendas and do what is best for rank and file Americans. The rich people in America need to go along with that, because it is the rank and file Americans who made them rich, unless they are trust fund babies whose parents were made rich by rank and file Americans.

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

on being an irreverent no good deed goes unpunished nature lover monk at Key West, Little Torch Key, Birmingham, Alabama, Poetic Outlaws and Rulu Free Radio, Nebraska



After reading the To face life stone cold sober and let truth, beauty and love breathe, or not, that is this poetic outlaw's question post, a neighbor lady friend told me that I should be a monk in Tibet. I said I am a monk in my apartment. In a dream last night, she said I should spread this cheer more often:

HURT FEELINGS REPORT 
Date Of Hurt Feelings _____
Time Of Hurtfulness _____ A.M. P.M.
Which Ear Was Hurtfulness Spoken Into: Left <input type="checkbox"/> Right <input type="checkbox"/> Both <input type="checkbox"/>
Is There Permanent Feeling Damage? Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>
Did You Need A Tissue For The Tears Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>
Reason For Filing Report (Check All That Apply)
1. I Am Thin Skinned <input type="checkbox"/>
2. I Am A Little Bitch <input type="checkbox"/>
3. I Am A Cry Baby <input type="checkbox"/>
4. I Want My Mommy <input type="checkbox"/>
If You Feel You Need A Hug, Go Home To Mommy And She Will Change Your Diaper. If You Feel As Though You Need To Speak To Someone To Soothe You, Call This Number: 1-800-Cry-Baby
Signature _____

The poet Robert Frost lived in Key West for a while and was viewed as Key West's Poet Laureate until the Key West Poetry Guild, to which I belonged and recited and read my own poetry at its monthly meetings, decided to name a new poet laureate every year from a list of local poets. Although I sometimes recited three poems that had just up and leaped out

of me before I arrived in Key West, and poems that upped and leaped out of me after I got there, I was not selected. Boo hoo.

Only fools rush in
where angels fear to treat
but if there were no fools
who'd lead the angels?

Who invented the rule that poetry must rhyme, have pentameter, be cast into verse? Yes, please tell me, who, just who, invented that really silly rule? Surely it wasn't the makeer of the first stone- otherwise, there'd be no stones to break all those slaving rules!

I happened upon a mockingbird
singing its fool head off
I asked it how and why it sang?
But all it did was look ahead,
all it did was sing.
It never turned to see if I was watching,
or listened for money jingling in my pockets,
or asked if I liked its music,
or expected a recording contract –
It was too busy singing
to pay any attention to me.
the greatest sin of all
is to kill a mockingbird.

Key West was covered with mockingbirds.

The Robert Frost poem below reminds me of my own meandering journey, except I didn't wait for another lifetime to take the other path.

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Thanks to Erik Rittenberry, I attend a poetry guild meeting every day in the living room of my apartment. In my email inbox this Sunday morning:

Into the Timeless Woods I Go

By: Erik Rittenberry

POETIC OUTLAWS

MAR 10, 2024

The lonelier the place, the better it pleased me: its silence, its aura, its peculiar conformation, its enclosedness.

--John Fowles

Woke up this morning with an
agonizing urge
to be an absolute nobody
in a world gone mad
with everybody trying
to be a "somebody."
To be unknown and unseen
like a distant star in an
undiscovered galaxy, a dandelion
loafing beneath the sun
in some deserted pasture,
to be an anonymous
breeze that rustles the
ferns of an ancient
forest at the edge
of the world.

Ah, yes...

To be far away, adrift and alone,

sauntering in a leafy alcove,
"where Nature moves, and
Rapture warms the Mind."
To get out there beyond the
perimeter
of this barbed wire civilization,
far removed from worldly
titles and deadlines and the
delusional drudgery and
pandemonium of endless
ambition.

To be barbarically alive, to savor
the pure lifeblood of our primitive
marrow, to cleanse myself
of the filth of steel-and-asphalt
reality, to resuscitate the inner
archaic spirit, to unite the conscious
with the shadow and allow
grace to devour what's left
of my iridescent heart.
Into the timeless woods I go
where the moonlight illuminates
the infinite peace of things.

I go to the woods to dance barefoot
like a demented shaman in the muck
of the meadows. I go to the woods
as an antidote to modernity,

to wander at ease among
the wild geraniums and thickets,
unearthing the primordial
savage within.

I go to the woods, in the words
of Thoreau, “to live deliberately,
to front only the essential facts of life,
and see if I could not learn what
it had to teach, and not, when
I came to die, discover that
I had not lived.”

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

Very nice, Erik. Kinda reminds me of Thoreau's Walden, but I think his place was pretty close to a town, and I gather from what you have written here before that you are kinda removed from towns?

Did you ever read James Galvin's *The Meadow*, in which he depicts the hundred-year history of a meadow in the arid mountains of the Colorado/Wyoming border? If not, I think you might really like that book, which I read maybe in 1992, when I lived in Boulder, Colorado. *The Meadow* is set on a remote farm and is about the different people who lived there and what they experienced.

I once had a trailer on a wooded lot in an abandoned, barely developed subdivision in wetlands on Little Torch Key, which, along with the key deer, raccoons, possums, feral cats, wild rats and scorpions, centipedes, and other bugs, and ground and mourning doves, and seagulls and pelicans, and ospreys and bald eagles, and

buzzards and man o' war birds, and hummingbirds and redbirds, and other birds, and fresh and saltwater mosquitoes, and various lizards and corn and indigo racer snakes, and the vegetables and fruits I and Mother Nature grew there, was my version of Walden.

But I had a car and did not stay home all the time, and in fact that car and my cable TV and the internet kept me well connected to a very busy world, with which I interacted daily in online forums and in restaurants, bars and city and county government meetings, and sometimes in churches and other people's homes.

Living in the trailer with a half feral, half crazy, cross-eyed animal shelter rat cat, who kept the woods rats out of the trailer, got me used to living alone. No lady in my life, except one brief afternooner with a biker chick, and in that sense, the trailer was my monastery, where at night, when the wind was favorable, I could hear the passing road traffic on US 1 about a mile away, and music from a roadside honky tonk.

I think, at 81+, I'm probably too old now to try what you are doing, but I used to love to hunt and fish, and I lived many moons in tents, although not way out in the middle of nowhere, and I did spend a week on a lake in a tent with two friends, fishing in the Canadian wilderness boundary waters above Ely, Minnesota, and I know what truly wild nature looks like. I saw plenty of Her when I trekked two weeks around Annapurna Base Camp in Nepal, in 1995.

But, alas, I was born a city boy, and it looks like that's how I'm going to live out my days.

Fortunately, the old 50s vintage apartment building, where I have lived three times in Birmingham after I quit running away from home, has a lovely park across the street, which has very large old trees, and the city has let the shrubs grow wild and brambly, and the park as an

energy vortex in it, and sometimes I sit there and let whatever lives there, which is not recognized by science, nor by religion, take me on rides that cause me to feel like I have entered another, lovely reality, which people walking by me sitting on a park bench cannot fathom, nor why I am sitting there with my baseball cap pulled down to shield my closed eyes, and I know they are walking by me and I am somewhere else entirely.

Two large owls live in the park, and they attract a lot of attention from passersby. Lots of chipmunks and squirrels in the park for the owls to eat. I saw a peregrine falcon swoop in toward the momma owl's baby and then see the momma owl and hightail it elsewhere.

If I did not have the internet and spectrum TV, and friends I play chess with and a duplicate bridge club where I play several days a week with some pretty interesting and fun people, and other kinds of people, I might spend more time in that park. Or, I might go batshit crazier than I already am.

But, it seems, my lot is to stay engaged with the world for a while longer, even as I go to bed most nights hoping the Lord or the Mother Ship with fetch me in my sleep, because I really do not cotton to the notion of living in an old folks home, unable to get into my car and escape for a while 😎

Poetic Outlaws

Appreciate it Sloan. I actually live in a small town but I do make a lot journeys into the wild. I have solo trip coming up hiking all throughout the Smokies. It's in nature where I find the necessary solace to exist in this mad world.

Sloan Bashinsky

Good for you. I get up each morning wondering why I'm still here, then I crawl out of bed and deal with what today brings until I turn in at night. I never did nature retreats, as such, but I loved being on a stream, pond or lake, or at the sea, fishing, it was my passion and solace for a very long time, and then it wasn't there any more. I got the same relief working in my garden and paddling white water rivers, which held me together as I was moving away from practicing law. After the spirit stuff started happening, there was no where to go to get away from that :-), but I often did drive a little ways to some remote place and sit on a rock or under a tree until I fell asleep or went into an altered state and stayed there some more. For sensitive people, much of what goes on is rough, and the more empathic a person is, the rougher it is, as such a person absorbs the surrounding vibes, energies. I have a friend a generation below me, who can barely stand to be around people, because she picks up inside herself what is going on with them. My G.I. tract picks up what I'm engaging that isn't lovely, and as I work through it, the sewage treatment plant surrenders and I start feeling better until the next time, which is soon. There is a guy on Substack named Radio Free Rulu, whom you might like, if you haven't found him already. Truth, Beauty, Love breathe pretty good there, too.

In my email inbox three days ago.

Best of All Possible Worlds

By: Arthur Schopenhauer

POETIC OUTLAWS

MAR 7

“Life is deeply steeped in suffering, and cannot escape from it; our entrance into it takes place amid tears, at bottom its course is always tragic, and its end is even more so.”

—Schopenhauer

We have been investigating the primary, elementary characteristics of human life at the most universal level, with a view towards convincing ourselves a priori that human life is dispositionally incapable of true happiness, that it is essentially a multifaceted suffering and a thoroughly disastrous condition.

Now we could arouse a much more vivid conviction in ourselves if we wanted to take a more a posteriori approach and deal with particular cases, evoking images and giving examples of the unspeakable misery that both history and experience show, wherever and however we look.

But then there would be no end to this chapter, and we would be removed from the standpoint of universality that is essential to philosophy.

If, finally, we were to bring to the sight of everyone the terrible sufferings and afflictions to which his life is constantly exposed, he would be seized with horror.

If we were to conduct the most hardened and callous optimist through hospitals, infirmaries, operating theatres, through prisons, torture-chambers, and slave-hovels, over battlefields and to places of execution; if we were to open to him all the dark abodes of misery, where it shuns the gaze of cold curiosity, and finally were to allow him to glance into the dungeon of Ugolino where prisoners starved to

death, he too would certainly see in the end what kind of a world is this "best of all possible worlds."

For whence did Dante get the material for his hell, if not from this actual world of ours?

Still, I cannot hold back from declaring here that optimism, where it is not just the thoughtless talk of someone with only words in his flat head, strikes me as not only an absurd, but even a truly wicked way of thinking, a bitter mockery of the unspeakable sufferings of humanity. Do not think for a moment that Christian doctrine is favourable to optimism; on the contrary, in the Gospels, 'world' and 'evil' are used as almost synonymous expressions.

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

Maybe Dante found some of that hell in himself, as well?

In one part of my life, the serious part, it looks to me that, in the main, humanity has proved Darwin got it backward, in that humans did not descend from apes, but devolved from apes. In my "normal" life, I have several areas where there is a good bit of social interaction, which mostly is fun and I like a lot of the people. But mostly, I can't talk about anything serious with them. I feel fortunate to have one person I can discuss really serious shit, level of soul stuff, as well as human miseries and not of this world stuff he and I experience ongoing. Based on what he reports being told by angels known in the Bible, humanity is not doing very well.

Like I can't see on television and in online news articles and forums and in conversations with people I know what is going on?

Such is not usually the case a Poetic Outlaws, nor at Free Radio Rulo, Nebraska, which graced my email inbox with yet another priceless yarn yesterday. Click the link to be able to enjoy the accompanying music 🎧.

The Day the Music Died

Short Story by Jim

https://freeradiorulo.substack.com/p/the-day-the-music-died?utm_source=post-email-title&publication_id=2162994&post_id=142438563&utm_campaign=email-post-title&isFreemail=true&r=8wjd3&triedRedirect=true&utm_medium=email

FREE RADIO RULO

MAR 8, 2024



Flash W Peterson was a beloved local eccentric from my hometown of Rulo who had to navigate town on a lawn mower due to his poor vision preventing him from ever obtaining a proper driver's license. Out of work and facing tough times, Flash found himself in need of a place to

stay. Fortunately, his good buddy Garland came to his aid, offering a lawn mowing job and a place to stay in his old the camper parked in his backyard. Garlan extended an electrical cord to the camper so Flash could have access to electricity for the basic necessities.



Anyway, Flash had quite the setup in the camper. He was a vinyl collector and an audio enthusiast who loved to tinker with sound equipment. With a \$10,000 stereo system and a priceless turntable, Flash created a haven for all night music lovers. He often invited friends over late at night to enjoy the high-quality sound of his stereo system and indulge in some recreational uppers in order to really feel the music.



Flash was a huge fan of club music, particularly the beats from the 1990's UK scene. Every night he'd blast "Born Slippy" from the movie *Trainspotting* on repeat, transporting himself and his friends into a euphoric trance. They'd lose themselves in the music, waving glow sticks and embrace each other with good vibes and shared cosmic consciousness. Even on weeknights, they'd keep the energy high, dancing and chewing on pacifiers until the early hours of the morning in Garland's backyard camper. Flash even created his own "Extended Born Slippy Mix" he preformed on special occasions.

Anyway, as you might have guessed, Garland, the owner of the camper, wasn't too thrilled about the constant noise and the soaring electric bill from Flash's late-night escapades. Garland ran his own mowing business and had to wake up early every morning for work. However, Flash often didn't emerge until noon, too hung-over to do any mowing or even run the weed whip.

This increasingly irritated Garland. Not only was Flash not paying rent, but every night, the relentless pounding of his "Born Slippy Extended Mix" tested Garland's patience. He also felt somewhat resentful that Flash never extended an invitation for him to DJ the party. Garland would have loved to spin some Grateful Dead deep cuts, smoked some tiny little rolled marijuana doobs with the boys after a long day of mowing. Maybe he would have put on his boot leg of "Dark Star" from the Fillmore East on February 13, 1970.

Anyways, the invention never materialized, and one warm July evening, Garland reached his breaking point. In a fit of rage, only halfway through Flash's "Born Slippy Mega Mix", Garland abruptly pulled the extension cords plug from the camper. From that moment onward, every night at 7 p.m. sharp, the power to Flash's camper was cut off, and every night Flash sat alone in the dark of the camper, a broken man, in silence. While ole Garland smoked tiny little weed filled doobies in his living room, vigilantly watching the camper in the backyard like a hawk very content with himself listening to the Dead.

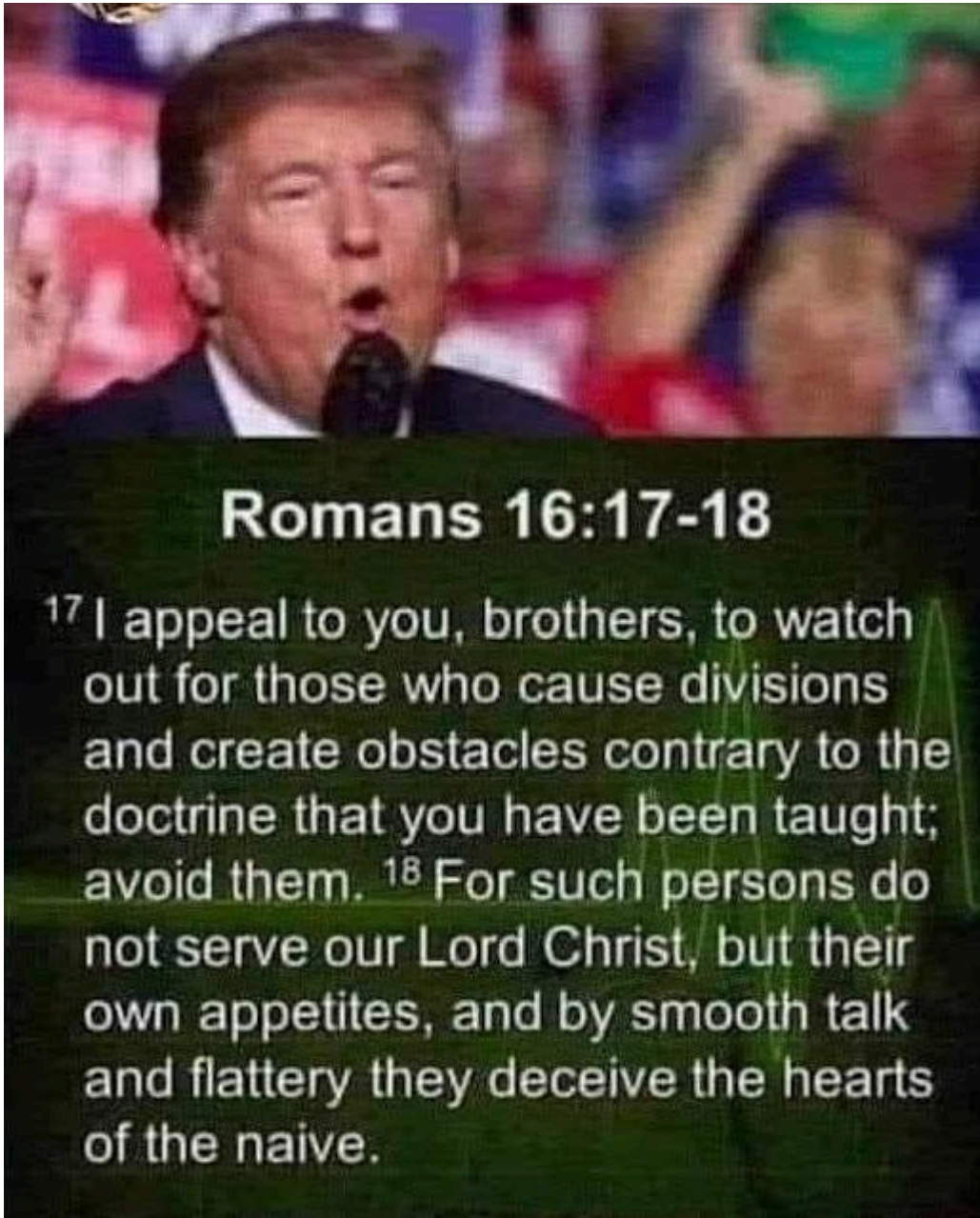
Sloan Bashinsky

Liked by Free Radio Rulo

Fucking priceless, The Grateful Dead, indeed - No good deed goes unpunished revenge :-)

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

Hey American religious right, who do you prefer, Adolph or Vladimir Trump?





From down in Floriduh where the orange beast lives...

My Two Senses

It's Like Déjà Vu All Over Again.

It's time to consider the ugly realities of 2024

OL' FLAWRIDUH CRACKER

MAR 11, 2024



The 1/6 2021 Capital Insurrection was only a botched trial run on disrupting and overturning the election to install Trump. These methods are being honed and expanded for 2024.

Barring Trump or Biden (or even both) having a fatal stroke we can now suffer months of angst in the run up of a Biden v. Trump 2024 Presidential Election rematch.

Trump and his minions are salivating over the prospect of a victory, one in which Trump becomes “Dictator for a day” minutes after taking the oath of office. Former Sen. Liz Cheney (R) accurately warned on Dec. 4th of this year that Trump’s “Dictator for a day” is a dog whistle, assuring his base that he fully intends to take authoritarian hold of the

government and “never leave.” Suffice it to say that Trump always tells us exactly what he intends to do.



The vision of Trump as a de-facto Dictator is relished by his base. In the innocuously titled 950 page [“2025 Plan”](#) of the far right **Heritage Foundation**, “Day One” launches an array of highly detailed actions and policies that will eviscerate the upper echelons of the military, as well the purging of some 50,000 career civil servants. The summarily fired employees will immediately be replaced by politically vetted Trumpista loyalists. Most of these moves are aimed at the eradication

of Federal agencies. This fifth column cadre will continue to erode if not destroy what is left of many agencies and their mandate to serve the America people.

Another aspect of “Day One” is found in the seemingly innocuous term, “The Unitary Executive.” This theory argues that there is constitutional law in which the President holds total power over all government agencies, as well as Congress and the Courts. There has never been a President in our history with this kind of power. In actuality such persons have been historically defined as dictators or authoritarians. The Unitary Executive creates a leader with a rubber-stamp government, providing only the illusion of a democratic governmental structure. There are no checks and balances, only a government that consistently aligns with the leader’s agenda.

Trump’s Ace In the Hole: National Emergency

Most Americans don’t grasp how close Trump came to declaring a state of martial law on Jan 6, 2021. The national emergency would only end when Trump decides to end it. This is what Gen. Milley was referencing in Trump’s attempt to realize a “***Reichstag Moment.***“

Milley was alluding to a time when in February of 1933 the building housing the German Parliament was burnt to the ground in the early days of Hitler’s Nazi Regime. Hitler, blaming the Communists, invoked the “Enabling Acts”, granting him extraordinary powers. Ironically the very laws the Fascist employed were created by the recently dismantled Weimar Republic in a vain attempt to quell violence and insurrection from Communists and Fascist political factions.

After declaring a state of emergency, Hitler assumed complete control of the government with an iron fist, making the Nazis the only legal party, while arresting and incarcerating thousands in concentration camps. He also shut down press outlets that did not parrot the Nazi view. The “State of Emergency” remained in Germany ending in 1945 when Hitler’s charred remains were found outside his Berlin bunker and after an estimated 65 million people world wide were dead. Today the parallel form of laws the U.S. has to deal with national emergencies are referred to as PEADs (Presidential Emergency Action Documents). Since the attacks of 9/11, Congress has embedded numerous provisions into law that can be invoked by the Executive to meet threats to our nation in what he/she deems a state of Emergency.

According to Andrew Cockburn of *Harper’s Magazine* in his November 2020, article *The Enemies Briefcase*, these documents include: suspending habeas corpus, seizing control of the internet, imposing censorship, and incarcerating so called subversives. Among other repressive measures are suspension of a free press, mass arrest and detention without trial.

It will be years in the future before we have real insight on how people in the Pentagon, and possibly Trump’s own White House, foiled Trump activating a state of national emergency in the January 6th insurrection, but the known and documented actions of Mike Pence and Gen. Milley give us a pretty clear insight on just how close we were to a Trump dictatorship.

Trump's Fellow Travelers: Who Are They and What Do They Believe?

The growth of a Christo Fascist belief system known as “Christian Nationalism” has accelerated greatly since Bush Jr. courted and embraced the support of White Evangelicals in his run for President. Today Evangelical support has elevated Trump as literally being chosen by God to fulfill their mission of returning the nation to the rule to a specific sect of Christianity. One that sees Trump as a sign of Millennialist End Times prophecies including the Rapture and of course Christ's return to annihilate all non-believers.

According to The Public Religion Research Institute (PRRI), Christians who identify as born-again or evangelical are each about five times as likely to be Christian Nationalist adherents as members of the same racial or ethnic groups who identify as Christian but not as Evangelical. According to WAPO on the recent primaries and recent PRRI polls and research, Trumps base includes:

- 36% over the age of 65
- 37% are under 50
- 52% identify as very Conservative
- 46% are women (who have previously supported Trump)
- White Evangelicals who flock to him (70% according to data from PRRI)
- 71% of White Evangelical Christian Nationalists embrace “Replacement Theory”
- Close to 70% agree that the man is the head of the household, with a wife who submits to his leadership

More Than Simple Opinions

The propensity of Evangelical Christian Nationalists to incorporate or append a host of Fascist ideologies into their dogma is well supported by research polling.

We know from history and research that : “Replacement Theory” is a belief held in **racial supremacy**, and it is supported by Christian Nationalists. According to PRRI 55% believe that immigrants are invading the U.S. and are “replacing our cultural and ethnic background.” They hold that women should be submissive to husbands. This is practice that further fuels and supports **misogyny**. These belief are all part of the Christian Nationalist religious world view.

That millions of Americans today see these belief as sanctioned a God and that he chose Donald Trump to realize his “plan” forecasts serious consequences for our Democratic Republic.

When People *Know* God Sanctions Their Beliefs, Bad Things Are Sure to Follow

If Biden wins:

A repeat of election denial with likely armed terrorism and insurrectionist assaults on Federal and State levels. January 6th insurrectionist activity will ratchet up on a nationwide scale, involving assaults on State Legislatures.

If Trump wins:

Instead of a focus on the real challenges we face in creating an egalitarian society that tackles issues like universal health care, free education, and never ending imperialistic warfare, much less saving

ourselves from climate change; will be consumed by holding off a Fascist State.

Trump will initiate the 2025 Plan of the Heritage Foundation inevitably leading to protests by Democrats and/or Democracy supporters in the streets. The ensuing violence (fomented by Trump agent provocateurs posing as and/or blaming Antifa) will provide the pretext for Trump's declaration of a National State of Emergency.

That's when our long national nightmare truly begins.

Sloan Bashinsky Sloan's Newsletter

I think you nailed it and now remains which apocalypse dystopia the 2024 presidential election delivers.

I think it was in 2016 that I first learned of the *Vanity Fair* interview of Ivana Trump, who was quoted saying, when she was married to Donald, he kept a book of Hitler's speeches in a cabinet on his side of their bed and sometimes he read it at night.

A fellow named Trevor Ravenscroft explained in his book, *The Spear of Destiny*, how a powerful demon infiltrated Adolph Hitler and enhance him, and did the same to Hitler's inner circle, and infiltrated most of the German population. Deja vu in America today.

I am pretty sure a demon also is working on Biden, back up plan, but he has a ways to go to remind us of Hitler.

Ol' Flawriduh Cracker

Sloan, reference Hitler being infiltrated. Let's just assume that anti-Semitism throughout Europe including Germany, England, Russia and France was always there. Ironically, it is mindset that crosses class distinction. Thus a loser street person like Hitler, could share a united bigotry with Richard Wagner and Henry Ford Sr.

Trump discovered, as Hitler had previously, that many people found genuine excitement and satisfaction in a personality that would say the things in open forums that they were too fearful of saying unless it was in the confines of close friends. One reason there are so many Trump wannabes is that once they realize they will not be financially or physically punished and that literally millions feel as they do, then it's like a hit of cocaine.

Biden on the other hand is more concerned with a pretty much post WWII vision of America. America as a positive engine with a robust economy, with a well meshed safety net, and supportive of the plight of others throughout the world living under tyranny.

America as the "Good Guy." It's a story we tell ourselves to avoid the sausage making details on how we make the world safe for large scale corporations, as we spread democracy to people who for the most part live in tribal societies whose "government" seldom goes beyond that of a village chief. I suppose you could describe this as many have as "Pax Americana."

Hitler for me is proof that charismatic leaders and their minions are cults that get quickly out of control, usually under the quest for a mythic past that never existed.

Love you Sloan, but sometimes your "spirituality" is kinda spooky.

Sloan Bashinsky

Heck, God is kinda spooky and Trump and his hordes seem to have forgotten that passage in the Old Testament about fear of the Lord being the beginning of wisdom. I think you summed up America pretty well.

Ol' Flawriduh Cracker

It is clearly disturbing how many people find a uniting of motives between a Fascist Trump and a Centrist Biden.

There is plenty to improve and fix even running a nation within say the vision of Republicans in the Eisenhower era, who saw FDR as a genuine threat to the dream of rampant Capitalism as a normal state of a free economy.

I just hope we can push the Fascist back far enough to regain footing for making a better society before we end up setting the table for Techno Feudalism

Thanks for comments!

Sloan Bashinsky

Trump woke up and energized what was always there. This is obvious to me, who was born and raised in Birmingham, Alabama. The Klan, the South, the Christian crusaders, have risen again, and they love Trump, even though he is a spoiled New York trust fund brat, debt welcher, adulterer, pussy grabber, who brags about it, who dodged the draft and bowed to the Saudi prince who had a journalist chopped up into little pieces, and got bailed out financially 3 times by Saudi Arabia. What's happening in America is similar to what has happened in Palestine and the Middle East. What's happening in America is right wing religious fanatics vs. everyone else, and what's amazing is, Trump has never pretended to be religious, but he knows how to wind them up and pull their strings, and in that sense he is their Adolph Hitler.



Lisa J Miller

There is NO comparison between Biden and Trump. None. One cares about America and keeping our Democracy and the other does not. Freedom vs. Fascism. That's our very stark choice in November.

Sloan Bashinsky

Trump is a monster becoming more monstrous, and he has a huge following. Unlike 1930s Germany, where Hitler became messianic, well over half of Americans do not view Trump as their messiah. If Trump loses in November, it may well get very nasty, but Biden, if he is president and still lives, or Harris, probably will have the Generals and Admirals on their side, and perhaps the national guards. However, if Trump wins in November, and he tries to do what Putin did in Russia, will the Generals and Admirals stop him?

Ol' Flawriduh Cracker

In looking at some pretty reliable stats on gun ownership it appears that the ratio of gun ownership between Rep and Dem is 2 to 1 for Reps. I think collectively they are far more comfortable with violence.

I might add that Hitler's Nazi party did quite poorly for several elections and then had massive and sudden acceleration. So, in our situation the Independents (40%) provide that grist.

I can also assure you that the military (conservative by nature) is rife with Christian Nationalists and far right types. Whether they can be promoted in rank by a victorious Trump remains to be seen.

Sloan Bashinsky

You are correct that the military has many Trumpers, and we don't see that being discussed on CNN or even on FOX. As for private gun ownership, I think the left is starting to catch up, but it still has a ways to go. Who has White House and can replace

department heads and fire Generals and Admirals has a great deal of power. If you look a film footage and photos of MAGA rallies, Jan 6 mob, Charlottesville Confederate monuments removal protest, you see lots of white people. *Res ipsa loquitur*, the thing speaks for itself.

Lisa J Miller

That's a very good question. Many of the Evangelicals do believe he is the "chosen one" and is sent by God so we can't forget that. I was talking with my Dr. about all of this and he says the Generals would not go along with Trump but we can't forget the Proud Boys and Oath Keepers etc. Also the 12,000,000 supporters (they estimate) who would not hesitate to do violence on his behalf. Any way you look at it it's going to be a roller coaster ride. Buckle up.

Ol' Flawriduh Cracker

These 12 million are a vital tool for Trump. He can use them as his Brownshirts or as agent provocateurs or both to justify them as "good people" or to declare martial law... Either way, it does not bode well.

Sloan Bashinsky

I think it helps to view Trump and his various legions are a religion and he is their high priest, ayatollah, etc. They remind me a lot of radical Islam, and of what happened in Germany leading up to World War II. They are certain they are right, and God is with them all the way, and they cannot be persuaded otherwise, and if you get in their faces about it, there is no telling how they might respond. Death by stroke, which might or might not be viewed as Act of God or assassination by Trump's legions, might be the America's best hope.

If Trump gets back in the White House, they will be his brownshirts. How the different branches of the federal

government might deal with that cannot be predicted, but I hope the military does not cave.

The Supreme Court is paving the way for Trump and his legions to take control of the federal government and public schools and even people's bedrooms.

You might wish to read my post about the Supreme Court ruling Amendment 14, Section 3 cannot be enforced by the states, but the Supreme Court could have enforced it, but all 9 justices declined, and 5 of the Republicans said only Congress can enforce 14/3. Here's a link. I'm a lawyer, I clerked for a US District Judge.

<https://redneckmysticlawyerforpresident.blogspot.com/2024/03/amendment-14-justice-for-all-except.html>

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

**Classified Documents: a well-meaning forgetful when convenient old man
vs. an old cocaine addict diaper shitter lecher tyrant**



My friend Bob, who does the tech work for The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast and my books at the free internet library, archive.org, told me this morning of seeing something posted on Reddit yesterday about President Biden not soiling his pants on certain important occasions.

Bob said that he dug further into online lore and discovered it was a reference to times Donald Trump had shit in his pants on important occasions, one of which was while meeting with the President of Turkey.

Bob described a press conference Trump gave when he was president, during which he abruptly said he had to take an important phone call and there was the sound of a wet fart and he walked off the stage and left.

Bob said he found stuff online of someone who worked with Trump on The Celebrity Apprentice TV show, who said Trump used a lot of cocaine

cut with Mannitol, which is used as a diuretic to treat kidney failure and as a laxative for babies, long use of which can cause adults to become incontinent.

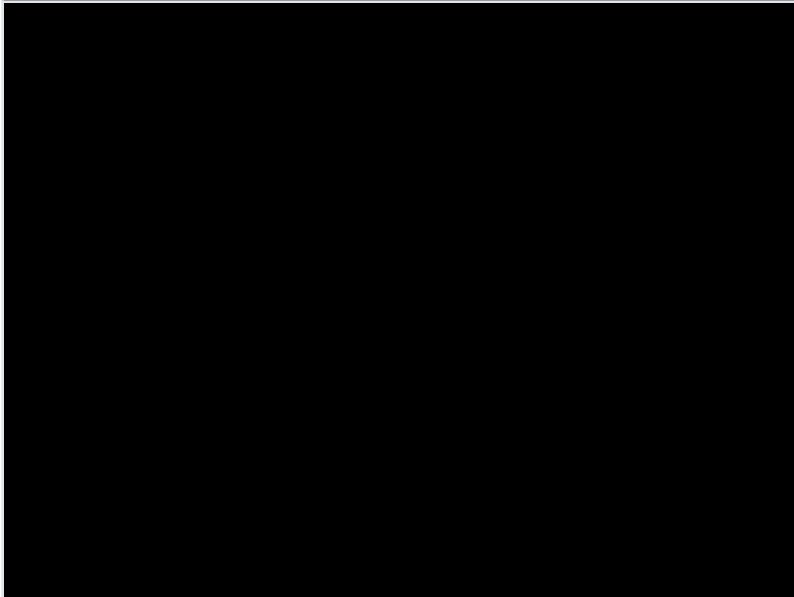
I google-searched “Trump shit his pants” and found:

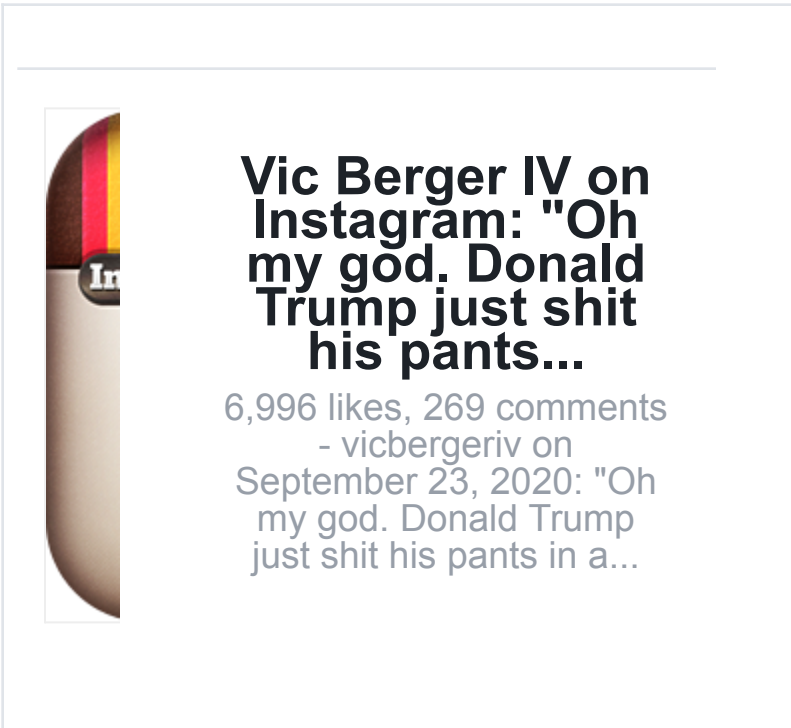
7K+ likes · 3 years ago

<https://www.instagram.com/reel/CFf2cCWF1lh/?hl=en>

Vic Berger IV on Instagram: "Oh my god. Donald Trump just shit his pants in a press conference and had to run out of there.

@realDonaldTrump #MAGA #KAGA"





Then, Bob sent me this YouTube interview below of the fellow from The Celebrity Apprentice, who details Trump's cocaine and Adderall addictions, and Trump's incontinence, Trump wears Depend liners and a corset, he has a long strands of hair that he weaves with hair spray, and how he misbehaved in the studio with young women contestants and with his daughter Ivanka, who gave him a lap dance, and who later told him to hold up a Bible in front of St. John's in Washington, D.C.



I think every American, and every person on the planet, should watch this 20-minute interview of someone who knew Donald Trump well.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FnK164efOB0&ab_channel=GrouchyMarx

Mister Trump - And His Drug and Diaper Problems





Mister Trump - And His Drug and Diaper Problems

I wondered where I was hiding in a cave so that I did not know about all of that until today?

I wondered why CNN, President Biden and the Democrats aren't slinging that shit show all over the place?

I wondered if that, and Stormy Daniels and E. Jean Carroll, are why Melania doesn't live with Trump?

I wondered how many foreign leaders know about it?

I wondered how FOX, Republicans and MAGAs, The Wall Street Journal, Business Week and Forbes Magazine spin it?

I read online yesterday that, when asked if he would debate Trump, who is demanding a debate, President Biden said Trump doesn't behave.

During their first debate in 2016, hosted by CNN's Wolf Blitzer, Trump kept interrupting and talking over Biden, and kept interrupting and talking over Blitzer, and I wanted to blitz Blitzer for not turning off Trump's mic.

During the New York civil prosecution of Trump's companies for overstating their assets to get favorable low interest loans for lucrative investments, Justice Arthur F. Engoron could not get Trump to shut up.

If I were President Biden, I would tell Trump that he is still throwing tantrums and shitting in his diapers and presidential debates are for grown ups, and I would give Trump and Wolf Blitzer links to the above Instagram and YouTube videos, and I would call a press conference and recount all of that to the journalists and give them the links.

Shifting gears, after watching President Biden's State of the Union Address, which I reported in the [state of the plagued union America](#) post, I watched some of Alabama's junior U.S. Senator Katie Britt's rebuttle on behalf of the Republican Party. When Britt lamented an illegal immigrant sexually assaulting a woman and how terribly that had affected her, I wondered how terribly affected she was over Trump bragging about being able to get away with grabbing women's pussies because he was a celebrity, and how that played in the minds of the E. Jean Carroll v. Donald Trump New York state court jury, which found Trump guilty of sexually assaulting Carroll?

On CNN yesterday morning, I watched about an hour of Special Prosecutor Robert Hur, who has a stellar record as a federal prosecutor,

and is a natural born citizen son of Korean Immigrants, and a registered Republican, who speaks English better than President Biden, Donald Trump and myself, be quizzed, insulted and lambasted by Republicans in Congress for his decision not to prosecute President Biden for hanging onto classified documents after he was Vice President under President Barack Obama, because Biden was a well-meaning, forgetful old man a jury probably would sympathize with and not convict.

The Republicans got Hur to say, yes, there was a tape recording of Biden telling a ghostwriter that he had only recently discovered he had a lot of classified documents, but when later asked about that by Hur, Biden said he did not remember saying that to the ghostwriter.

Having recently watched Biden speak for 70 minutes in his State of the Union Address to Congress, demonstrating terrific cognitive function and memory for an 81-year-old man, which is my age, I concluded Biden had lied to Hur, and I wished the Republicans had told Hur that in plain English, and that he should indict and prosecute Biden, so that Donald Trump cannot claim Special Prosecutor Jack Smith's classified documents prosecution case against Trump is political and deprives him of equal protection under the laws, and perhaps Hur then would have coughed up that, well, in truth, the U.S. Department of Justice has a longstanding policy of not prosecuting sitting presidents.

When Democrats in Congress expressed outrage that Hur played politics by besmirching Biden's state of mind by calling him forgetful. I thought they ignored that Biden proved in his State of the Union Address that he is sharp as a tack mentally and thus he had lied to Hur about not remembering what he told the ghostwriter, and but for the Department of Justice's policy of not prosecuting sitting presidents, Hur should indict and prosecute Biden.

I agreed with Hur, that when confronted by federal authorities, Biden cooperated fully with finding and returning a whole lot of classified documents in his possession, including a lot of his own handwritten notes, whereas when confronted by federal authorities, Trump did not cooperate

and did plenty to try to prevent turning over the classified documents, some of which he had shared with other people to impress them.

As a former law clerk to a United States District Judge who presided over every criminal prosecution in North Alabama, and as a former practicing attorney and political Independent, I say nobody is above the law and screw the Department of Justice's policy of not prosecuting a sitting president who has committed a federal crime. Trump and Biden both should be prosecuted for mishandling classified documents, and both should be barred from being president again because of mishandling classified documents.

As for their criminal punishment, the federal sentencing guidelines require federal judges to be harsher on Trump than on Biden, because Biden cooperated and Trump did not.

To wind up today's post, a poem emailed to me last night by an old lawyer I met in Jack Flats Sports Bar in West, where we had many conversations over several years' time. I emailed him back, that his poem is lovely. I think his poem pretty well sums up what has happened to America, and it should be read each day Congress is in session.

WHEN SWEETNESS LOST HER WAY

I can't remember when or how
I don't recall the day.
We'll say it was a while ago.
About the time the handshake died
along with plain fairplay.
And somewhere right about that time,
Sweetness lost her way.

Oh, you're right to ask about Sweetness.
You likely never knew her, not at all.

She was the milkman's deft delivery
in the quiet before dawn
when he knew how much my working dad
needed that extra hour.

The kid who'd fight for a ball or strike
and skin a fist or break a tooth
yet straggling hurt on his way home
would guard a busy crossing
for an old one that he didn't know – not at all.

She held the door and so much more
I can't begin to tell you.
She'd smile and wait her turn in line
and never butt or push or gripe.

You never knew her.

Each year she'd ring the kettle's bell
At Christmas for the Army
They passed her by; some scoffed (and worse);
Sweetness just smiled and rang the bell.

I saw her headed down the way
and caught a sudden chilly fear
the kind you feel when death is near.
I tried to cry – my throat was dry;
then screamed from dreamy half-sleep
and saw the bleary image of her ghost,
as she trudged a slow but steady pace;
As though she knew her time and place, in this space,
was gone.

She was right.

Gentility in business life has long since been forgotten.
Professionalism?
Get out, old man; we'll through your ass beneath our bus!
What's mine is mine and yours is ours.
No time to teach or lend or mend or care or heal.
Just close the deal!

Day to day, it's much the same.
Love thy neighbor? – play a game?
Tell me who upon your street
You know by name to stop and greet.
Remember in our parents' time?
Sweetness can recall.

Sweetness isn't lost at all;
It's us. Yes, you and me.
We've lost our common kindness
Our patience and forgiveness;
Our habit just to smile and stop and ask;
“How are you?”
And mean it.

Replace the misdelivered mail
as if it weren't a chore.
Or chase the next-door neighbor's dog
and gently take her home, snuggled safely in your arms.

Oh yes; Sweetness is out there, somewhere, I guess.
Rueful smile and gleasoning tear.
Mostly sickened to the core.

But lost?

“Aw nawsur, Miss Sweetness? She ain't lost.
She just don't live here anymore.”

God makes queer people, too



Key West rainbow parade

Ok younguns, around dawn this Ides of March, I dreamed about one of you and it caused me to think, “To tell the truf, politics and religion in America reveal everything you never wanted to know about America.”

My old Jewish friend in Key West, Sam Kaufman, who is a city commissioner and a practicing attorney, told me one day in his office that my talking about my dreams didn’t bother him, because Jewish people think dreams come from God.

That one of you I dreamed about last night was born a cross-wired girl, who always felt she was a boy, and there was nothing she could do about it, because that was how God made her, and since God doesn’t make mistakes, that was how God wanted her to be.

If my blaming God turns people off, then I just as easily can blame Mother Nature, but no way I ever can blame that babyfossil for what she had no control over, religious views to the contrary notwithstanding.

Eventually, with her parents blessing, that cross-wired baby fossil had surgery that made her more male and she became much happier, and while that wasn't easy for someone as long in the tooth as I am to wrap his mind around, I knew very well what its like to live in a body that doesn't seem to suit me, and if I there was surgery that would make my cranky bowel be less cranky, I would have that surgery done, and I don't see how God could be angry with me for that, any more than God is angry with our beloved she who became a he.

For you see, what is important to God is what's in our hearts, and how we live - actions speak louder, than what we say about ourselves or even what we think. That's what that Jewish guy Jesus in the Gospels was all about: doing the next right thing, live and let live, leave the judging to God, and God will not judge you

That's not a big seller in some religious and political circles, and I am as guilty as the next person of judging and finger-pointing when I think someone with influence has gone off the rails and become a menace.. But I do not judge queer people, who cannot be who some straight people think they should be, because their Bible tells them so, because it ain't natural. because whatever.

I'll let you in on a secret, babyfossils. I think people who get wyrdd about queer people deep down inside are wyrd themselves, but they don't know it; or they know it, but pretend outwardly that it isn't so. They pretend, because they hate being wyrd, because their Bible, or something, tells

them being wyrd is bad, so they make sure nobody thinks they are wyrd, by being really against wyrd people.

Bible people's favorite saint is St. Paul. I say that, because I heard Christians quote St. Paul far more than they quoted Jesus.

If you read St. Paul's letters, you see he thought more highly of men than he did of women, and he told his followers that he wished they were like him, celibate. And, although Jesus never did it, Paul condemned homosexuality as an abomination.

When Paul was Saul of Tarsus, and was getting Christians crucified by the Roman government if they did not renounce Jesus, he was a Jewish Pharisee, and as such, he had, as did every Jewish man, a solemn duty to God to marry and have children and increase the numbers of God's chosen people. Yet, there is nothing in Paul's letters about him having a wife and children, and I suppose every woman around Paul knew he was gay.

In 1996, I explained all of that to several gay men in Birmingham, some years younger than me, after the minister of Southside Baptist Church and my Sunday school teacher there had not convinced them to give our eclectic Sunday school class a try. After hearing what I said about Paul, they decided to attend our Sunday school class and they really liked it.

About 20 years later, there was a big flap in Key West, where the weird are said to go.pro, about LBGT people, who made up around 20 percent of the people in the city. I went to a city commission meeting, and at the very end, when citizens can speak for 3 minutes about anything to the mayor and commissions and the public watching on the local TV station and live streaming, I recounted what I had told the young gay men in Birmingham about St. Paul.

I later read in one of the American Episcopal Bishop John Shelby Spong's newsletters that he thought Paul's thorn in the flesh was he was gay.

I think about 2008, a lesbian woman named Teri Johnston was elected to the Key West City Commission. I thought she was the best city commissioner the city ever had. She was unbeatable when her commission seat came up for election every 4 years, but she wore out, I thought, trying to get the city government do better, and she retired.

In 2018, I ran for mayor the 6th time, and Teri ran for mayor, and she won, and she got reelected easily in in 2020 and 2022, but she decided not to run in 2024, even though she could have won. I think she got tired again of trying to get the city government to do better.

Also while I lived in Key West, the city's county commission seat was held by a lesbian woman named Heather Carruthers from 2008 through 2016, as I recall.

At a Key West Business Guild candidate forum in Key West, in 2010, when I was running for the county commission, the candidates were asked to state there position on LBGT people needing to feel safe in the Florida keys. The Business Guild had been started by LBGT people.

When my time to speak came, I said that topic is very personal to me, because my brother Major was bisexual in the closet in Birmingham, and someone found out and was leaning on him in some way, threatening to out him publicly, and there was nothing he could do to stop it, and he killed himself and tried to make it look like murder.

Major lived in San Francisco, then in Key West, then in St. Petersburg, before moving back to Birmingham and meeting a woman I knew and they got married and had two children, and he tried living a double life. We became estranged after he realized he could not persuade me that he was not bisexual, which my first wife, your grandmother, and my second wife, had known since the 1970s, and it never mattered to us. We merely hoped he would find happiness.

I tell you these things, babyfossils, because a lot of religious people in America are very prejudiced against LGBT people, and there is nothing that can be done to change their minds, and it might be dangerous to try to change their minds, so deep is their prejudice and so convinced are they that God is on their side. Unless you live in a place like Key West, it's safer and maybe smarter, I think, to leave them alone and stay out of their way, than get in their faces about LGBT people.

Our beloved she who became a he lives in a part of America where queer people are better received than other parts of the country, and I hope he will simply do what he enjoys doing and keeps his head down and lets time and God work on the people who have a big charge about queer people. It takes a very long time for rivers to round and smooth stones in the river bed, and St. Paul made that process a lot slower for people who don't like LGBT people.

Imagine what it did to the psyche of Christendom for its favorite St. to be a celibate in the closet gay man.

Imagine what it did to the psyche of Christendom for its Trinity to be all male. How do such a God reproduce?

In Judaism, the Spirit of God is called Shekinah, female gender.

I told the Key West City Commission that, too.

Grandfossil

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

How I became The Anti-Capitalist despite being abducted by aliens



Okay, younguns, a bunch of dreams lately, and some ruminations, and the adventuresome guy that publishes *Poetic Outlaws* most days and one of his readers, and a drop dead hilarious guy in nowhere Nebraska conspired to persuade me to explain to you today how, why, etc. I became The Anti-Capitalist 😎.

P.S. Be sure to click on the link for Free Radio Rulo in one of my comments, and read what that free spirit wrote and his and my perhaps only slightly significant discussion of ETs being bad omens 😎.



Being Alive

By: D.H. Lawrence

POETIC OUTLAWS

MAR 18, 2024

Life is ours to be spent, not to be saved.

—D. H. Lawrence

The only reason for living is being fully alive;
and you can't be fully alive if you
are crushed by secret fear,
and bullied with the threat:
Get money, or eat dirt! —
and forced to do a thousand mean
things meaner than your nature,
and forced to clutch on to possessions
in the hope they'll make you feel safe,
and forced to watch everyone that
comes near you, lest they've
come to do you down.

Without a bit of common trust
in one another, we can't live.

In the end, we go insane.

It is the penalty of fear and meanness,

being meaner than our natures are.
To be alive, you've got to feel a
generous flow, and under a
competitive system that is impossible, really.
The world is waiting for a new great
movement of generosity,
or for a great wave of death.
We must change the system,
and make living free to all men,
or we must see men die,
and then die ourselves.

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

Liked by Poetic Outlaws

Given how it turned out, Lawrence was a prophet.
Born in 1942, I've seen America morph into something grotesque
beyond my childhood's wildest imaginings.
In elementary school, the only novels I wanted to read were science
fiction. Literature didn't do shit for me. Nor did poetry.
I wasn't a happy kid, and I suppose science fiction was my way of
escaping my personal despair, an alternate reality which had never
happened, but could have, whereas literature and poetry was looking
backward as shit coming back around in my own life?
When I can bring myself to watch CNN news for a little while, or read
online news about my country tis of thee, and about other parts of the
world, I see very little to cause me to be hopeful, and a great deal to
cause me to wonder if the best thing for humanity is the planet makes
a giant sneeze and shakes off the fleas that are destroying it.

Unable to do anything about any of it, but what leaves my kitchen as scraps, for I need a car to drive and to survive where I live, and I am too old and physically impaired now to live outdoors in a tent like I did when I was broke and homeless, I'm killing the planet, too.

As I sit in my apartment, killing time by reading stuff online and shooting off my old mouth on my laptop keyboard, and watching Netflix and Amazon movies and serials, and some sports I still like, and playing chess and bridge with friends and online, while waiting on the Lord to take me, sooner, hopefully, than later, as my failing body causes me far more grief than happiness.

The young have so much to look forward to, which they yet cannot begin to imagine. Perhaps they would be better off if not only the good among them, but all of them die young? I can imagine the planet would be happier without humanity.

But for what was written down on paper, and later on cyberscript, and made into films and podcasts, and art and architecture, of what humanity once was could have been instead, would an alien species visiting a planet whose so-called sentient beings were no longer give them even a first thought?

My father and his father were very successful capitalists, and that was their religion, and church was perhaps where they went to repent? I very much wanted to be a great capitalist, too, but either my soul didn't cotton to it, or maybe it was the devil.

Thank God my father suggested I take a typing course my first year in high school, when neither of us knew my soul was a poet, my heart was a pen and my blood was ink, and the Muse was my jealous mistress.

But, my God, did it take such a very long time for me to figure all of that out.

Lasita

Lasita's Substack

DH Lawrence's piece uplifted me. I suggest you write a poem, finding reasons to be grateful for your one precious life.

I do empathize with your sadness but I need to contradict some of those feelings when I feel them — in order that I bring joy to the world and not depression.

Sloan Bashinsky

Thanks, Lawrence wrote what he saw and experienced. It was not very pretty, but it was very real. He's been physically dead and gone for a good while, and maybe he's easier to read and salute than if he were doing his thing today?

I do feel grateful that I eventually woke up and the poet, novelist and writer in me took over. A great deal of it is told in various books of fiction, non-fiction and stranger than fiction at the free internet library, archive.org.

What you call depression for me is stark cold truth. Joy for me is the precious moments, when something wonderful breaks out and runs free despite the horrific miasms around it. For example, something at Radio Free Rulu yesterday, which can be reached by clicking this link: https://freeradorulo.substack.com/p/news-from-rulo-928?utm_source=profile&utm_medium=reader2

There are no fig leaves in paradise, nor any secrets. The good, the bad, the ugly, the beautiful, and even the horrific are in plain view.

I'm 81, and I don't know where you are in your timeline. I went through Christianity, and when it didn't help, I plunged into the New Age, which

mostly focused on the bright side, which energized the dark side even more.

Then, I gave up and asked God to help me and offered my life to human service. Be careful what you ask for.

Angels grabbed me and told me I would be pushed to my limits, and oh my God, it was all over but the shouting. They turned me upside down, inside out, and every which way but loose, and stood me before endless mirrors looking at me, and at everything else, too. My perspective of everything changed. They are still at it. NO, I don't attend church. I don't know when I'm ever not in church.

Along the way, with help from a woman friend around 2008, I discovered Leonard Cohen, whose line, "There is a crack in everything, that's how the light gets in," pretty much summed it up, I thought.

Yet was Cohen asked, as I was in my sleep in 2004, "What do you think of the species?" I woke up and said, "I wish you had not asked me that, but since you did, look at how I'm doing after all the angel help I've gotten, and it ain't very pretty. So, here's what I think. The species has lost its creativity and is cloning itself spiritually and devolving, and perhaps the kindest thing that can be done is to remove the species from this planet and put it somewhere it has a better chance of evolving. For if what angels did to me is done to the species, perhaps 500,000 people will survive it."

I later reduced that number to 50,000, then to 5,000, then to 500, then to 50.

Lasita

Lasita's Substack

Thank you for thinking and sharing so deeply. I hope to return and follow the links.

I also want to apologize for writing a suggestion that may have made you more sad and not contributed to your finding more things to be glad about.

Perhaps the fact that I cared enough to write to you can be a reason to have some hope in humanity.

Sloan Bashinsky

Again, thanks.

You did not make me more sad.

Lawrence didn't seem to have much hope for humanity, and look at how humanity went after he crossed over.

If people ask me, I tell them to forget about trying to save humanity, and focus on saving themselves, by doing their best to be who they really are, instead of what they were programmed by their parents, priests, friends, society, the government, to be.

Leave herds.

Take the path less traveled.

Be true to themselves, be genuine, authentic, regardless of the risks.

It looks to me that is what Lawrence did.

I doubt the religious right care for Lawrence, or allow his writings to be read in public schools, but his writings will haunt humanity for a long time to come :-)

Sadness for me is having a body that is breaking down and causing me to wish the Lord will take me in my sleep.

Sadness, and far worse, for me, was an infant son dying in his sleep, and several relationships with women I loved dearly, that didn't work

out, and feeling I fell far short of being the father my daughters needed me to be.

Sadness for me was failing as a capitalist, despite my Herculean efforts.

I see now that my son's death so disheveled me, that it was impossible for me to become what I had been programmed to become.

I think the cure began when I met the woman who would become my second wife, a very gifted watercolor painter, who had stopped painting.

It took her a while to tell me why.

She had borrowed \$3,000 from a son of a rich capitalist, and she was to repay him with her next three paintings. Instead, she stopped painting. I went to my bank and had them cut a \$3,000 cashier's check payable to the son of the rich capitalist. I gave her the check and she took it to him.

She still didn't want to paint, but she felt she wanted to open an art school for young children. So, I gave her the money to do that. Money I had inherited.

After a year or so, she started painting again, but she didn't want to show her work in galleries.

After a while, she agreed to show her work in a Birmingham, Alabama (our home town) gallery, and a local newspaper art critic praised her work.

She drove to the Pensacola annual outdoor art show and won first place in her medium. Later, she drove to the Disneyland annual art show and won first place in her medium.

I saw practicing law was not working out for me, and I convinced her to move with me to Santa Fe, New Mexico, which had a very large artist community.

She got into a respected gallery in Santa Fe. She wasn't making much money, but she was honoring her soul's calling, and she's still doing that all these many years later, in Santa Fe.

She very much hoped we would have children, but my physical health was horrible, and I had two young children by my first wife, and I didn't feel up to trying to raise another child.

She got pregnant twice, because she did not tolerate birth control pills, and I didn't like condoms, and her IUD was poking my penis. Abortions ended two pregnancies, and she was torn up about that, and I felt horrible for her and had a vasectomy.

Before we moved to Santa Fe, I wrote my first book, then my second, then my third. They were picked up by the Prentice-Hall Division of Simon & Schuster in New York City. I was interviewed on national, regional and local television and radio stations about the books, but Prentice-Hall was in disarray and did not have books in bookstores, and my dream of becoming a successful capitalist author were dashed.

In Santa Fe, we split up. Not long after, feeling I had failed in every way a man could fail, which was abject sadness, I made that desperate prayer to God.

Something in my second wife awakened the writer in me.

When a large inheritance came due a couple of years ago, I gladly gave her what we had agreed in our divorce settlement. It was long past time for her to stop being a starving artist in Santa Fe.

I told her yesterday in my thoughts that I was sorry that I was so messed up when she met me.

I dreamed last night about where her art school for children was located in English Village, on southern edge of Birmingham. I've been writing a book called "Grandfossil's Tales to his Grandchildren", for my own grandchildren, and for anyone else who might be interested. It's a free read at grandfossil.blogspot.com. Erik's D.H. Lawrence post today and my comment under it and your and my discussion will be the next chapter. Eventually, it will be a free read at archive.org.

Lasita

Thank you for writing again.
You are a very talented writer.

Sloan Bashinsky

Thank you, again.
For me, writing became part of my soul rhythm, and I wrote from my own personal experiences.
Being down in the dumps is one thing, but being in a dark night of the soul is much more difficult, and being in a black night of the soul, where there is no light, and all you want to do is kill yourself, is much worse, and I have experienced all of that, and much more, and somehow I'm still here, breathing, getting up each morning, greeting the day and what it brings, and engaging that.
I have lots of friends I can cut up and joke with and tease back and forth, but I only have two friends who have been some of the places, or similar places, I have been, where religion, medicine, psychology and being positive are totally out of their depth and should not pretend or presume to be able to treat.
Looking back, it's amazing to me that I didn't give up. Something was with me, helping me to keep going.
That was very personal.
The external work, although personal, required that I be detached, objective, and subjective. For much of what goes on is not easily seen

by the intellect, but can be seen, felt, sensed, if those faculties are working ok.

Humanity is in really deep shit, in the main.

The angels who have been with me since 1987 are kind, but they also are honest, and while they meet people where they are, few people are ready for the leaps that cause them to die, so to speak, and rise up an entirely different person.

I came to think that only the truly desperate are ready for such a thing, and only the very fortunate survive it.

Lasita

I live in Santa Fe ; do you still live here?

Sloan Bashinsky

I moved to Boulder, Co in 1987, and back to Birmingham in 1995, and to Key West in 2000, and back to Birmingham in 2019. Many reports and tales of all of that in my free non-fiction books and novels at archive.org, and various Google blogspots.

Several of the blogspots became books, which are at archive.com.

These two blogspots below are the newest, and they will become books. They have a sensitive content warning, which is a Google option. I use it because I pissed off a lot of people on the far right, especially, but also on the left, and there have been flags, and I wanted Google to know they were forewarned :-).

In the time order created.

redneckmysticlawyerforpresident.blogspot.com;

grandfossil.blogspot.com

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

religious worship in public schools



Ok, younguns, something about religious freedom in public schools showed up in my email today from Al.com, which used to be *The Birmingham News*. I typed my thoughts in bold:

Freedom From Religion group complains about Oak Grove's 'God, Team, Me' football motto

Updated: Mar. 20, 2024, 9:46 p.m.|Published: Mar. 20, 2024, 5:47 p.m.

By Greg Garrison | ggarrison@al.com

The Freedom From Religion Foundation has sent a letter of complaint to Oak Grove High School in west Jefferson County, alleging religious coercion on the football team.

The religious motto, "God, Team, Me," has been posted in the team's locker room and official team shirts, according to the group's complaint.

The playoff hoodies in 2023 included a Bible verse, Proverbs 27:17, the group complained.

The article left out the text:

**"As iron sharpens iron,
so one person sharpens another."**

The Freedom From Religion group, based in Madison, Wisconsin, sent a letter urging the coach to immediately stop engaging in religious activity or otherwise promoting his personal religious beliefs in his role as a football coach, and for the district to remove the godly motto and make certain that official district apparel no longer includes religious messages or bible verses

"Jefferson County Schools must ensure that this school-sponsored religious coercion ends immediately," Freedom From Religion Foundation staff attorney Chris Line wrote to Superintendent Walter B. Gonsoulin Jr.

"God team me" and "Iron sharpens iron, as one person sharpens another" look to me like religious boasting, similar to "One nation, under God" in the Pledge of Allegiance. Under God was added to the pledge when I was in elementary school, to promote America a godly country versus communist Soviet Union and Red China.

Coach Chris Musso referred requests for comment to Gonsoulin.

"We have received the letter from the Freedom from Religion Foundation, and we are reviewing it," said a statement from Superintendent Gonsoulin. "However, the Jefferson County Board of Education is on record as fully supporting the right of its students and all members of the education community to pray and engage in voluntary religious expression in school settings."

Students have the First Amendment right to be free from religious indoctrination in their public schools, the Freedom From Religion group argues.

“The district must see to it that players are not being required to pray to play or otherwise expected to wear clothing with religious slogans or walk past religious signage,” Annie Laurie Gaylor, co-president of Freedom From Religion, said. “Religious coercion in sports programs unfortunately is all-too-frequent — and these violations against freedom of conscience need to be curbed.”

Amendment I, United States Constitution

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

Amendment 14, Section 1

No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

“The district must see to it that players are not being required to pray to play or otherwise expected to wear clothing with religious slogans or walk past religious signage,” Annie Laurie Gaylor, co-president of Freedom From Religion, said. “Religious coercion in sports programs unfortunately is all-too-frequent — and these violations against freedom of conscience need to be curbed.

The group earlier this year credited itself for having a biblical verse painted on the side of a dugout removed by the Mobile County School System.

In 2023, the group criticized Auburn University for an event which featured head football coach Hugh Freeze and other prominent Auburn figures baptizing students.

This former Birmingham, Alabama practicing attorney, who grew up in a church-going family, then moved on to not knowing when he ever is not in church, doesn't see how an outfit in Wisconsin has any standing to challenge anything that happens anywhere in Alabama, which does not directly affect Wisconsin, unless that outfit has been hired by the parents of a child in an Alabama school, who object to their child been subjected to religious proselytizing in the school.

Even if The Freedom From Religion Group was headquartered in Alabama, I don't see any way the State of Alabama, though its public schools, could forbid voluntary religious expression by students- if that's as far as this goes.

However, if public school boards, superintendents, principals, teachers and/or coaches encourage or proselytize a religion on public school property, they become priests and create a church on school property, which is not part of their job description and crosses a line Amendment 1 does not allow.

While the Oak Grove school officials and its football coach and team bask in Amendment 1, they might wish to give serious consideration to what the most famous Jew in world history said about public worship:

Matthew 6:1–34

Beware of practicing your righteousness before other people in order to be seen by them, for then you will have no reward from your Father who is in heaven. 2 Thus, when you give to the needy, sound no trumpet before you, as the hypocrites

do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may be praised by others. Truly, I say to you, they have received their reward. 3 But when you give to the needy, do not let your left hand know what your right hand is doing, 4 so that your giving may be in secret. And your Father who sees in secret will reward you. 5 And when you pray, you must not be like the hypocrites. For they love to stand and pray in the synagogues and at the street corners, that they may be seen by others. Truly, I say to you, they have received their reward. 6 But when you pray, go into your room and shut the door and pray to your Father who is in secret. And your Father who sees in secret will reward you. 7 And when you pray, do not heap up empty phrases as the Gentiles do, for they think that they will be heard for their many words. 8 Do not be like them, for your Father knows what you need before you ask him. 9 Pray then like this:

“Our Father in heaven,
hallowed be your name.
10 Your kingdom come,
your will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven.
11 Give us this day our daily bread,
12 and forgive us our debts,
as we also have forgiven our debtors.
13 And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
14 For if you forgive others their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you, 15 but if you do not forgive others their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

When I attended Crestline Heights Elementary School in Mountain Brook, Alabama, during weekly convocations led by school officials, the students, including the Jewish students, were required to recite the Lord's Prayer out loud. Sometime we all sang it.

I read once upon a time that the chief author of the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson, and one of its signers, James Madison, the chief author of the Bill of Rights and thus of the First Amendment, led the charge to stop another signer of the Declaration, Patrick Henry, the Governor of Virginia, from getting the Virginia legislature to make Christianity the Virginia state religion.

I read another time that Thomas Jefferson so admired Jesus in the Gospels that he cut many pages out of the New Testament about what Jesus said and did and pasted them into a book that became known as *The Jefferson Bible*.

The Declaration of Independence contains four references to Deity, from which it draws its authority, and none of those references resemble Christian lingo.

When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights

We, therefore, the Representatives of the united States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions

And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence.

Religions mean well, but they tend to get twisted and tangled and even lost, as history has proven time and time again.

The Gospels say Jesus did not baptize in water, but in fire and spirit he lived and baptized others.

I imagine if Jesus in the Gospels were to show up in Alabama today and talk and behave as he did in the Gospels, he would be crucified by Alabama Christians.

I closing, younguns, I leave you with something that fell out of me in the spring of 1994 as fast as I could write it down:

“Sacred Prism”

Earth,

The sacred prism

through which souls are refracted

into their elemental parts,

Purified in Holy Fire,

Then one-forged

and sent on their way

to not even God knows where,

Simply because they are all

Unique Emanations of God,

Evolving . . .

C34 The Orange Turd's secret Truth Social agenda: put the US Government in a federal bankruptcy court run by a Republican judge



Ok, younguns, today I introduce the only person I grew up with in Mountain Brook, alias The Tiny Kingdom, who still puts up and cuts up with me. He knew your mommas when they were tots.

He worked his entire grown up life in a New York Stock Exchange company, and he calls Donald Trump, The Orange Turd (OT).

Once upon a time I dreamed of him being a general and I was a corporal, and I woke up figuring something I was involved in needed to be gone about the way he would do it, instead of the way I would do it.

Yesterday, The General texted me his very most recent OT sentiments, which perhaps were prompted by some really brave, or really stupid people, depending on how it turns out, agreeing to take OT's money-loser

Truth Social public, and OT will retain 60 percent of the stock and get a \$3billion windfall.

Excerpt from America's premier business publication.

Forbes Magazine

Trump's Truth Social Parent Will Go Public—Here's What Happened To His Last Publicly Traded Company

Antonio Pequeño IV/Forbes Staff

I cover breaking news.

Mar 22, 2024, 04:42pm EDT

Former President Donald Trump's social media company will go public after shareholders in Digital World Acquisition Corp approved a merger Friday, marking Trump's return to the stock market nearly 30 years after Trump's resort company went public—and experienced years of bankruptcies before it was eventually delisted from the Nasdaq.

KEY FACTS

Trump Media & Technology Group's merger with Digital World, a special-purpose acquisition company that already trades on the Nasdaq, will allow the Truth Social parent company to go public with Trump as the majority owner, potentially netting the former president a \$3 billion windfall based on current share prices.

The General's and my text banter, followed by the rest of the Forbes article, which I don't imagine OT put in his treasure chest, followed by the punch line.

The General

Next time you are in research mode, please see if the OT was correct in flag protocol at that rally in Ohio last weekend. A group of Jan 6 rioters were in attendance and sang out National Anthem. Ot, dressed in his usual blue suit and MAGA ball cap, stood and saluted. From my days in the Boy Scouts and 6 years in the US Military it was my

understanding you saluted if in uniform but otherwise removed any head gear and held it over your heart. Now, we know why the very vain OT didn't want to take off MAGA ball cap and muss his frozen with paste hairdo, but was he in compliance? I wouldn't expect him to know anything about the rules of flag protocol, naturally. Just a little something to do this weekend.

The Corporal

Roger, Gen, I'll dig deeper, but it may be as simple-minded as he believes, or pretends, he is America's lawful president. 😎

The General

Only in the role of OT in Chief!! He only qualifies for half that title, the first half.

The Corporal

He definitely is the Supreme OT. And, I wonder, the more the courts side against him, the more votes he will get.

The General

He and his fans don't seem to understand that it was the everyday folks sitting on those grand juries that voted on those indictments: they weren't dictated by some AG, DA or DOJ Special Prosecutor.

The Corporal

Nothing you or I think matters to Trump and his mobs.

I felt the best chance was the Georgia prosecutor, before she started fucking her lead assistant prosecutor and put them both on trial, when it was OT who was supposed to be on trial.

I suppose it's wait and see from here on out. The New York courts sure don't like him. Perhaps because he's from New York and they know him well.

Looks like the election this year will be over before all but maybe the NY hush money (Stormy Daniels) criminal prosecution is tried, then

the appeals if he's convicted. The Republican-controlled Supreme Court will have final say in federal prosecutions.

Grand juries usually go along with prosecutors. Trial juries have to be unanimous for convicting in criminal cases.

I'm wondering how the \$450 million appeal bond in the New York state court civil fraud case will go tomorrow after Trump announced he has \$5 billion in cash he wants to spend campaigning after he never spent his own money before on campaigns.

The General

And it looks like the run up in the SAC company that is bringing in Truth Social is tanking. Sure hate to see that. 😂😂😂

The Corporal

No comprende a company losing so much money going public.

The General

Google Truth Social public offering approved late last week.

Truth Social merger. 6\$B windfall for Trump.

The Corporal

I've been reading about that.

See no way the folks paying \$6 billion get it back.

The Trump train jumped the tracks and maybe all left is to watch new episodes of The Devil's Apprentice in my newsfeed supplemented by you. 😎

Forbes Magazine article continued

Trump Entertainment Resorts owned several Trump properties including the Atlantic City-based Trump Plaza, Trump Marina and Trump Taj Mahal, as well as the Trump Casino in Gary, Indiana, all of which are closed or have been sold to other companies.

A week after going public, Trump Entertainment Resorts used some of

the nearly \$300 million it raised to resolve many of Trump's personal debts, according to the Times—after Trump faced mounting debt issues and a turbulent Atlantic City casino market in the preceding five years.

The new company recorded losses ranging between \$40 million and \$66 million in each of the three years following its IPO, the Times reported, marking a trend that would continue and lead to the company's 2009 delisting from the Nasdaq amid one of a series of bankruptcies in 2004, 2009 and 2014, according to the Washington Post.

Trump, who owned 40% of the company's shares at the time of its debut, received more than \$44 million in compensation during his time at the company, the Post reported.

Billionaire investor Carl Icahn agreed to buy most of Trump Entertainment Resorts' bank debt in 2009, took control of the company in 2014 and later helped it become a wholly owned subsidiary of Icahn Enterprises.

FORBES VALUATION

We estimate Trump's net worth at \$2.6 billion, a figure that resulted in the former president being removed in 2023 from the Forbes 400, which lists the U.S.'s 400 wealthiest billionaires. Only \$413 million of Trump's net worth is made up of cash and liquid assets. Trump's stake in his social media company is worth an estimated \$96 million.

TANGENT

Trump's current financial troubles now stem from his legal problems, as the businessman has been tasked with paying a \$454 million bond by next week in the civil fraud case against him. He also owes writer E. Jean Carroll \$88.3 million after he was found civilly liable for sexual abuse and defamation in two separate suits. Trump's attorneys have

told a state appeals court that securing a bond for the full amount is a “practical impossibility” and asked the court to pause the judgment while the case is appealed. However, in a Truth Social post conflicting with his attorneys’, the former president said Friday he personally has \$500 million in cash, adding he plans to use “a substantial amount” of the funds for his presidential campaign.

WHAT TO WATCH FOR

Trump’s \$3 billion windfall after his media company goes public—based on DWAC’s share price—is unlikely to help him with the deadline to pay the \$454 million bond, according to experts, who have noted his inability to liquidate his stake immediately and the possibility that lenders could see it as overvalued. Trump will be prohibited from selling shares in the media company for at least six months, though it’s possible the company board could waive the restrictions if he requests it. If Trump doesn’t pay the bond for his civil fraud judgment or secure a stay on the payment, he may have assets including his Seven Springs estate and the Trump National Golf Club Westchester seized.

KEY BACKGROUND

Years prior to Trump Entertainment Resorts’ IPO, the debt on the former president’s holdings totaled \$3.4 billion, according to the Times, which reported Trump’s lenders put him on a \$450,000-a-month budget for personal and household expenses. As Trump Entertainment Resorts declined following its IPO, the company continued benefiting Trump’s personal finances. He got a \$5 million bonus in 1996, the same year the company stock tanked 70%, the Wall Street Journal reported. Trump’s company faced about \$1.8 billion in debt ahead of its 2004 bankruptcy, according to the Washington Post.

All of his adult life, OT used lawyers and the federal bankruptcy court to welch his debts, and when he needed more help, the Saudis bailed him out three times, and he’s still taking their money.

In the face of that, It don't even make zero sense to me that even one Republican wants OT telling the US Government how to manage its finances- unless it's to put the US government in a federal bankruptcy court, being run by a Republican judge, which should have been done when the U.S. Government's expenses exceeded its revenues a long, long time ago.

**C35 Baltimore star spangled banner key bridge says, Wake the fuck up,
America! Or die**



Pearl Harbor Lookout



Ok, younguns-

Poetry workshop today
thanks to a guy
whose place of worship
truth, beauty and love

still sometimes breathe



Poetic Outlaws | Substack

A place for the outlaws of poetry and the written word.



POETIC OUTLAWS

MAR 26, 2024

Credit: © Inediz Reports/Demotix/Corbis

A poet technically is supposed to be a “thief of fire” but as easily as anyone else he becomes a working stiff who drinks too much on late Friday afternoons.

— Jim Harrison

Shirtless and disheveled with his one bad eye glazed over, Jim Harrison sits at his writing desk in a dark room in his musty Montana

cabin. A writer from Esquire magazine arrives on his doorstep for an interview. Jim totters over to let him in.

The writer shows up just in time. In four months, Jim Harrison, one of the finest writers of our era, will be dead.

The stench of smoke and solitude permeates the room. It's the place he likes to hide from the anemic sensibilities and endless bustle of the modern world. "At my cabin made of logs there is less distance between inside and outside. You can smell the heart of the forest as you sleep and hear the river passing beside the north side of the cabin."

With a boozy, cigarette-soaked voice, Jim asks his magazine guest, "would you like some vodka?" as he pours himself a stiff one. Of course, this is after pounding a few glasses of Les Sang des Cailloux, a French wine that he adored.

It's 4 pm on a weekday.

Harrison was a hard yet liberal-minded man, an outdoorsman, a hunter, a walker, a food-lover, a big-hearted intuitive poet worn ragged by trying times.

He was stabbed in the eye as a child by a neighborhood girl. "I probably wouldn't have been a poet if I hadn't lost my left eye when I was a boy," he once wrote, "a neighbor girl shoved a broken bottle in my face during a quarrel. Afterward, I retreated to the natural world and never really came back."

Jim spent his late teenage years roaming around the country as an aspiring "beatnik." In his early 20s, both his father and sister were killed instantaneously in a car accident (he backed out of the trip at the last moment.) And the following decade, Jim and his wife and daughter, lived on less than \$9,000 a year as he tried to make it as a writer.

That's when he wrote his renowned novel, *Legends of the Fall*, which put him on the literary map. "I wrote *Legends of the Fall* in nine days and when I re-read it, I only had to change one word. There was no revision process. None."

By the end of Harrison's life, he'd produced 14 books of poetry, 11 novels, 9 novellas, 3 non-fiction works, and one children's book.

But what he wanted to be remembered for most was his poetry. "We are supposed to write poetry to keep the gods alive," he says with a toothless smile.

Jim Harrison died eight years ago today.

Shortly after his death, Anthony Bourdain, a huge fan of Harrison, said this: "There were none like him while he lived. There will be none like him now that he's gone."

Jim's friend and fellow writer, Thomas McGuane, in a beautiful remembrance article, writes:

"On Saturday night, my oldest friend, Jim Harrison, sat at his desk writing. He wrote in longhand. The words trailed off into scribbles and he fell from his chair dead. His strength of personality was such that his death will cut many adrift. He was seventy-eight years old and had lived and worked hard for every one of those years...He was active and creative to the end, but it was time to go: no one was less suited to assisted living."

Let's raise a toast for Jim on this fine spring day.

I'll leave you with one of my favorite poems that Harrison wrote toward the end of his life. You can find it in his excellent book—Jim Harrison: *The Essential Poems*.

Death Again

*Let's not get romantic or dismal about death.
Indeed it's our most unique act along with birth.
We must think of it as cooking breakfast,
it's that ordinary. Break two eggs into a bowl
or break a bowl into two eggs. Slip into a coffin
after the fluids have been drained, or better yet,
slide into the fire. Of course it's a little hard
to accept your last kiss, your last drink,
your last meal about which the condemned
can be quite particular as if there could be
a cheeseburger sent by God. A few lovers
sweep by the inner eye, but it's mostly a placid
lake at dawn, mist rising, a solitary loon*

*call, and staring into the still, opaque water.
We'll know as children again all that we are
destined to know, that the water is cold
and deep, and the sun penetrates only so far.*

Sloan BashinskySloan's Newsletter

Very nice, Erik.

as if death and life dictated their poem...

to write a novel and change only one word...

his Muse in full bloom,

Harrison was the paper, the ink his blood, the pen his soul, the poet
was God

I wonder if he somehow knew when his time was up?

I wonder if I will somehow know that moment is near?

I had a man about half my age do work around my version of Walden

he was handy with tools

and made me a sign to hang in my living room

words from the Gladiator movie-

"What we do here today echoes in Eternity"

I once had a novel sit me down and write it self

but not every word and phrase was perfect,

and I was the eidtor who fixed what needed fixing

and later there was more fixing by me,

not the story, but the kind of flubs

dyslexia spawns

Every poem that came out of me

wrote itself as I watched,

Along the way

I concluded all of life is poetry,

poetry is life

that's all there is,

but seeing it,

well,

that requires esp, I suppose

or blind luck

this morning I'm trying to see poetry
in a huge container ship knocking down
the Francis Scott Key bridge in Baltimore harbor,
the CNN news guy on my TV now is
wondering the why?
This morning an amiga with three eyes sometimes
called me about it,
I said how could it be an accident?
It had to be intentional
She said she thought the same
I did not yet see what flew into my brain
just now listening to the CNN guy-
Key wrote the Star Spangled Banner
about a naval battle there,
the container ship and its captain
were seized by Something-
Wake the fuck up, America!
Or die

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia-

"The Star-Spangled Banner"

The earliest surviving sheet music of "The Star-Spangled Banner"
from 1814

National anthem of the United States

Lyrics Francis Scott Key, 1814

Music John Stafford Smith, c. 1773

Adopted March 3, 1931[1]

Audio sample

Duration: 1 minute and 19 seconds.1:19

"The Star-Spangled Banner" (instrumental version by United States
Navy Band)

filehelp

"The Star-Spangled Banner" is the national anthem of the United
States. The lyrics come from the "Defence of Fort M'Henry",[2] a poem
written on September 14, 1814, by 35-year-old lawyer and amateur

poet Francis Scott Key after witnessing the bombardment of Fort McHenry by British ships of the Royal Navy in Outer Baltimore Harbor in the Patapsco River during the Battle of Baltimore in the War of 1812. Key was inspired by the large U.S. flag, with 15 stars and 15 stripes, known as the Star-Spangled Banner, flying triumphantly above the fort during the U.S. victory.

The poem was set to the tune of a popular British song written by John Stafford Smith for the Anacreontic Society, a men's social club in London. "To Anacreon in Heaven" (or "The Anacreontic Song"), with various lyrics, was already popular in the United States. This setting, renamed "The Star-Spangled Banner", soon became a well-known U.S. patriotic song. With a range of 19 semitones, it is known for being very difficult to sing, in part because the melody sung today is the soprano part. Although the poem has four stanzas, only the first is commonly sung today.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" was first recognized for official use by the U.S. Navy in 1889. On March 3, 1931, the U.S. Congress passed a joint resolution (46 Stat. 1508) making the song the official national anthem of the United States, which President Herbert Hoover signed into law. The resolution is now codified at 36 U.S.C. § 301(a).

March 29, 2024 Update:

I read online that the container ship Dali, based in Singapore, leased by a Dutch shipping company, had experienced lesser mishaps, but had passed inspection certifications and was cleared to sail. The timing of the 300 meter fully-loaded ship losing power after two tug boats escorted it away from the dock and returned to the dock is too spooky to ignore. Even if the tugs were still with the Dali, I doubt they could have made any difference, given the ship's weight 8 knots (9 miles per hour) speed when it lost power as it neared the bridge.

This USA Today article does not persuade me the two tug boats might have made a difference if they had remained with the Dali. Nor does anything I have seen online on TV persuade me this was an accident.

Tugboats left before ship reached Baltimore bridge. They might have saved it.

Emily Le Coz Trevor Hughes

USA TODAY

March 27, 2024

As investigators work to determine what caused the hulking Dali container ship to topple Baltimore's Francis Scott Key bridge in a matter of seconds on Tuesday, maritime experts around the country are pointing to what could have stopped it.

Tugboats.

These small but mighty vessels tow and push ever-larger ships through channels and help them when their propulsion systems – or lack thereof – cannot. They are standard equipment in ports worldwide and are especially useful to help ships with docking and undocking. On Tuesday, a pair of tugboats operated by McAllister Towing and Transportation did just that, helping the Dali unmoor itself from the main terminal at the Port of Baltimore and orient the ship toward the open waters.

But they broke away before the massive ship navigated under the bridge, as is common practice. Minutes later, the Dali appeared to lose power and propulsion, sending the craft adrift and directly into one of the bridge's support columns. The steel-truss bridge immediately collapsed into the frigid Patapsco River.

The accident is igniting debate over the proliferation of "megaships" that fuel today's commercial transportation industry and whether port protocols have ramped up to safely accommodate them. Although the Dali is average-sized compared to many of these behemoths, the devastation it caused in Baltimore was formidable.

Had the tugboats accompanied the ship all the way under the bridge, some experts said, they might have been able to stop, slow, or steer it away from danger.

Such a scenario should be standard operating procedure in all ports, said Capt. Ashok Pandey, a master mariner and associate professor of maritime business at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy. But he

said the industry's reliance on tugs has waned over the years as technological advancements gave many ships the ability to maneuver through channels independently.

C36 the razor's edge, a way of living and writing



Ok, Younguns-

Once upon a time, I watched "The Razor's Edge", starring Bill Murray, which I felt was one of the most profound films I had ever seen. Many years later, I tried to read the novel upon which it was based, and I found the author's writing so boring, tedious and wandering, that I gave up.

In my email inbox this morning from a place where beauty, love and truth breathe pretty good most of the time:

W. Somerset Maugham: On Being an Artist

POETIC OUTLAWS

MAR 27, 2024

Every production of an artist should be the expression of an adventure of his soul. —W. Somerset Maugham

The writer can only be fertile if he renews himself and he can only renew himself if his soul is constantly enriched by fresh experience.

There is no more fruitful source of this than the enchanting exploration of the great literatures of the past. For the production of a work of art is not the result of a miracle. It requires preparation.

The soil, be it ever so rich, must be fed.

By taking thought, by deliberate effort, the artist must enlarge, deepen and diversify his personality. Then the soil must lie fallow.

Like the bride of Christ, the artist waits for the illumination that shall bring forth a new spiritual life. He goes about his ordinary avocations with patience; the subconscious does its mysterious business; and then, suddenly springing, you might think from nowhere, the idea is produced.

But like the corn that was sown on stony ground it may easily wither away; it must be tended with anxious care.

All the power of the artist's mind must be set to work on it, all his technical skill, all his experience, and whatever he has in him of character and individuality, so that with infinite pains he may present it with the completeness that is fitting to it.

You can find this passage in W. Somerset Maugham's brilliant Autobiographical and confessional work— *The Summing Up*.

Sloan's Newsletter

I didn't read Maugham's novel, *The Razor's Edge*, but I did see the movie adaptation, in which Bill Murray is the main character whose passion is searching in England and Europe for rare esoteric books. Eventually, he ends up in a monastery, sweeping and mopping floors and helping out in the kitchen until the lama sends him, with his books, up on a snowy mountain retreat to reflect alone. After some time passes, he pulls his cherished books out of his rucksack and opens one and starts tearing out the pages and tosses them into a fire he uses to keep warm. After burning all of his books, he comes down off the mountain and ends up in Paris, where he meets and falls in love with a woman who is under the control of a heroin dealer pimp, and he

tries to save her and the pimp kills her and the film ends with him wondering the meaning of everything and what's next?

A history of the English novels course and an American novels course my senior year in college caused me to romantically wonder if some day I might enjoy being a novelist and even a literature professor.

My first novel, 1992, was influenced somewhat by Tom Robbins's *Just Another Roadside Attraction*, *Jitterbug Perfume* and *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*, in the sense that his tales freed me to blend fantasy and stranger than fiction which was not nearly entirely all made up.

Each of my books and poems that wormed their way or leaped out of me were rooted in my own deeply personal, good, bad, ugly, beautiful, raw, excruciating experiences. I can't imagine anyone viewing my novels as literature :-), but I had fun writing them :-).

As in my life, my writings are on the razor's edge. When I'm writing something coming from inside me provoked by my Muse or by something outside of me, my soul feels like it's singing and I'm at peace, even though my life might be anything but peace.

I named the 1992 novel *Kundalina, Alabama*, a smirky play on the kundalini energy well known in Hindu and Yoga lore. The village Kundalina is a Pleiadean Buddhist colony living beside the Cahaba River bridge and dam on US 280 south of Birmingham. A romp of a love story and other stuff Christianity and Capitalism might not find entirely endearing, the unforgettable characters and plots are not entirely all made up, forewarned in the Invocation:

This tale- for it really is that and not a novel- is about Alabama, the "Heart of Dixie," as it is called by people from those parts. None of this book is true, except the parts you believe are true. A real person didn't write this book because no real person would be *that* crazy. So if you think you know a real person who wrote it, then. forget that nonsense

right away. Or at the very least, keep your opinion to yourself to protect the family of the real person you think wrote it.

I used the pen name, Jake Carruthers, initials J.C. If I had it to do over, I would use my own name, and that's what I did when *Kundalina* was republished last year at the free internet library, archive.org.

Here's a link and free internet library archive.org preview written by a friend who does the tech work for my books and The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast.

<https://archive.org/details/kundalina>

KUNDALINA (A Strange Tale)

by Jake Carruthers; Sloan Bashinsky

Publication date (1992)

Kundalina. It rhymes with Carolina. It is a strange tale involving mystics, space aliens(Pleiadians if you must know), and all manner of critters and wildlife. Churches, pastors, preachers, sinners, saints- of all shapes, sizes, means and manners. It even involves a particularly resilient strain of carp. Kundalina is NOT nonfiction but it strains the definition of fiction to that of a tightly pulled hair follicle from which an 800lb gorilla is hanging onto for dear life. Another way to say it is this: Kundalina is a rollicking tale of the state of Alabama MAYBE NOT AS IT WAS but instead as ALABAMA SHOULD HAVE BEEN and MAY YET BE if Alabama were to be so lucky.

This is Sloan Bashinsky's first published novel. Mr. Bashinsky's second published novel came in form of the novel Heavy Wait: A Strange Tale, also is available for free on the Internet Archive, OpenLibrary, E-Library, and 38 torrent clients.

Here's a link and archive.org preview of *Heavy Wait* (2001), followed by the archive.org link and preview of its sequel, *Return of the Strange* (2023):

https://archive.org/details/heavy-wait-a-strange-tale_202212/page/n1/mode/2up

Heavy Wait A Strange Tale

by Sloan Bashinsky Jr,

This free book starts with an earthly and metaphysical romp about how the novel came to be written, what it was like for Sloan while he wrote it, and his irreverent philosophy of writing, poetry and living - preferring to be a frog instead of a prince.

The novel is based on a storyline given to Sloan by street performer Birdie McLaine, whom Sloan met in Key West, 2001. Sloan told Birdie he had pretty much lived about half of the storyline the year before.

A non-stop romp. A cornucopia of love, loss, lottery winnings, psychiatry, fishing, law, kidnapping, paradise mating, incest healing, human greed, criminal prosecution, karma, incarceration and spirit set in Birmingham, Alabama, Port St. Joe and Apalachicola, Florida, and the Caribbean garden island, Dominica.

The main characters, Mary Lou Snow, Riley Strange and Willa Sue Jenkins are a the gods must be crazy menage de trois only a mystic, or a street performer, could dream up. The supporting actors are lovable, detestable, unforgettable.

There really is no way to describe Heavy Wait in writing, or verbally, and do it justice.

It is not for the faint of heart, prudes, people who hate lawyers, lawyers who think they are hot stuff, people who think Jesus loves them no matter what they do. It is not for anyone, who doesn't have a helluva sense of humor and a fertile imagination.

Sloan wrote the story stone cold sober without any chemical assistance, There was a good bit of other world assistance.

Sloan still believes God wrote the story, and he was just along for the ride, trying to keep up with the many unexpected twists and turns, which perhaps a novelist like Tom Robbins, who wrote Just Another Roadside Attractions, Even Cowgirls Get the Blues and Jitterbug Perfume might appreciate.

Sloan doubts a novelist like John Grisham would like Heavy Wait. Perhaps minor actor Stephen King would like it. Perhaps not. Same for Oprah, the principal supporting actress.

https://archive.org/details/retun-of-the-strange-v-20_202306

Return Of The Strange

by Sloan Bashinsky

The long awaited sequel to Heavy Wait. This book had a gestational cycle of years and it is a rip roaring romp through America and the Florida Keys, and both the kindness and also the dark heart of the American experience. Sometimes you will laugh, sometimes you will cry, sometimes you will not know whether to continue, and sometimes you won't be able to tear yourself away from this STRANGE tale of Riley and his paradise mated wyrd love, Willa Sue.

Those three tales paint the evolution of your Grandfossil's writing style, perspective, delivery, and soul on the razor's edge.

a razor's edge is improved by stropping with leather



Ok, younguns, a little housekeeping left over from yesterday's post: [the razor's edge, a way of living and writing](#)

A buddy in north Georgia emailed me last night:

The razor's edge is improved by stropping with leather. Life sharpens us somewhat by experience. Metaphorically a baptism by fire. I liked both of those books, or should I say, works of art. Words of art ? Artistic license in the hands of a lawyer and his technical guru and interpreter named Bob. Can't wait to read more...

The two books were *Heavy Wait: A Strange Tale* and its sequel *Return of the Strange*.

We met in 2001, when he picked me hitchhiking from a county library, where I was writing *Heavy Wait* on one of the library's desktop computers about as fast as I could type it, to where I was living on a tent on land owed by the street performer who gave me the storyline for the tale, half of which I lived the year before.

I called my north Georgia friend and suggested he also read my first novel, *Kundalina, Alabama: A Strange Tale*, also a free read at the internet library, archive.com. He said the thought he had read *Kundalina*. I said it begins with some boys throwing rotten suckers and carps down onto cars headed through The Narrows on US 280 into Mountain Brook, aka Tiny Kingdom. He said that's something he would have forgotten and he will read *Kundalina*. Before he and I met, the Mountain Brook Country Club had tried to hire him to run their beverage department, and he had told them no thanks, he liked running a Georgia state park and retreat center much better.

I told him that Bob had several skills that enabled him to make a living, but after he started running with me and his employers found about it, they wanted nothing more to do with him. So, I started paying him for what he does for me. He put *Heavy Wait* and *Return of the Strange* into the free internet library, archive.com. He figured out how to scan *Kundalina* and *Prisons & Freedom* (nonfiction) and turn them into documents that could be *formatted* into books at archive.com. He formatted several nonfiction books I wrote after returning to Alabama in late 2018 and put them at archive.org. He does the tech work for The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast. He figured out how to determine the number of complete reads for each book, and the number of complete watches for each podcast episode. The books are ranging between 8,000-12,000 complete reads per month, and *Return of the Strange* is the most read. The podcasts average around 300,000 per episode complete watches, and undeterminable more thru file sharing. He now has 39 torrent platforms that carry the podcast.

I told my North Georgia friend that MAGAs tried to kill Bob and left him for dead, and since then he's had horrible medical problems and I don't know if he will be with us much longer, but he keeps working for me, as he is able, and because of him, my books are being read by people all over the world in far greater numbers than my first three books published by the Prentice-Hall division of Simon & Schuster. *HOME BUYERS: Lambs to the Slaughter? SELLING YOUR HOME \$WEET HOME*, and *KILL ALL THE LAWYERS: A Client's Guide to Hiring, Firing, Using and Suing Lawyers*,

are out of print, sometimes can be purchased online at Abe Books and Amazon.

I told my north Georgia friend that I took a woman friend to see *Dune 2* last night. En route to the theater, she said she had never heard of *Dune*, and I wondered how anyone living in America could not have heard of *Dune*, which is adapted from Frank Herbert's novels?

When I told her after the movie was over that she should read my novels, she said she would never read my novels, which struck me kinda strangely, because she tells me how much she enjoys reading. She had loaned me her copies of Cervantes's *Don Quixote* and Joel Chandler Harris's *The Favorite Uncle Remus*.

I'm pretty sure *Uncle Remus* is banned in American public schools, because it ain't politically correct, but my father read it to me when I was young. The way Chandler told it, Uncle Remus, uppity "Br'er Rabbit is stuck in crafty Br'er Fox's tar baby, and Br'er Fox is firing up his stew pot to cook Br'er Rabbit for his and Brer Bear's dinner.

In Walt Disney's "Song of the South" Uncle Remus version, Br'er Rabbit tricks Br'er Fox into throwing him into a terrible briar patch, instead of cooking and eating him. Br'er Rabbit was born and raised in the briar patch, and got the last laugh. I figured Disney didn't think kids would like the way Chandler ended the tar baby story, and "throw me in the briar patch" became a mantra for millions of Americans, who had no clue how that tale really ended. Meaning, spin doctors didn't arrive recently in America.

Dreams the past two nights had me down in the Florida Keys, and I was a bit slow getting the message that I needed to say a bit more about *Return of the Strange* than I said in yesterday's post.

After reading *Return of the Strange*, no sane person would trust anything the American government might say about its wars in Vietnam and later. No sane person would swim or dive in the MRSA flesh-eating-MRSA bacteria-infested waters of the Florida Keys. No sane person would believe anything the Monroe County and Key West governments say about why 95

percent of the only living coral reef died. The reef was killed by land developers' silt-causing bulldozers, channel dredgers, and their lawyers and captured Monroe County and Key West city officials.

Here's an editorial cartoon from the Key West Citizen in 2008, when I was running for the county commission and was asked at a candidate forum what I thought were the three greatest threats facing the Florida Keys. I said, "The Gang of Three." Three county commissioners who had been labeled that because they had voted to purchase a failing marina owned by one of their developer friends, and they were approving developments that cause more damage to Mother Nature, who was my Constituent.



If you really want to get to know your Grandfossil, read those three novels. Then, read his other books at archive.org. They are his hand-typed last wills and testaments, which speak for themselves, and do not need a

TV talking head, judge, lawyer, witch doctor, head-shrinker, politician, press agent or public relations spin doctor to understand.

What can be challenged in those books is, did it really happen?

While I may not today be able to prove in a court of law, that that what's in the nonfiction books happened, neither can anyone else prove it didn't happen. You can believe it, or not. that is on you. On me was to write it.

The novels wrote themselves, as I typed the words. They take poetic license with things that did happen, and they present people who could have lived and scenarios that either did happen, or could have happened.

Although I sometimes tired to write fiction, in the end, every tale was a tale in me. There were no surprises, only mine to discover parts of myself I had lost, forgotten, thrown way, or never even knew were there. In that way, God and I are somewhat alike. We both creat to discover just who and what we really are.

The novels are set in a time in America before Donald Trump became president.



Today, the great pussy grabber spins himself to be like the persecuted Jesus in the Gospels, as he sells to his mega church congregation for his

own per\$onal gain a God bless America King James Bible wrapped in the U.S. Constitution and the Declaration of Independence.



Trump's worshippers seem to have slap-dab plum forgot Jesus drove money changers out of a temple and said to worship only God,



and thou shall not commit adultery- Trump with Jeffrey Epstein



and with the Clintons,



and Trump bowing to Saudi prince who had journalist sawed up into little pieces, after Trump was financially bailed out twice by a Saudi business man, then Trump was bailed out by he Saudis after he lost the 2020 election, and he's still taking their money,

HITLER'S OWN SEQUEL TO MEIN KAMPF



ADOLF HITLER

The program for world conquest as offered by Hitler in his only utterances since *Mein Kampf*—his speeches (now in the public domain), with complete commentary and historical background.

Edited by Raoul de Roussy de Sales
Introduction by Raymond Gram Swing

and the book Trump studied when he was married to Ivana



And, Trump asked Putin to help him dig up dirt on Hillary Clinton,



and Trump gave Michael Cohen money to pay porn star Stormy Daniels to be quiet about having sex with Trump after his wife Melania gave birth to their son.

Temporarily setting aside Trump said on national TV that he admired Vladimir Putin getting to be president for life in Russia and he liked that idea for himself...



Aryan Nation

Have Trump's Jesus-loving legions slap dab plumb forgot:

Matthew 5:27-32 KJV

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery: but I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart. And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. It hath been said, Whosoever shall put

away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement: but I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.

Matthew 6, KJV 1-8

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: That thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly. And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.

Do Trump's legions know if Trump reads or believes anything in the Bible he sells them? Do they even care?

Rhetorical.

the artist and his shadow living balls to the wall, whole hog, risking pretty much everything, free reads at archive.org



Mustang Sally

Ok, younguns, today is what Christians call “Good Friday”, which, given what happened on that day 2,000 or so years ago, according to the Gospels, don’t seem good for the guy it happened to.

Yesterday, someone “liked” the first comment I made under a Poetic Outlaws offering I stumbled across about 9 months after it was published. My second comment pretty well summed up what it has been like living in my skin.



The Artist and his Shadow

By: Erik Rittenberry

POETIC OUTLAWS

SEP 15, 2022

He is unfit for this life, this
unduly managed era devoid
of poesy and freedom, a time
of useless haste in honor of
the illusion of progress,
a life starving of life, a life
dripping with chains as dull-witted
bureaucrats and political
imbeciles run amok.

There's something dark and peculiar in him
that forbids his full participation in
the blatant absurdity of
today's world.

Even as a child he felt something
fierce was there in him — an unrest, an
unrealized freedom, something
shadowy but knowing,
a deep-seated primordial power
groping endlessly in the
apocalyptic night.

It's still there, stirring in the
inmost abyss, this esoteric ghost,
this daemon, dwelling
in the shadows of the soul,
convulsing and throbbing like a
diabolical gypsy in the throes
of ecstasy.

He tries, at times, to wash it away
with morality and decency, bowing
down to the sanctified normalcy
of his fellow humans. But still,
it's there, raging, taunting him,
hounding him, forcing him
out of the prison of SELF
and into the creative realm,
the destructive realm,
into the elemental kingdom
of existence.

It calls forth the spirit

into a higher dominion of being
and yearns for expression, this
enigmatic drive,
even at the cost of reputation
and alliance
and it tempts the body, the vehicle
of the soul, to thrive with
Dionysian defiance,
and it wants to flip over the table
of conventionalities and go to war
with all customary forms and
cultural norms.

It's this archaic force that burns from
the most profound depths
of his being, an insatiable rapture
that coalesces the dark of the unconscious
with the universal light, arousing
the sheer realization of his
utter nothingness — the
true awakening.

He could hardly put on a mask and
endure the typical occupation, or
partake in the social games
of the ordinary, blindly acting
out his role on the stage of culture,
following the fashions of the
day, living uncritically as a

conditioned child.

Undefinable,
with no creed or title and a
fierce contempt for conceptual
reality, he's in spiritual exile
from the place and time
he was born into. Terribly
alone among his contemporaries,
misunderstood
by an arid society, an
aimless wanderer, he is, laughed at
by the well-adjusted, their minds
chloroformed with low-grade
entertainment, their meanings
and desires built into them
from the outside.

The more emaciated they are inwardly,
the showier they become outwardly.

But he cares nothing of status
and spectacle or the unimaginative
interests of the bourgeois, so he
ventures onward
towards
an austere existence,
choosing the possibility of
poverty over pointless labor,

autonomy over dependency,
art over it all –

an unconditional renunciation
of a secure existence in
search of the sublime.

He's in flight from the endless trivialities
that make up the modern world, choosing
instead to live perilously close to
the primal forces within.

His fate, he knows. He is doomed
to suffer alone.

When uninspired, the firm grip of melancholy
takes hold and he becomes the unhappiest
of mortals, endlessly sloshing around in
a cesspool of despair, nourishing
his apathy with whiskey and
mascara-smeared love.

But when enthused, he's lit up,
galvanized, electrified, and his
heart is filled to the brim
with poetic rapture and the
forces at work within him
become relentless. He is
transformed into a mere

instrument of supremely
powerful forces,
consecrating and sacrificing
every fiber of his BEING to the
supreme task of
CREATION –
quenching the thirst
of a bone-dry
generation.

“O melodies above me in the infinite,
To you, to you, I rise.”

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

July 5, 2023

I might like to know some of the backstory on this poem.

Poetic Outlaws

Jul 5, 2023

Author

I appreciate you my friend. Thanks for reading. It was loosely based on some of the 18th and 19th century artists that I adore. The solitude and the twinge of madness it takes to truly create penetrating art.

Sloan Bashinsky

Jul 5, 2023

Twinge of madness, surely you jest? :-)

I probably am lucky I didn't get locked up and the key tossed into the Mariana Trench.

Imagine what psychiatry would do with William Blake today :-)

Or with Shelly, or Keats, or Yeats, or Poe, or lots of other poets, and anyone, who spoke and/or wrote of their what most people would view as stranger than fiction or too ugly and awful to tell.

Yet it seems to me, regardless of all else, poetry, real poetry, poetry that grabs and digs and never lets go, boils up out of a well so truly deep, personal and disturbing that demands its own voice.

I suppose because I never did it, I can't fathom how people become poets by attending poetry workshops. Or by listening to other poets recite their poetry, or someone else recite it. I think that might open a crack where the light might be able to come in.

But living balls to the wall, whole hog, risking pretty much everything, getting mangled and chopped up, drowned and swallowed, digested and shit out by lions, tigers, crocodiles and great whites, orcas even, and boiled alive, and ripped to shreds by tsunamis, tornados, hurricanes, and blown up in volcanoes, buried under glaciers, and bitten by cobras and black widow spiders, and smashed by meteorites, etc., and fucked to death many times, and loved ones dying, or changing or going crazy and leaving us writhing behind, adds a bit of flavor otherwise lost.

I told an amiga today, who likes to read books, that the only way to really get to know me (other than by living with me) is to read my novels, and to grab her best hold, 'cause she has no idea what she's in for 😎.

I suppose the novels could be viewed as epic poems, but they are laid out as wild, wooly, passionate rides that maybe happened somewhere else

and swooped through a wormhole into the so-called Heart of Dixie and then wiggled, squirmed, oozed and leaped about.

KUNDALINA (A Strange Tale)

(1992)

<https://archive.org/details/kundalina>

Heavy Wait: A Strange Tale

(2001)

https://archive.org/details/heavy-wait-a-strange-tale_202212/page/n1/mode/2up

Return Of The Strange

(2023)

https://archive.org/details/retun-of-the-strange-v-20_202306

Thanks to my tech buddy Bob, those tales, and my often stranger than fiction nonfiction books, are being read in 33 languages at the free internet library, archive.org, at the rate of 8,000-12,000 complete reads per month, per book.

Endowed and staffed by various colleges in America, archive.com specializes in out of print books and books whose authors allow them to be read for free.

To read my books online, go to archive.org and type Sloan Bashinsky into the search space and click Enter and icons for the books will come up and you can open and read one by clicking on its icon.

Same procedure for reading books by other authors in the free library.

If your device asks if you are sure you want to open archive.org?, know that it's being used by people all over the world to read books they otherwise cannot find, buy, or even know exist.

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

the dispensable church beatings will continue until morale improves



Mary Poppins

Okay, younguns, it's time to talk about hurt feelings, closely related to political correctness, a terminal spiritual disease addressed by something I think the U.S. Military dreamed up.

<div><div>HURT FEELINGS REPORT</div><div></div></div> <div>Date Of Hurt Feelings _____</div> <div>Time Of Hurtfulness _____ A.M. P.M.</div> <div>Which Ear Was Hurtfulness Spoken Into: Left <input type="checkbox"/> Right <input type="checkbox"/> Both <input type="checkbox"/></div> <div>Is There Permanent Feeling Damage? Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/></div> <div>Did You Need A Tissue For The Tears Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/></div> <div>Reason For Filing Report (Check All That Apply) 1. I Am Thin Skinned <input type="checkbox"/> 2. I Am A Little Bitch <input type="checkbox"/> 3. I Am A Cry Baby <input type="checkbox"/> 4. I Want My Mommy <input type="checkbox"/></div> <div>If You Feel You Need A Hug, Go Home To Mommy And She Will Change Your Diaper. If You Feel As Though You Need To Speak To Someone To Soothe You, Call This Number: 1-800-Cry-Baby</div> <div>Signature _____</div>
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Once in a blue moon, I stumble online across something so precious that I want the whole wide world to know about it.



Free Radio Rulo

By Free Radio Rulo

Backwoods, vegetarian, off grid, eco-socialist, Big Jim operates a pirate radio station and publishes a newsletter from an old Wonder Bread Truck in rural Rulo, Nebraska.

Big Jim's March 30, 2024 domestic status quo tail yankings split my sides laughing. Here are excerpts and a link to the whole thing.

<https://freeradiorulo.substack.com/p/news-from-rulo-1c9>

Good news, folks! The corrupt city council struck a deal with the nice folks from 'The Universal Church of Dudo,' and they are going to allow them to build their new international headquarters right here in Rulo! Just so happens that my good buddy Gary and my wife are now members of the Universal Church Of Dudo! Im really happy they could find meaning in the faith, and connect with the community. Gary is donating his entire salvage yard's back lot for the worship center to be constructed, and my wife has already become a level 3 Dudo ambassador! She and Gary are even going on a two-week mission trip to Dubai together! I really think these people are good, wholesome, normal folks, and everything was just a big misunderstanding! I would like to take this opportunity to apologize to these kind-hearted people of faith, and reiterate, even though I'm a staunch agnostic, I do believe in others' right to religious freedom. I promise you all that 'News From Rulo' will always remain a safe space for all in the community, and I will no longer be so skeptical of others' beliefs.

Jim

Coming 2025!

The New Universal Church of Dudo International Headquarters Rulo, NE



How much can you donate today?



Yoga Guru Jerry Lee Jenson has agreed to incorporate the juice bar and connecting Yoga Studio with the new worship facility!

Can we put you down for \$500?

Thanks

Goings on about town

Last weekend, I was talking to my good buddy, Ted, down at the Ye Ole Time Saloon. He had just gotten back from a weekend trip to Las Vegas! Now, Ted was telling me, one night, he was just sitting alone at a random slot machine, feeding it quarters, enjoying the casino ambience, and sipping on a Jack and Coke, when someone tapped him on the shoulder and said, “Hey cutie, you looking for a good time, big boy?”

Ted turned around, and, goddamn it, there stood our old buddy Herbie from high school. Herbie was freaking shirtless, ripped, six pack with only a bowtie. No one had heard from him in years, and he never showed up at any of the reunions.

Herbie was always a gifted gamer; he often played in Xbox tournaments, World of War Craft, Mario Cart, Super Smash Brothers on N64 and often won first place! One day at school, Herbie found himself cornered by an Air Force recruiter in the lunchroom. Herbie confessed that all he wanted to do was play video games for a living and had not given much thought to the Air Force. To his surprise, the recruiter told him he was in luck! They were seeking young men who could fly the new predator drones. Herbie, eager to serve his country, joined the Air Force right after graduation. He found himself remotely piloting drones in Iraq from Las Vegas and living it up every night. Ole Herbie would clock in at 5:00 PM at the Air Force command center, hit some remote targets with the drone's “Hellfire Missiles” in Iraq, clock out, and head to the Vegas Strip! Herbie really got to

explore all of Vegas: strip bars, casinos, back alleys, tattoo shops—while never really thinking too hard about what he was shooting up with his little nifty joystick and control panel during his shift. What a life he had, getting paid to fly drones and then party every night. Well, one day at the command center, Herbie noticed what his target really was. It seemed to Herbie that he had been incinerating civilians from his little command module and joystick in Las Vegas. After this shift, ole Herbie freakin' lost it as reality set in.

In a fit of despair Herbie went straight to the seediest spot on the Vegas Strip and bought the biggest crack rock he could get. He stayed up for a week smoking that shit, meeting just about everyone on the Vegas strip, telling them all about the drone strikes and atrocities committed by the U.S. military in Iraq.

Well, since ole Herbie was technically AWOL and sobering up, with his giant crack rock dwindling, he needed another way to make money to continue that crack high good time. He just couldn't face the fact that he had been murdering civilians overseas behind a computer screen with a little joystick in the middle of Las Vegas. So, old Herbie was gonna need to make some quick cash, and that was the moment Herbie started hookin. God bless ya Herbie! Hookin sure beats killing kids with drone strikes!

Jim

Feral chow dogs on the loose in Rulo Beware!



I was hanging out in my backyard having a glass of wine with the gals when this freaking beast came outta my neighbors yard and it completely demolished my Gazebo and ruined my party! My friends were terrified. Good thing I had Gazebo insurance from the Primo Gazebo Call Center!



Letters to the Editor

Dear editor,

That fucking bitch Judy better leave my fucking dog alone! My dog wouldn't hurt a fly. Judy's dumb ass climbed up the gazebo when my dog got out and the whole thing collapsed under her weight. Lay off the wine my dog don't bite. And stop bringing my ex over to spy on me.

Ted

Dear Editor,

The poetry slam at the library was rather lame, even with the free weed gummies. The slam poetry, with its themes about this and that, proved to be tedious, to say the least. Whatever happened to the gritty, working-class Bukowski style poetry? Or that wild Allen Ginsberg shit from back in the day! Nowadays, it seems everything has to adhere to political correctness and such. How about some poetry with substance? Gambling, drinking, and womanizing... These topics have depth. You bunch of dorks probably haven't even tasted a beer, let alone experienced love making with a woman or a man.

Doris

Here's my comment, and Big Jim's reply, and what that led to:

Sloan Bashinsky

There ain't no museum near big enough to hold and preserve the hilarious shit you bless the deserving with.

Free Radio Rulo

You are too kind brother!

Sloan Bashinsky

Naw, you are too funny, ought to be a law against it, all those deserving feelings you hurt.

Sloan Bashinsky

Once upon a time, early 1986 actually, I moved from my hometown, Birmingham, Alabama, to Santa Fe, New Mexico, hoping that would reset my clock and my life would change to suit me better. Soon, I met some people around my father's age, who took a shine to me, why I can't even now imagine. They told me about a fellow named Hugh Prather, who had written a pretty popular book called "Notes To Myself," and then he had started in Santa Fe what he called "The Dispensable Church". Hugh had moved elsewhere, but his church still met every Sunday morning in a rented church space in town, and I attended a number of services, during which different members of the congregation got up and spoke a little while. After a few months, one of the members said it was time to dispense the church, which I felt was dispensing some pretty darn good stuff, and that was the last service.

By and by, after some tinkering with me from the great beyond, which got my undivided attention and caused me to think I was super duper important, I moved to Boulder, Colorado, where I hoped my clock would be reset to suit me better. Slowly, but surely, what was tinkering with me turned up the tinkering a few notches, which included standing me before lots of mirrors looking at little old me, and my view of my importance was ruthlessly mangled, stomped and torched, and I was a really slow learner, proven by the mangling, stomping and torching continues until this day, but that gets way ahead of what else I

wanted to say about The Dispensable Church, which is everywhere it wants to be, when it wants to be, say, hmmm, in Rulo. Nebraska. But that also gets way ahead.

In Boulder, something stirred me to write Kundalina, Alabama: A Strange Tale. In one chapter, the alleged hero I pretty much made up to be the man I might have been if I wuz deserving, started his own dispensable church for a while, the idea for which he probably got from his mother who had written a cheeky anonymous column in the Birmingham Post Herald about goings on in local churches that did not seem to be able to discern the difference between God and the Devil. His lady love is to die for. There's a heap more in that not entirely all fiction tale than that, but your dispensable church in Rulo generally, and especially your latest offering, caused me to fondly think back on all of that and tell you about it.

Kundalina, which has some ET lore, is a free read at the free internet library, archive.org, which is run and endowed by various colleges. The library specializes in out of print books and books authors offer for free.

KUNDALINA (A Strange Tale)

(1992)

<https://archive.org/details/kundalina>

By and by, two more dispensable novels with some force majeure lore hatched out of me. One twisting and winding tale that took a good while to eventually tell itself about a man I might have been if I was deserving. His lady loves are to die for, too.

Heavy Wait: A Strange Tale

(2001)

https://archive.org/details/heavy-wait-a-strange-tale_202212/page/n1/mode/2up

Return Of The Strange

(2023)

https://archive.org/details/retun-of-the-strange-v-20_202306

Free Radio Rulo

I love the idea of the "Dispensable Church". Shows up when you need it, moves on when ya don't. Are you sure it was even real? Thinking hard about the tax breaks

Sloan Bashinsky

It was very real in Santa Fe, until it dispensed itself. Don't know if it was IRS qualified charity. I think some paperwork has to be filed to get that going. As for me, I don't know when I'm ever not in church. Your Substack stuff sure looks like a church to me :-).

sloobanbashinsky@yahoo.com

Easter Sunday in the nation that boasts it is under God and puts In God We Trust on its money



Ok, younguns-

This is Easter Sunday, the day the Gospels say Jesus rose from the dead, and Christians say saved them from their sins even though he died 2,000 years before they were born.

In America, Donald Trump is promoting his own special red, white and blue version of the King James Bible to make himself more money, even though he behaves like a heathen, does not attend church, and seldom, if ever, reads the Bible, and Jesus was crucified in the Gospels for chasing Jewish money changers out of a temple.

In America, Donald Trump claims God sent him to save America from the liberals and the liberals are persecuting him the way Jesus was

persecuted in the Gospels, yet every criminal and civil lawsuit against Trump was initiated because of something he did.

In the King James Bible:

Matthew 5:25

Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison.

In America, MAGAs worship Trump as their savior, even though in The King James Bible:

John 8:31-32

So Jesus said to the Jews who had believed him, "If you abide in my word, you are truly my disciples, and you will know the truth, and the truth will set you free."

Matthew 6:9-13

After this manner therefore pray ye:

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever.

In America, most Republicans attend church and back the most prominent heathen in America.

In America, the religious right, especially, flout their religion in public, even though in the King James Bible:

Matthew 6, KJV 1-8

Take heed that ye do not make your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before

thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: That thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly. And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.

Since before I was born in 1942, "In God we trust" was on all of America's money, and since I was born, it has looked to me that most Americans trust money far more than they trust God.

In the King James Bible:

Matthew 6:24

No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

When I was a boy, the U.S. Congress put "under God" in the Pledge of Allegiance to boast America was better than godless communist Soviet Union and Red China.

America has taunted and tempted God to show America what it actually is, which is crystal clear to the rest of the world, but not to most Americans.

This was posted in Reddit's r/politics forum last night. I leave for you to open the link and read the article and comments that ignore what is hidden in plain view.

MAGA's Ugly, Hateful Response to Bridge Horror Is About to Get Worse

<https://newrepublic.com/article/180286/magas-ugly-hateful-response-b-ridge-horror-get-worse>

I'm not a MAGA, Republican or Democrat. I am an American.

According to news reports I read online and saw on TV, the loaded to the gills 300 meters long Dali was escorted from the dock by 2 tugboats, which returned to the dock, as is the custom today.

As the Dali approached the bridge, it lost power. It's massive weight and 8 knots (9 mph) speed insured the outcome.



I think it's darn weird that the Dali lost power when it did.

That bridge is named after Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star Spangled Banner", who wrote it about a battle between America and England in that harbor during the War of 1812.

If I was a domestic or foreign terrorist trying to make a statement, the Francis Scott Key Bridge was an excellent target.

Given how many false flag operations the American government has run to get into wars, and how many times I have seen American presidents lie, and how many times have doubted President Biden tells Americans the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help him God, I cannot ass-u-me the Dali was not sabotaged by President Biden's government for political reasons.

Given how many times I have seen lies come out of Donal Trump and MAGAs and prominent Republicans in Congress and in the private sector, and out of FOX news talking heads, I cannot ass-u-me the Dali was not sabotaged by the American right for political reasons.

Nor can I ass-u-me the Dali was not sabotaged by an Islamic faction, Russia, Red China, North Korea.

Nor can I ass-u-me and angel of the Lord did not turn off the power in the Dali, to try to wake up all Americans.

Would Americans and their political leaders, priests and state and national governments ever figure that one out?

In the King James Bible

Matthew 7:15-20

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.

Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?

Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.

Mark 13:31-37

Heaven and earth shall pass away: but my words shall not pass away.
But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels
which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father.

Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is.
For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his
house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work,
and commanded the porter to watch.

Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house
cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrowing, or in the
morning:

Lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping.

And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch.

Revelation 3:3

Remember therefore how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast,
and repent. If therefore thou shalt not watch, I will come on thee as a
thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee.

No, younguns, this sadly ain't no April Fool's joke



OMG, younguns, I done went and accidentally played a horrible prank in the the dispensable church beatings will continue until morale improves post at this here blogspot.

To understand the horrible prank, you have to have read that post, so if you haven't read it yet, please click on that link and read it now, so you can fully understand what happened after I emailed that post to you and other people who put up with me, or ignore me, or block me from their email.

Here is the horrible prank, and, no, this ain't no April fool's joke, but I darn sure wish it was.

Sloan Bashinsky to Free Radio Rulo

I included some of your newest Church of Dudo post and your and my banter in the the dispensable church beatings will continue until morale improves post at my grandfossil.blogspot.com blog

An amiga who got it emailed me,

"Scary people scary shit....."

I think they (you and the Church of Dudo) should all be given a plot of land and made to grow their own food. Then they'll be too busy doing productive things."

I called her and said the football stadium and the worship center might be bigger than Rulo and it's satire and you are a prankster, and I sure hope I told her the truth :-)

Just now, another amiga who read it called and she didn't understand anything you wrote about your huge church, and she said said they don't have drone operators in Nevada, and I had to break the sad news, and I asked both amigas how they got to where they went after reading your radio station operates out of an old Wonder Bread truck, and I wonder now just much more seriously messed up America is after these startling new revelations today?

Free Radio Rulo

Well there is some truth in most of some of the News from Rulo. I think the Drone story is a combo of two "True" stories from "real" classmates of mine! A drone operator and a male prostitute both from my hometown, both operating in Vegas. I really can't make up all of this shit.

Sloan Bashinsky

I figured you were using stuff that really happened and playing with it, maybe changing some names to protect the innocent and the guilty. Driving a ways this Easter Sunday to see one of my daughters and her husband and their dogs, I found myself thinking that what you are doing reminds me of the fiilm Good Morning Vietnam, starring Robin Williams, and it might make an interesting book a literary agent might like, and maybe a major publishing house. And, if I lived in Rulo, I would be hanging out with a Wonder Bread truck shooting the breeze to the extent I'm tolerated.

I told the amiga who didn't know American drone pilots don't live where the live ammo is flying, but sit safely in Nevada and other

places in America, are playing video games with live ammo and real people dying.

Driving to see my daughter and her husband and their dogs, I was reminded of Ender's Game, by Orson Scott Card, in which young boys were trained by the world military defense outfit to wage pretend battles with video games, to prepare them to wage real war against the invading alien bug beings, and then there was what the kids thought was a mock battle, which turned out to be the real thing, and they destroyed the aliens' space war ships and their home planet, now knowing what they were doing. The military leaders didn't tell them, because they didn't want to risk them being affected by it being real. Ender then spent several more Card novels trying to come to terms with what he had done.

Sloan Bashinsky April Fool's Day morning to Free Radio Rulo

Before driving to see my daughter and her husband and their dogs yesterday, I posted [Easter Sunday in the nation that boasts it is under God and puts In God We Trust on its money](#)

at my grandfossil blogspot, about the great pussy grabber because he can bible hawk mega church and the container ship from hell that more mysteriously than accidentally knocked down the Star Spangled Banner bridge in Baltimore Harbor, but a dream around the dawn's early light this April Fool's Day left me feeling I ought not email it to some right and left wing people I know pretty well, if I want them to keep being my friends, left me wondering if the Church of Dudo hordes might appreciate it? After all those Easter bunny Sunday morning blues I sweated putting it together, I'd hate to see it all go down where the sun never shines cyber mega church head.

A north Georgia amigo replied this April Fool's morning to the Rulo Church of Dudo post.:

Nice piece and Easter appropriate! I can picture little children decorating turds and dutiful parents hiding them. My dog has been part of this religion for years.

The poem by Jim Wright ending with the last line;
I have wasted my life

**Lying in a Hammock at William Duffy's Farm in Pine Island,
Minnesota**

BY JAMES WRIGHT

James Wright | Poetry Foundation

*James Wright was frequently referred to as one of America's
finest contemporary poets. He was admired by critics...*

Over my head, I see the bronze butterfly,
Asleep on the black trunk,
Blowing like a leaf in green shadow.
Down the ravine behind the empty house,
The cowbells follow one another
Into the distances of the afternoon.
To my right,
In a field of sunlight between two pines,
The droppings of last year's horses
Blaze up into golden stones.
I lean back, as the evening darkens and comes on.
A chicken hawk floats over, looking for home.
I have wasted my life.

I replied:

Amen, what a church :-).

Just a bit ago, I emailed out the next church report, featuring D. Trump
mega church and the star bangled dead bridge in Baltimore.

While a sequel to the Rulo Dudo Church was brewing, which caused
me to feel a heap more unimpressed with America than I already
wasn't.

C42 How the women could change everything on this male-fractured world pronto :-)



Okay younguns-

Something happened yesterday at Poetic Outlaws, where I find truth, beauty and love still breathe pretty good, that got me to ruminating, and chess dreams last night about my queen and king working hard to

overcome a serious opposition, which kept waking me up, got me to ruminating even more, and it came to be that I was reminded of something that came to me back in 1992 about how women could change the world all by their own selves, since men had no interest in changing themselves or the world, and why would they, if they were in charge?

This is gonna take a while to be told, and whether or not you, or anyone, like the punchline is beyond my pay grade 😎.

Obey the Law Within

By Carl Jung

POETIC OUTLAWS

APR 01, 2024

"The fact that a man who goes his own way ends in ruin means nothing . . . He must obey his own law, as if it were a daemon whispering to him of new and wonderful paths."

- Carl Jung

What is it, in the end, that induces a man to go his own way and to rise out of unconscious identity with the mass as out of a swathing mist? Not necessity, for necessity comes to many, and they all take refuge in convention. Not moral decision, for nine times out of ten we decide for convention likewise. What is it, then, that inexorably tips the scales in favor of the extra-ordinary?

It is what is commonly called vocation: an irrational factor that destines a man to emancipate himself from the herd and from its well-worn paths...

The fact that many a man who goes his own way ends in ruin means nothing to one who has a vocation. He must obey his own law, as if it were a daemon whispering to him of new and wonderful paths.

Anyone with a vocation hears the voice of the inner man: he is called. That is why the legends say that he possesses a private daemon who counsels him and whose mandates he must obey.

The best-known example of this is Faust, and a historical instance is provided by the daemon of Socrates...

There are not a few who are called awake by the summons of the voice, whereupon they are at once set apart from the others, feeling themselves confronted with a problem about which the others know nothing.

In most cases it is impossible to explain to the others what has happened, for any understanding is walled off by impenetrable prejudices.

The smaller the personality, the dimmer and more unconscious it becomes, until finally it merges indistinguishably with the surrounding society, thus surrendering its own wholeness and dissolving into the wholeness of the group.

In the place of the inner voice there is the voice of the group with its conventions, and vocation is replaced by collective necessities. But even in this unconscious social condition there are not a few who are called awake by the summons of the voice, whereupon they are at once set apart from the others, feeling themselves confronted with a problem about which the others know nothing.

In most cases it is impossible to explain to the others what has happened, for any understanding is walled off by impenetrable prejudices.

"You are no different from anybody else," or, "there is no such thing," and even if there is such a thing, it is immediately branded as "morbid" and "most unseemly." For it is a "monstrous presumption to suppose

anything of that sort could be of the slightest significance” – it is “purely psychological”...

He is at once set apart and isolated, as he has resolved to obey the law that commands him from within.

"His own law!" everybody will cry. But he knows better: it is the law...

The only meaningful life is a life that strives for the individual realization — absolute and unconditional— of its own particular law ...

To the extent that a man is untrue to the law of his being ... he has failed to realize his own life's meaning.

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

Once upon a time I was married to a woman who was a student of Dora Kalff, who had been a student of Carl Jung.

Dora then invented Sandplay therapy, based on the Jungian model, but it was symbolic work without talk therapy. It's goal was to help people become who they really are, self-actualize.

In 1988, I spent 30 days in Zurich, while my wife attended a Sandplay training hosted by Dora.

I heard Dora tell her students that the Jung Institute in Zurich was offering Sandplay training, but had not consulted her.

Later, with my wife and a Jungian analyst present, I asked Dora why she thought the Jung Institute had not asked her to be involved in its Sandplay training, given the only way to become a Sandplay therapist was to do a Sandplay process with a Sandplay therapist who had done her/his own Sandplay process.

Dora said, "I think it is because they have not embraced the feminine." My wife looked like she wanted to crawl under a rock.

Doctor Jung had a lot to say about the internal feminine, anima, and the internal masculine, animus, being out of balance and needing to become balanced for a person to become who they really are, self-actualize, etc.

Jung relied heavily on his patients' dreams to measure that yin/yang balance.

In Jung's autobiography published after his death, which I read in 1989, he reported going through a rough patch precipitated by a female voice saying to him in his sleep, "That's art." He woke up very disturbed, because he knew she spoke of his work, which he very much wanted to be viewed as science.

Jung was developing his own brand of psychiatry, which he very much hoped the medical profession would accept, as it was accepting Sigmund Freud's brand of psychiatry.

Jung described his struggle with the female voice, which he finally concluded was his negative anima trying to upend him, and he defeated her and prevailed.

When I told my wife Jung blew it, because his work was both science and art, and he had rejected his feminine. She looked like she wanted to crawl under a rock.

When I told a good friend of hers the same thing, who was a Jungian analyst and also a Sandplay therapist trained by Dora Kaff, she said I could not say that about Dr. Jung!. I said, well, it was true, wasn't it? She said, yes, but it wasn't respectful.

Some angels that got a hold of me in early 1987 were taking me on a tour of my and other people's relationships with our internal feminine and masculine and how that played out in my and their lives.

The angels stood me in front of endless mirrors looking at me. It was no fun, and it's still going on.

Maybe in 2016 this poem fell out of me, which I think still sums up the situation.

"Bi Polar"

the world's favorite mood disorder
the cause of all human ails,
including wars,
if the demons aren't counted
bi polar disorder,
the destruction of the
south pole,
the feminine,
the north pole,
he ain't been
right in the head
since she's been gone

A year or so ago, I posted that poem in the Reddit r/spirituality forum and several people accused me of being very unkind to people suffering what psychiatry calls bipolar disorder, and the moderator took the post down.

Barbara Mars

Humans in Space

Fascinating story and life experience. So many things and viewpoints in life to ponder.

Sloan Bashinsky

Dreams this night reminded me there is more.

Several times I heard Dora tell her students, most of whom were women, “For any real change to happen on this world, the women will have to go first”, which really disturbed my wife, who was a licensed clinical social worker.

In my first novel, 1992, the mother of the hero wrote an anonymous weekly culture jamming column in a local newspaper, in which she poked local churches, and in one column she told her women readers that it was on them to bring about change, and the way they could do it was to cross their legs until men behaved differently. Kundalini, Alabama; A Strange Tale, can be read at the free internet library, archive.org. Type my name into the search space and click enter and icons for my books will come up and click on Kundalini's icon and it will open. You may be asked if you wish to open this website, which is run and endowed by colleges in America.

Two later novels, Heavy Wait: A Strange Tale (2001) and its sequel Return of the Strange (2023) also are about the male-female internal and external dance. Not for the faint of heart, the last two.

Soon after I met a New Age woman in 1999, who was raised in a non-religious family, she was healed by Jesus and Archangel Michael of her father having sex with her from age 5 to age 18. There were 2-3 healing sessions per day for 2 weeks, which freaked her out, as I was talking her through each session. After which, she was able to have orgasms during sexual intercourse for the first time in her life. I had received similar healing the year prior. By then, I no longer belong to a religion.

Then, she reported Jesus and Michael telling her, “All women on this world are in a rabid war with God and that is the cause of all wars on this world including all man made wars”. I told her that women were second class citizens on this world, and the Adam and Eve story

was one example. She was the model for the heroine in Heavy Wait
and Return of the Strange.

In 2018, a poem about Eve's sentiments wrote herself out of me:

"Eve's Answer"

Vexing Truth

Life is Poetry,

Poetry is Life,

There's no more to say,

but that would make God

a really dull boy,

now wouldn't it, Eve?

So, Eve, What say you?

After all, You have been,

still are,

blamed, for everything that went wrong

with hu - MAN - i - ty.

Well, do you really want to hear

what I gotta say?

Is this one of those

be careful what you ask for pregnancies?

Well, is it?

Probably, but say what you wish -

I s'pect you need to be heard.

Heard?

Funny you mention ears.
Yes, ears.
Such important receptacles.
Yet filled with concrete,
shit, propaganda, beliefs, certainties,
well, let's not leave out
SUPERSTITION and RELIGION,
now should we?

By the way,
where do ya suppose
God came from?
Or, out of?

And, why do ya s'pose
I made Eve
in my own IMAGE?'
'Cause Adam was
so bored and dull -
so ... predictable
He was BORING!!!
the shit outta me!!!
That's why.

Now
Shusssssh -
Don't go round quoting me
on any of that -
I've had quite enough of

the religious right
ta last me
the rest of forever!

When I look at America today, I see one huge mess, and the only way I can see for any real change to occur in America is for the women in America to cross their legs until the men in America behave differently :-) Same for everywhere else.

C43 waiting for the Lord to take me, the young have so much to look forward to....



2016
Fort Zachary Taylor State Park
Key West, Florida

Okay, younguns, this post ain't going to be anything like Billy Joel's hit song, "Only the Good Die Young", in which a young man tries to talk a young woman into giving up her rosary beads and chastity to make him happy- so grab your best hold.

In my email box this morning:



Wait

By: Galway Kinnell

POETIC OUTLAWS

APR 03, 2024

Wait, for now.
Distrust everything, if you have to.
But trust the hours. Haven't they
carried you everywhere, up to now?
Personal events will become interesting again.
Hair will become interesting.
Pain will become interesting.
Buds that open out of season will become lovely again.
Second-hand gloves will become lovely again,
their memories are what give them
the need for other hands. And the desolation
of lovers is the same: that enormous emptiness
carved out of such tiny beings as we are
asks to be filled; the need
for the new love is faithfulness to the old.

Wait.
Don't go too early.
You're tired. But everyone's tired.
But no one is tired enough.
Only wait a while and listen.
Music of hair,
Music of pain,
music of looms weaving all our loves again.
Be there to hear it, it will be the only time,
most of all to hear,
the flute of your whole existence,
rehearsed by the sorrows, play itself into total exhaustion.

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

The young have so much to look forward to :-)

81+, waiting on the Lord to take me,

I wake up each morning

wondering why I'm still here?

I lie in bed

thinking about my dreams,

what do they mean about today?

I might do some low back and pelvis stretches,

I might not.

I crawl out of bed,

walk to the bathroom to pee,

again

How long's it been

since I had a boner?

Before the 2000 covid 19 isolation prostate cancer radiation-

my urologist said the PSA count is terrific now,

he wants his patients die from

what other doctors can't fix-

I said I call people like you

motherfuckers-

he laughed,

I laughed,

we decided he didn't have to

dilate my pee pee drain for a while longer,

excruciating pain,

so I could keep peeing.

the radiation created scar tissue,

narrowing the pee pee drain,

bladder cancer might get me first,

he mirthed,

I said I call people like you,

motherfuckers,

he laughed-
nothing about that when he and the X-ray doc
explained the risks of radiation v. surgery,
motherfuckers
they kept me alive -
my PSA was 22.
now it's .02.
He prescribed generic Viagra
in case an opportunity came,
not yet,
don't even know if the pill will work,
he said he wanted to receive my ravings,
I said be careful what you ask for :-).
Radiation messed with my gut,
which had messed with me since it arrived,
in one day, age 26,
never the same again,
fuck me
Medicine impotent.
Psychiatry impotent.
Healers impotent.
Praying impotent.
Church impotent.
Meditation impotent.
Radionics helped for a few days,
then whatever was causing it
punished my gut something awful,
and I told the radionics guy
to turn off his machine.
Some far out channeling folks prescribed
affirmations and postures,
Which helped
liked the radionics had helped,
until what was causing it
punished my gut something awful

and I stopped doing the affirmations and postures.
A naturopath prescribed germanium,
and that really helped until
a terrible pneumonia arrived.
I tried that again, same result,
that's how I figured out it was a God thing.
Fuck me.
It lifted on its own a couple of times,
briefly,
then it returned.
Yeah, it was a God thing.
Now I'm taking magnesium supplement
recommended by a miracle healer psychical therapist,
as directed in a dream-
maybe God approved it,
I hope so,
because it's helping some,
and the alternative is,
well,
feeling most of the time
like cancer is eating my gut alive.
My legs numb from the thighs down.
Nothing can be done,
the neurologist said.
My spine has been run over
and mangled a few times,
So don't fall down and hope I
will help you up-
I'll be flat on my back,
my spine shrieking.
Ailing pets kindly put down,
I'm expected to outlive
their veterinarians and my doctors,
no matter what the cost or pain,
fuck me.

Ah, but each day
something happens
that causes me to feel
I'm still still supposed to be here,
writing something,
saying something,
experiencing something,
of this world,
beyond this world,
which causes me to feel
kinda ok,
even as I wonder
why I'm still here?
Mother Fuckers
Headed now to see my internist,
a scientist,
6 month's check up,
I probably won't mention any of this
to him :-)

Snappyred

Snappyred's Substack

maybe you're still here to keep life in perspective for the rest of us. My own pain becomes nothing in the light of your suffering and I become thankful again, hopeful again and kinda ok.

Perhaps, but later yesterday, my internist look skeptical about the magnesium and by dinnertime my gut was on fire, and it stayed on fire, and it's still on fire this morning, and I'm thinking the magnesium looks like just another Lucy snatching the football away from the gullible Charlie Brown prank, and I'm hoping the Lord will take me, but not before I attend a really important meeting at noon.

There's always something each day that I need to do.

What do I know?

What does anyone know?

This past Easter weekend, I had a wonderful time visiting one of my daughters and her husband and their dogs.

Yesterday morning, I had fun writing the comment at Poetic Outlaws.

After seeing my internist yesterday and cutting up with his staff, I had a fun mood-improving physical therapist session, during which I went off into another realm for a while, which happens every time during physical therapy.

Then, I had fun playing chess with a rural pastor friend, who I imagine would freak out if he lived in my skin.

Last night, despite the fire in my gut, I had an enjoyable dinner with a woman friend, who has plenty of ails of her own.

Thanks to my ailing tech friend Bob, who is about half my age, and AI programs, free, no ads The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast averages 300,000 complete watches per episode in the Torrent platforms around the world, and my dozen or so digital metaphysical books and novels at the free internet library, archive.org, are read in 33 languages at the rate of about 8-12 thousand complete reads per book, per month. My 3 consumer protection books carried by the Prentice-Hall division of Simon & Schuster in the mid-1980s sold about 30,000 copies, total.

People's memories of me, the good, the bad, the beautiful and the ugly, and cyber technology will keep me alive on Earth a lot longer than nature, my doctors and I ever dreamed.

When are we ever not in church? And a bit more about queer people, Melchizedek, Mary Magdalene, Jesus, Judas, Paul and dark and black nights of the soul not mentioned in Christendom



Melchizedek star

Okay younguns, I know you don't spend time in churches, and one of you is trans, whose father is Jewish and mother is 1/16 Jewish through my Polish great grandfather, and she converted to Judaism, so perhaps this email discussion about the [God makes queer people, too](#) post with a Jewish member of the club where I play duplicate bridge might interest you.

Her

I do not think about the variety of nature in terms of religion and I do not think about life in terms of religion. Religion is felt differently for all people. Jews have no better tolerance than Christians, for weird people. I am a Jew. I was brought up that there are only two sexes, women and men. There were no weird people in my family until this generation but I always respected other religions and deviations of nature. Nature always surprises us.

I have a beautiful granddaughter who is not happy unless she is a boy. I congratulate my son and his wife for generously helping and supporting their child to mature into a productive, healthy, loving and happy person.

Every animal has a varieties. Nature is changing life in every generation. Thinking all life is tied to a book/the bible is weird to me. Thinking bridge can be won by following guidelines is unthinkable. I wish you well. I hope you and all other people can appreciate the diversity of life that keeps developing into a better version.

Me

Thanks, my trans grandchild's mother married a Jewish man, whose father was one of my law professors at Alabama law school. My daughter, 1/16 Jewish via my polish great grandfather, converted to Judaism. They do not attend temple. Their church is wherever they are. Same for me.

Her

I like that last line.

"Their church is where they are."

Another member of the bridge club also responded to the God makes queer people, too post, and I wandered off into waters not found even in the most liberal Christian churches I once visited.

Him

Along with Paul, modern scholars pretty much agree that King James was bisexual, if not homosexual. "NeverKingJamse-ers" insist that he was not only homosexual but flamboyantly so—and that he also believed Jesus and John The Baptist were lovers. The last belief is undoubtedly "an alternate fact" but I have always wondered why the New Testament doesn't mention Jesus's marital status. I assume he was married to Mary Magdalene, but why wasn't she identified as his wife at the cross? If he wasn't married, that, too, was certainly noteworthy.

To your point, in the words of a great American philosopher, "Why can't we all just get along?"

P.S. I assume you know that "God," in this case, Yahweh, originally had a wife, Asherah. She was more highly revered than her husband. Later Canaanite writers wrote her out of their traditions—probably to institutionalize patriarchy.

Me

Thanks

First I heard that about King James, and first I heard Jesus and John the Baptist were lovers, and of Yahweh's wife Ashera.

If Magdalene washed Jesus's feet with her hair and her tears, and she anointed his feet with sacred oil I imagine cost a pretty penny, what did she wash and anoint him with when they were in private?

Outside the tomb in the Gospels, Jesus told Magdalene to go to the men disciples, who were in hiding, and tell them she had seen him and he would be with them soon. He didn't do things by happenstance. He wanted them to know how brave she was and how important to him she was.

If you have not done so, you might wish to read the book, *Holy Blood Holy Grail* about Jesus and Magdalene's bloodline.

Maybe in 1991, my wife in Boulder, Colorado and I were reading in bed one night, and she stumbled across the word Melchizedek in what she was reading and asked me if I knew anything about Melchizedek, and I said I had read in Genesis that Abraham knew Melchizedek, an eternal being in human form, who was called the King of Salem.

I asked her if she wanted me to try to get more information, and she said, yes, and I laid down my book and stretched out on my back and closed my eyes, and she began lightly stroking my chest, which we had learned would put me into a trance and I would receive

information from somewhere, and in a little while I told her I felt something coming from very far away, and then this came slowly:

Melchizedek is a order of Angel

Melchizedek comes to a planet to prepare it to receive the Christ

Christ does not come to a planet without Melchizedek

Mary Magdalene was of the Order Melchizedek

I didn't know it then, but that was the next step in my being captured by the Melchizedek Order and its ways, and it had not been a whole lot of fun up to them, and it got much more intense after that.

The Melchizedek Order was very much interested in attempting to restore the feminine (Eve) in me, which was severely damaged, and I was a really slow learner. I was stood before endless mirrors looking at myself; I was drilled and drilled and drilled with waiting, waiting, waiting, before I leaped, acted, spoke; and I was drilled and drilled and drilled in surrendering to the will of God by any named called, instead of trying impose my will on situations life brought my way. I'm still being drilled, and when I stray, I am spanked and redirected.

In early 1999, I was called by a man I had not known long, who belonged to a pentecostal church in east Birmingham. He said when he was praying that morning, God told him to tell Sloan to read the New Testament Letter to the Hebrews, which I then did. It's about Melchizedek and the Melchizedek priesthood, in which it says Jesus is high priest. It is addressed to Jews, who had accepted Christ, but were returning to their old ways, because the going was so difficult. The anonymous author warns them of the peril of turning away from the cleansing of the Lord, and chides them that they should be teaching,

they should be eating meat, but still are drinking milk, and to return to the discipline.

My training ramped up considerably, and I understood it was the Melchizedek Order behind it. I read somewhere that Catholic, Episcopal and Lutheran priests are ordained as priests forever after the Order Melchizedek, and Mormons have something similar, but what I was enduring was imposed from beyond the human realm and had nothing to do with churches of this world. I was told Mary Magdalene wrote Hebrews and she did not put her name on it because it was known that no man would give it any heed if a woman wrote it, especially her, I imagine :-).

I recently published at my grandfossil's tales to his grandchildren blog a post entitled

[How the women could change everything on this male-fractured world pronto :-\)](#)

which can be opened by clicking on that link. I don't imagine the "theology" in it will be taught in Christian churches any time soon, but I had some fun writing it.

My mentor-mentee playing partner came to me in a nap dream a little while ago, and she bid six diamonds. In my spirit code, diamonds represent the feminine, So, maybe I will share that post with some people in the bridge club.

Tuesday night, a gay member of our club came to me in a dream, driving a bus with lots of people in it, and that's why I shared the [God makes queer people, too](#) post with him and some other people in the bridge club.

In my spirit code, 6 is the number for Melchizedek, and what today is called The Star of David is the Melchizedek NIL.

I wrote some more to that man and deleted it because I felt it might be too much for that occasion, but since you are my grandchildren, it's part of my history. Here's the regurgitated gist of it, for you to ponder.

Judas also was of the Order Melchizedek. He, Magdalene and Jesus understood what was unfolding and they met secretly and discussed things. Judas was the only person Jesus trusted to betray him, and Judas was so distraught by Jesus being crucified that he killed himself.

In 1997, when I lived in Birmingham, I went into a black night of the soul, which was far worse than a dark night of the soul I had experience for 4 years when I lived in Boulder, Colorado. In 1990, I had read about the dark night and the black night in Antonio T. de Nicholas' book, *St. John of the Cross: Alchemist of the Soul*. In early 2001, I was told in my sleep by a voice I had heard a few times before, "With respect to St. John of the Cross, you haven't seen anything yet." I woke up, terrified. Shortly afterward, the 4-year dark night began.

It lifted in June 1995, after I had 3 spontaneous visions in a few days' time. I may share those visions in a later post, because they are really important.

The black night descended in 1997, in two days' time. I felt like half my brain had died, I quit dreaming and having visions. I felt cut off from God, that God had abandoned me.

For 16 months, I plotted my suicide every morning for 4 hours, until I figured out how I would do it the next day: slit my wrists with my Swiss Army knife. Then, I relaxed and got through the day, knowing tomorrow I would end it. I never told anyone what I was doing for 4 hours every morning. I believe something much bigger than me kept me from doing it.

During that horrible time, I heard in my sleep one night, "The reason you are having this experience is because you once were Judas.' When I lived

in Boulder, I had a strong sense that I had been Judas, but perhaps it was simply that I had betrayed Jesus many times in my life this time around.

During the black night, I met once a week with the head priest at my mother's church, St. Luke's Episcopal in the Crestline side of Mountain Brook, aka The Tiny Kingdom. I had been christened and confirmed in that church.

I told the priest what I was told in my sleep, and he said, "That dream could not have come from God!" I asked how he could know that for sure? He said he could not know for sure. I asked him to please set that aside and tell me his take on Judas.

The priest said Judas's mistake was killing himself, all the disciples had betrayed Jesus, and if Judas had not killed himself, God would have done great works through him. I looked the priest in the eye and said if Judas had not killed himself, maybe we'd never have heard of Paul? The priest looked like a deer caught in headlights.

The black night began to lift when I separated from my 4th wife for whom attending church was very important. She was with me and the pastor of Southside Baptist Church, and our Sunday School teacher, the church in which my mother and my father were raised, when I convinced several younger gay men that Paul was gay and they would enjoy that Sunday school class, and they did, as described in the [God makes queer people, too](#) post.

Will God, karma, etc. make Donald Trump president again because President Joe Biden didn't stop giving Israel money and munitions to devastate Gaza?



Gaza

Okay, younguns-

I'm 1/8th Jewish through my Polish great grandfather, who came to America in the latter 1800s and ended up in Troy, Alabama, where he met, courted and married a Southern Baptist school teacher, whose father had been an officer in the Confederate Army. They raised their children in the Southern Baptist Church in Troy, whose Sunday services Leopold attended, but he did not convert.

Leopold is memorialized in the "He Was a Nobel Creation" chapter of *A Few Remarkable Alabama People I Have Known*, which I wrote with oceans of tears and rivers of snot in 2004, in Helen, Georgia. Now it is a free read at the internet library, archive.com. Here's a link directly to that little book:

https://archive.org/details/a-few-remarkable-alabama-people-i-have-known_202210

Because I am an old fart with lots of spare time on my hands thanks to time, gravity and life killing off what I once did to pass the time and get in and out trouble, I will tell you that 3 nights before 9/11, in my tent on a friend's land outside of Helen, Georgia, where earlier that summer the novel *Heavy Wait: A Strange Tale* gushed out of me on a public library computer, now a free read at archive.org,

https://archive.org/details/heavy-wait-a-strange-tale_202212/page/n1/mode/2up, the angel known in the Jewish and Christian scriptures as Michael asked me in my sleep, "Will you make a prayer for a divine intervention of all of humanity?", and I woke up wondering what that was about and made the prayer and went back to sleep.

On 9/11, my concern was America would get itself into another foreign war it could not win, like what happened in Vietnam, which divided American society down the middle and shredded the nation's soul. I could not imagine America would get into two such wars.

A few days later, I was back in Key West, via Greyhound, and as I walked out of the U.S. Post Office in Old Town, Michael told me, "America should get out of the Middle East altogether and let Israel and Islam work it out or fight it out, and in that way learn which, if either, is God's chosen people." I sensed the end of Michael's comment was irony, or sarcasm.

In the summer of 2003, during a Sunday school class in a church near Helen, where I was hanging out again to get away from the Key West summer heat, mosquitoes and hurricanes, not much fun for a homeless person, the Sunday School teacher said he hoped God kills all Muslims!

I said quietly, "What about turn the other cheek, pray for your enemies?"

The Sunday school teacher looked at me, said again what he hoped God would do.

I said pretty loud this time, "What's wrong with Christians? Don't they read their own Bible? In Genesis, God told Abraham that Ishamel's seed would become a great nation and would cause Isaac's seed trouble."

A great hush fell over the room.

Back then, I was put into situations where I said stuff that rattled Christian cages a bit.

I was not yet active on the internet.

Back to the present.

Despite what I hear from Christians, read online and see on TV, I don't think God by any name called likes war.

I cannot wrap my mind around God sanctioning any war reported in the Christian Bible's Old Testament. I wonder if the Jewish prophets of old who waged war, starting with Abraham, were listening to voices in their own heads, or to the Devil?

I don't see how the war in Gaza pleases God, and to the contrary, it looks to me that the war in Gaza pleases the Devil, and both sides are in deep doo doo with God.

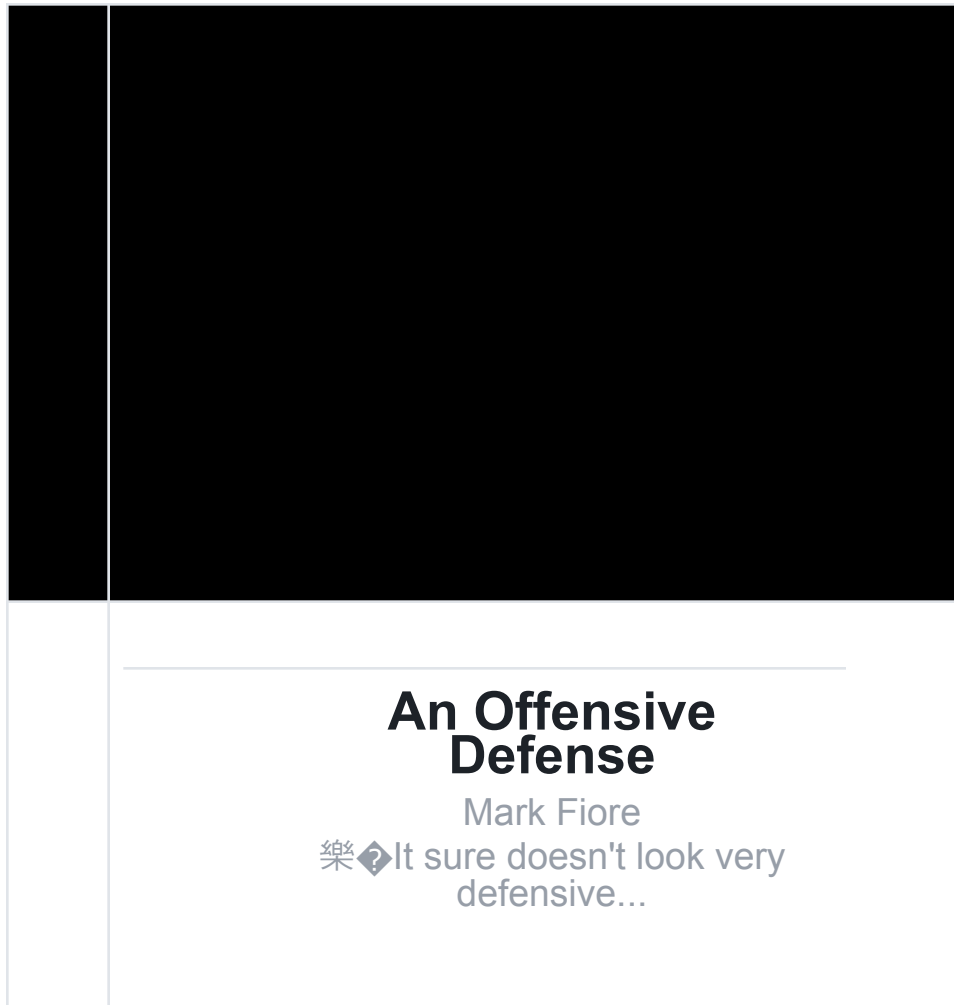
In that regard, two Substack newsletters to which I subscribe.

Mark Flore

April4, 2024

https://markfiore.substack.com/p/an-offensive-defense?utm_source=substack&utm_medium=email#media-6cf65d10-3c86-469d-bf49-b25f8d8b5cad

[An Offensive Defense](#)



Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

Gaza mayhem is horrible. I think if HAMAs cared about its subjects in Gaza, months ago it would have offered to release all of its Oct 7 hostages, if Israel agreed to leave Gaza alone for so long as HAMAs left Israel alone.

Ezekiel Detroit Substack

Sloan B., That is a sane solution. It does not meet Hamas definition. Their solution is to kill all Jews in Israel. Terrorists do not think like typical westerners. If they die, they just go to paradise where women will serve them. No big deal to die. Hostages are now their property to be their slaves. It is written. Catch my drift?

Sloan Bashinsky

I understand your drift completely.

Hamas views all of its subjects killed by Israel as martyrs sent straight to Allah, so no big deal. Hamas's original charter called for the destruction of Israel. Hamas' "amended" charter praises Islam as a peace-loving religion and does not recognize Israel's right to exist. Sinwar spent a long time in prison in Israel, and he figured out there was no way Hamas could defeat Israel militarily, and after he got out of that prison he switched to defeating Israel, and its benefactor America, in the court of public opinion, and he designed an attack that he hoped would cause Israel to do precisely what it did in Gaza, to paint Israel as a modern Nazi Germany, and smear America, and Israel took the bait and America sided with Israel and here we are.

I know Israel did plenty to provoke Islam in the past, taking land, and taking land, and wars in Gaza and the West Bank, and Israel does not have clean hands, and it, too, is run by religious fanatics, who claim God is on their side. President Biden should have cut off money and munitions to Israel months ago. But I live in Alabama, which is very red, and I know the America religious right back Israel all the way, (a) because their Bible says God promised Israel that land, even though they ignore the Israelites turned their back on God many times, and (b) they hope Israel will kill every Muslim in the Middle East, and they wouldn't mind Israel using its nukes to to it.

It's a really screwed up mess, thanks to religion, and God has nothing to do with it. If Trump is elected this year, his base won't let him abandon Israel. It's a shame all the nice Christians in America did not allow the WWII Jewish refugees to resettle in America. If that had happened, maybe there would be no Israel today.

As long as Israel exists, there will be strife in Palestine. All predicted in Genesis when God told Abraham that Ishmael's seed would become a great nation and would cause Issac's seed (Israelites) trouble. Islam views Ishmael as the promised child, and radical Islam views that part of Genesis, which is in the Koran, as a mandate from God to cause Isaac's seed trouble. All of that is in the Bibles Donald Trump is selling :-)

Money Circus

Crisis Update: Troubling Lessons Of Israel's AI Kill Targets Efficiency or unearthing darker impulses?

APR 05, 2024

<https://moneycircus.substack.com/p/crisis-update-troubling-lessons-of>

Sloan Bashinsky Sloan's Newsletter, liked by Money Circus

Hard for me to imagine Sinwar and other Hamas officials did not know of Israel's AI military capability when Hamas launched the October 7 attack, which looks to me was designed and hoped to provoke Israel to do precisely what it has been doing in Gaza, to turn the entire world against Israel and its benefactor, America, which leads me to think Hamas doesn't care how many people Israel kills, maims, displaces, etc. in Gaza, they are martyrs, and the worse the mayhem in Gaza, the better for Hamas's publicity. Looks to me that Hamas and Israel both are run by religious freak monsters, and God has nothing to do with any of it. If only Hal could return from Jupiter to jettison both sides's leaders into space to see if that gets the left behinds' undivided attention :-)

I wonder, younguns, if Donald Trump will be back in the White House this time next year, because Joe Biden kept living Israel money and munitions to hunt down and kill Hamas in Gaza? Yeah, I know that ain't ever gonna be a popular perspective of how God and karma work in mysterious ways, and I hope it doesn't play out that way, but maybe Trump being president again is how it needs to play out, because that's what America deserves, thanks to President Biden and America supporting Israel in Gaza, and

Trump said he is Israel's best friend and that war would not have happened if he was president :-)

Maybe if we are real lucky, Hamas, Israel and President Biden have not started World War III.

Something happened recently Baby Fossils that could prove in a court of law that God exists



Melchizedek star

Ok, younguns, I learned of something yesterday evening, which proved beyond any doubt that there is a God by any named called 😎.

For the baby fossil among you specializing in civil rights law, your once practicing attorney grandpa says what you are about to read might be used as evidence in a court of law to prove God exists 😎.

Let me take you back to the waiting for the Lord to take me, the young have so much to look forward to.... post at your Grandfossil's blogspot, in which I made the comment below under the Poetic Outlaws "Wait" post, <https://poeticoutlaws.substack.com/p/wait-b51/comments#comment-53295828>.

A reader going by Snappyred commented, I responded, and he responded, and I told him about a younger friend, who is ailing horribly, and why, and how important he is to me.

Around dawn's early light today, someone named Vickie commented, and I told her what recently happened to my younger friend, which proved God exists 😎.

Sloan Bashinsky.

Sloan's Newsletter

The young have so much to look forward to :-)

81+, waiting on the Lord to take me,

I wake up each morning

wondering why I'm still here?

I lie in bed

thinking about my dreams,

what do they mean about today?

I might do some low back and pelvis stretches,

I might not.

I crawl out of bed,

walk to the bathroom to pee,

again

How long's it been

since I had a boner?

Before the 2000 covid 19 isolation prostate cancer radiation-

my urologist said the PSA count is terrific now,

he wants his patients die from

what other doctors can't fix-

I said I call people like you

motherfuckers-

he laughed,

I laughed,

we decided he didn't have to

dilate my pee pee drain for a while longer,

excruciating pain,

so I could keep peeing.

the radiation created scar tissue,

narrowing the pee pee drain,

bladder cancer might get me first,

he mirthed,

I said I call people like you,

motherfuckers,

he laughed-

nothing about that when he and the X-ray doc
explained the risks of radiation v. surgery,
motherfuckers
they kept me alive -
my PSA was 22.
now it's .02.
He prescribed generic Viagra
in case an opportunity came,
not yet,
don't even know if the pill will work,
he said he wanted to receive my ravings,
I said be careful what you ask for :-).
Radiation messed with my gut,
which had messed with me since it arrived,
in one day, age 26,
never the same again,
fuck me
Medicine impotent.
Psychiatry impotent.
Healers impotent.
Praying impotent.
Church impotent.
Meditation impotent.
Radionics helped for a few days,
then whatever was causing it
punished my gut something awful,
and I told the radionics guy
to turn off his machine.
Some far out channeling folks prescribed
affirmations and postures,
Which helped
liked the radionics had helped,
until what was causing it
punished my gut something awful
and I stopped doing the affirmations and postures.

A naturopath prescribed germanium,
and that really helped until
a terrible pneumonia arrived.
I tried that again, same result,
that's how I figured out it was a God thing.
Fuck me.
It lifted on its own a couple of times,
briefly,
then it returned.
Yeah, it was a God thing.
Now I'm taking magnesium supplement
recommended by a miracle healer psychical therapist,
as directed in a dream-
maybe God approved it,
I hope so,
because it's helping some,
and the alternative is,
well,
feeling most of the time
like cancer is eating my gut alive.
My legs numb from the thighs down.
Nothing can be done,
the neurologist said.
My spine has been run over
and mangled a few times,
So don't fall down and hope I
will help you up-
I'll be flat on my back,
my spine shrieking.
Ailing pets kindly put down,
I'm expected to outlive
their veterinarians and my doctors,
no matter what the cost or pain,
fuck me.
Ah, but each day

something happens
that causes me to feel
I'm still still supposed to be here,
writing something,
saying something,
experiencing something,
of this world,
beyond this world,
which causes me to feel
kinda ok,
even as I wonder
why I'm still here?
Mother Fuckers
Headed now to see my internist,
a scientist,
6 month's check up,
I probably won't mention any of this
to him :-)

Snappyred

Snappyred's Substack

maybe you're still here to keep life in perspective for the rest of us. My own pain becomes nothing in the light of your suffering and I become thankful again, hopeful again and kinda ok.

Soan Bashinsky

My best friend, a little over half my age, who does the tech work for my books at archive.org, a free internet library run by colleges in America, has several far more severe physical ailments than I, which medicine and very good doctors can only barely deal with, and the prognoses are awful. Some of it is genetics, some is diet and injuries. Some of it is injuries cause by hit men who left him for dead. I'm wondering how much more he can endure? If the way for him is to die young? I know from life experiences that angels can fix him somewhat, and I know that's above my pay grade to know.

Snappyred

You are one of his earthly angels. He is lucky and blessed in that respect. Suffering is very sad and certain things remain a mystery. We learn to carry on. Thanks for your reply and intro to archive.org.

Sloan Bashinsky

My friend had good paying jobs, which he lost because of his association with me, and I started paying him to do the tech work for my metaphysical books and for a podcast we do together, he is audio only, I can be seen. I'm wondering if the podcast will be winding down? Lately, its been getting about 300,000 complete watches per episode. We quit using YouTube and started launching into Torrent platforms where viewers are much more open to something different, with no advertising or soliciting. The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast. He also had a good business as a mechanic, he could take apart and fix just about anything with wheels. His injuries and medical ended that for him.

You might be asked if you are sure you want to open archive.org, which specializes in out of print books and authors who offer their books for free. People all over the world read books there. Thanks to my tech friend and AI programs, my metaphysical books at archive.org are read in 33 languages, at the rate of about 8-10 thousand complete reads per book per month. Far more reads than sales of my 3 consumer protection books carried by the Prentice-Hall division of Simon & Schuster in the mid-1980s.

Vickie today

I was so incredibly touched by your words. If your words are true to you, I send you blessings and love.

Sloan Bashinsky

Thank you, it's all true, and much more, and blessings to you, also.

Out of nowhere, a doctor showed up who seems able to repair enough of my younger friend's injuries, so that he can continue on this plane, after my friend had dreamed his soul was leaving and an angel well known to him named Melchizedek showed up and teased him and said he wasn't getting off that easy, and then the doctor had a dream that convinced him he must do all he can to help my friend, and the doctor told the hospital what had happened, and they reduced the cost \$ 90%, and the procedures are scheduled very soon. Meanwhile, my long time ailing gut has felt some better since I posted what you replied to, and no doctor of this world has anything to do with that :-).

Now while what I will tell you next might or might not be admissible as evidence in a court of law, it very definitely is admissible in God's Court.

Two of you baby fossils' father is Jewish, and his father was one of my favorite law professors at the University School of Law.

Your mother is 1/16th Jewish, via my Polish great grandfather, and she converted to Judaism.

My lawyer and good friend in Key West, Sam Kaufman, who is a city commissioner, is Jewish.

Several years ago, Sam told me in his law office that it didn't bother him that I talk about my dreams, because Jewish people believe dreams come from God.

What I don't get is how any God-fearing American supports Donald Turmp, Robert F. Kennedy, Jr. or Joe Biden



Ok, younguns, I have a confession to make, which is I kinda strayed from my so-called mock campaign for president, because I felt I ran out of things to say, and America is so screwed up that I doubt even God can fix it, and it didn't matter what I say, which is how I felt when I ran six times for mayor of Key West, three times for county commission, and one time for school board in the Florida Keys, as an independent.

I paid the filing fees for each race. I had no campaign committee, no campaign workers, no vote for me signs in people's front yards, no newspaper, radio or television advertising. I did not make house calls to meet my constituents.

I felt dragooned into something I detested. I felt it was egotistical and immoral to presume to run for public office. I felt anyone who actually wanted to hold public office was insane and should not be allowed to run. I felt political parties, PACs, campaign contributions, etc. should be outlawed. I felt the onus should be on the voters to dragoon candidates for public office via write in voting.

I participated in candidate forums, where I consistently was against the grain, likewise in media interviews and on my blogs, goodmorningkeywest.com and goodmorningfloridakeys.com, and after they went on to the cyber afterlife, afoolsworknevernends.blogspot.com, about half of which passed on to cyber afterlife.

There never was a candidate for public office like me in the Florida Keys, because no other candidate had angels known in the Bible telling them to run if they knew what was good for them. No other candidates had been turned very which way but loose and upside down and stood before endless mirrors by angels known in the Bible. No others candidates lived each day and night with this part of Proverbs 9:10 ever in their gut, heart, mind and soul:

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

Dreams last night had me down in Key West talking to Father Stephen Braddock, a Catholic Priest who once ran a security company in New York City, and Donald Trump was one of his company's clients. In Key West, Steve was fully involved in trying to help homeless people turn their lives around. He ran Florida Keys Outreach Coalition's halfway houses.

In 2003, I ran ran out of money again and was living in a tent in the wetlands near the Key West airport. I contracted MRSA, a ruthless, life-threatening, antibiotics resistant flesh-eating staphylococcus bacteria that lives in Key West and Florida Keys waters. Near death, I went to the entry level FKOC halfway house and was admitted.

The next day, I was in the city's hospital having emergency surgery to carve two awful MRSA abscesses out of my groin and one out of my butt. I was released the next afternoon and

returned to the FKOC shelter. The next day, Steve Braddock and Key West City Commissioner Bill Verge asked me if I would run for mayor of Key West? They said they would pay my filing fee.

They had heard me speak many times at city commission meetings about how the city treated its homeless people, and about other things on the city commission meeting printed agenda. They said they liked what I said.

I told Steve and Bill that I would have to sleep on it. After sleeping on it, I told Steve that I was told in a dream that he should run for major. He said he had too much on his plate. I said I needed to sleep on it again. I was told in a dream to accept Steve and Bill's offer, and I told Steve that. They gave me money for the filing fee and I filed with the local election office.

That night in my sleep, I was told in a dream, "If you know what's good for you, you will do everything you can to get Jimmy Weekly reelected." Jimmy was the incumbent mayor. He had pissed off some people and it was thought he might not be reelected. However, he was sympathetic to homeless peoples' plight.

Later that day, I rode my bicycle through a city park where there was a seafood festival in progress and Jimmy was there and told him what I had dreamed and for him to be prepared for me breaking that news.

A few days later, I attended the first candidate forum, hosted by the Key West Business Guild, which was started by the city's LBGTQ community, which was not happy with Jimmy, even though he had gone to Washington, D.C. to participate in a LBGTQ march.

The first candidate to arrive at the forum, I was asked to draw a straw to see when I would get to introduce myself. I drew the longest straw, meaning I got to go first.

When the forum moderator introduced me and handed me a microphone, I looked at the audience and said I detest politics and am running because God told me in a dream to run, and what are you all thinking, talking about not voting for Jimmy Weekly, who has been so supportive of your community? Jimmy knows he made some mistakes, and he made adjustments, and you should vote for him.

When the forum ended, a lot of people in the audience introduced themselves to me and thanked me for what I had said.

The LGBTQ community made up about 20 percent of Key West's voting population. The election was over, but it took a few more candidate forums before the voters said it was over.

By then, I was pretty sure Steve Braddock was gay. He and Bill Verge did not seem thrilled with how I went about it, but through several terms as Mayor, and after he term-limited out, as a city commissioner, Jimmy Weekly remained sympathetic to the city's homeless people, while the city government and city police and city residents grew increasingly hostile toward the city's homeless people, as they worshipped their homeless savior Jesus Christ.

Yesterday, I saw on CNN that former Democrat Robert F. Kennedy, Jr, the 70-year-old son of Democrat President John F. Kennedy's Democrat brother Robert F. Kennedy, running this year as an Independent candidate, questioned whether the January 6, 2020 riot at the national Capitol was an insurrection, and said, if elected, he will have that investigated by the U.S. Department of Justice.

I thought the only investigation the stupid fuck had to do was google photos of the white mob outside and inside the national Capitol, and watch easily googled videos of same- *res ipsa loquitur*, the thing speaks for itself.

That was discussed in the Reddit r/politics forum yesterday. Here are some of the early comments before video gamers arrived and wandered all over everywhere.

Smaynard6000

The more this guy appeals to Trump voters, the more I'm happy to see him stick around

AxlLight9h

How does it matter? As long as he's not siphoning democratic votes, he can say whatever he wants and Republicans can play around spinning him however they want.

But regardless, Democrats once again show they're bad at strategy with calling this guy to quit when he's doing us a world of favor. RFK, go crazier please, launch some gold shoes or something, make some playing cards, hug a flag.

jpk195

There's no clearer line in the sand between Trump's base and the rest of us than Jan. 6th. He's on the side that can only hurt Trump, and hope he stays there.

Nukesnipe

It's so fucking funny to me that he was obviously pushed as a Biden spoiler but he's genuinely such a fucking stupid wackjob that he ended up as a Trump spoiler instead. He was supposed to spoil votes for Biden, watching this shit blow up in the republican's faces is too bloody good

Puzzled-Drop (me)

Many flew over the cuckoo's nest.

I think it was in 2016 that two American journalists working for the British-based *Guardian* newspaper interviewed me and my homeless girlfriend Kari Dangler in person about homeless politics in Key West. When the *Guardians'* journalists met with me again, they said the people running Key West's homeless shelter declined to speak further with them after learning they already had interviewed me and my homeless girlfriend. Their ensuing article in the *Guardian* did not mention that.

Here's a link to The Redneck Mystic Lawyer podcast about Kari, which has had over 500,000 complete watches worldwide:

Homeless outlaw cowgirl shaman with the blues saved Key West from Hurricane Irma obliteration

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZZ0Dc03eksU&t=971s>

The *Guardian* did a somewhat better job with an article in my Apple newsfeed this morning, perhaps because what's at stake is a helluva lot more important than how Key West treats homeless people?

I added in the 2nd Trump Jesus photo and the photos of Trump with his good friend woman trafficker Jeffrey Epstein, and of Trump with his good friends Bill and Hillary Clinton, and of Trump bowing to a Saudi prince who had maybe 100 wives and had a Saudi journalist sawed up into little pieces.

Below this lengthy article are my parting thoughts, for today.

THE GUARDIAN

Christian nationalists embrace Trump as their savior – will they be his?







Christians opposed to infidelity and immorality have embraced a thrice-married man who can't name a single Bible verse

A thrice-married man who refers to the Eucharist as a "little cracker", was apparently unable to name a single Bible verse and says he has never asked God for forgiveness was always an unlikely hero for the most conservative Christians in the US.

But in both 2016 and 2020, Donald Trump resoundingly won the vote of white evangelicals. Now, with Trump having almost certainly secured the Republican nomination for 2024 and eyeing a return to the White House, his campaign is doubling down on religious imagery, securing the evangelical base and signaling sympathies with Christian nationalism.

Indeed, the former US president's relationship with the religious right has deepened so much that Trump is now comfortable with comparing himself to their messiah.

"And on June 14, 1946, God looked down on his planned

paradise, and said: 'I need a caretaker,'" booms a video that Trump shared on his Truth Social account, and that has been played at some of his rallies.

"So God gave us Trump."

The video, made by Dilley Meme Team, a group of Trump supporters, continues:

"God said: 'I need somebody willing to get up before dawn, fix this country, work all day, fight the Marxists, eat supper, then go to the Oval Office and stay up past midnight at a meeting of the heads of state.' So God made Trump."

To some, it is a baffling pairing. Evangelicals, who typically adhere to a literal reading of the Bible and, theoretically, follow a strict code that opposes infidelity, immorality and abortion and is critical of same-sex relationships, seem an odd match-up with a man like Trump.

But the pairing has had benefits for both parties: Trump got elected in 2016, and evangelicals got a conservative supreme court that has already overturned the Roe v Wade ruling, which enshrined a constitutional right to abortion.

Now, Trump is believing the hype he's received from some on the religious right: that he has been chosen, or anointed, by God himself.

He has increasingly begun to lean into the rightwing social conservatism that white evangelicals – who make up 14% of Americans – favor. That was clear in February, when Trump spoke at the National Religious Broadcasters convention

(NRBC), a gathering of the kind of conservative Christians who lead mega-churches, host televangelist shows and claim to receive prophecies from God.

Trump said in that address that there was an “anti-Christian bias” in the US, and promised that he would create a taskforce to investigate “discrimination, harassment and persecution against Christians in America”.

While Trump easily won the white evangelical vote in his previous two presidential elections, Kristin Du Mez, a professor of history and gender studies at Calvin University whose research focuses on the intersection of gender, religion and politics, said this election cycle sees him leaning even further into this appeal.

Du Mez said his speech at the NRBC was “a new level we haven’t often seen”.

“He was promising [the evangelical audience] power, but in much more explicit terms,” she said. “And he was really leaning into this language of culture wars, of religious wars: that he was going to protect their interests and protect their power against the enemies – against fellow Americans, against liberals, against the enemies who were trying to persecute Christians, who were persecuting Christians.”

The “God made Trump” video is not the only example of Trump seeing himself as a deity. On 25 March, Trump said on his Truth Social account that he had received the following message from a supporter:

“It’s ironic that Christ walked through His greatest

persecution the very week they are trying to steal your property from you.”

It follows Trump sharing a fake court sketch in late 2023, published during Trump’s fraud trial in New York, which shows him seated beside Jesus Christ.

About 85% of white evangelical Protestant voters who frequently attend religious services voted for Trump in 2020, Pew Research found, as did 81% of those who attend less frequently.

Securing, and adding to, that vote could be key to a Trump victory. Du Mez pointed to research by the Public Religion Research Institute that shows how crucial the evangelical vote is in swing states. Evangelicals make up about a quarter of residents in Georgia and North Carolina, 16% of the population in Pennsylvania and about 12% of voters in Wisconsin.

...so the Guardian won’t cover this election like a reality show. With so much at stake, support fiercely independent, reader-funded journalism – it only takes a minute.

Biden beat Trump in all but North Carolina in 2020. Given the lack of enthusiasm for both candidates, both men are desperate to win every possible vote in what is expected to be a tight election.

It helps Trump that evangelicals feel under attack. Since 2015, he has told his supporters that they are looked down on by liberal elites, and that their rights are threatened. That same message resonates with some religious voters, Du Mez

said, who could also resent the mockery of Trump's imagining himself as Jesus Christ.

"It only reinforces the scripts that they've been handed, which is that the left is out to get you and they are mocking and they have no respect for your faith," Du Mez said.

While Trump has long enjoyed popularity among evangelicals, and has been courted by leaders including televangelists and pastors at mega-churches, this is the first election cycle in which he has been confident enough to compare himself to Jesus Christ. So, what's changed?

Trump "has been getting this message from these folks for years now", said Matthew D Taylor, author of *The Violent Take It by Force: The Christian Movement That Is Threatening Our Democracy*, recalling the sight of evangelical leaders praying over Trump during his time in office.

The thirst for Trump as a biblical figure can be traced to the unique way he ascended to become an evangelical favorite, Taylor said: when he launched his campaign in June 2015, few in "respectable evangelical circles" wanted anything to do with the brash, twice-divorced, self-proclaimed billionaire.

It made sense. This was a man who, during his first presidential campaign, memorably misnamed the body of Christ, and while at church put cash in a plate that is meant to hold the communion. During his early forays into religious outreach, Trump was asked to name his favorite verse in the Bible, and couldn't name one – asked again three weeks later, he named one that doesn't exist.

He enlisted Paula White as his spiritual adviser, and charged her with bringing the evangelical elites onboard. The problem was that White, herself a thrice-married multimillionaire who preaches the idea that God will bestow wealth on his followers, didn't move in those circles.

Taylor noted that White's allies were among fellow prosperity gospel preachers and "new apostolic reformation leaders" – a movement that seeks to inject Christianity into politics, the judiciary, the media and business.

"These folks were really on the margins not only of American Christianity, but of American evangelicals. They were seen as kind of lowbrow and prosperity gospel types and televangelists. They were seen as kind of a laughable sector of evangelicalism in respectable evangelical circles," Taylor said.

As Trump won primary elections in state after state, the respectable evangelicals were able to overcome their moral objections to him being the Republican candidate.

But by this point, Trump's main advisers were cemented as the type of religious leaders once scoffed at by the religious elites. Trump continued to rely on the Paula Whites of this world, and the more far-out religious leaders won influence – and are set to have even more if he wins in 2024.

"Those are the type of people I think Trump would be bringing in to help shape policy, help shape identity," Taylor said.

"These aren't the kind of people who are policy wonks, but

there are Christian nationalists who have very clear agenda items, especially on topics like abortion, on topics like support for Israel, on topics like religious freedom, on topics such as LGBTQ +rights.

“Trump has surrounded himself and has brought into his White House advisers echelons some very, very extreme Christian voices. And he seems to be at the very least playing footsie with them, if not overtly endorsing some of their ideas.”

This bodes poorly for a Trump second term, when abortion rights, the rights of LGBTQ+ people and even the right to access IVF treatment could come under attack.

There are also warning signs, Taylor said, should Trump again refuse to concede the election – and if his supporters once more interpret his rhetoric as a call to attack the home of US democracy.

Trump’s religious supporters were among those at the Capitol during the January 6 insurrection. Taylor said he was seeing “more and more of this cross-pollination between far-right and even overtly racist elements and these spiritual warriors”.

“When you are mixing white nationalism and neo-Nazi ideas with very heavy religious fervor and processes, that is a very, very dangerous mix,” Taylor said.

“Because it’s encouraging more and more people to do extraordinary things, if they feel like their country is slipping away from them.”

The Brits ought to know, since once upon a time, Americans did extraordinary things to rid themselves of their brutal British king.

What I don't get is why THE GUARDIAN didn't hone in on Ivana Trump told VANITY FAIR that when she was married to Donald, he kept a book of Hitler's speeches in a cabinet on his side of their bed, and sometimes he read it at night.

HITLER'S OWN SEQUEL TO MEIN KAMPF

**MY NEW
ORDER**

ADOLF HITLER

The program for world conquest as offered by Hitler in his only utterances since *Mein Kampf*—his speeches (now in the public domain), with complete commentary and historical background.

**Edited by Raoul de Roussy de Sales
Introduction by Raymond Gram Swing**

What I don't get is why THE GUARDIAN did not say Trump's white supremacist base is far larger than white Christian evangelicals.



Trump's 2016 victory celebration



Charlottesville protest of removal
of Confederate Monuments
while Trump was president



Trump's January 6, 2020 peace demonstration

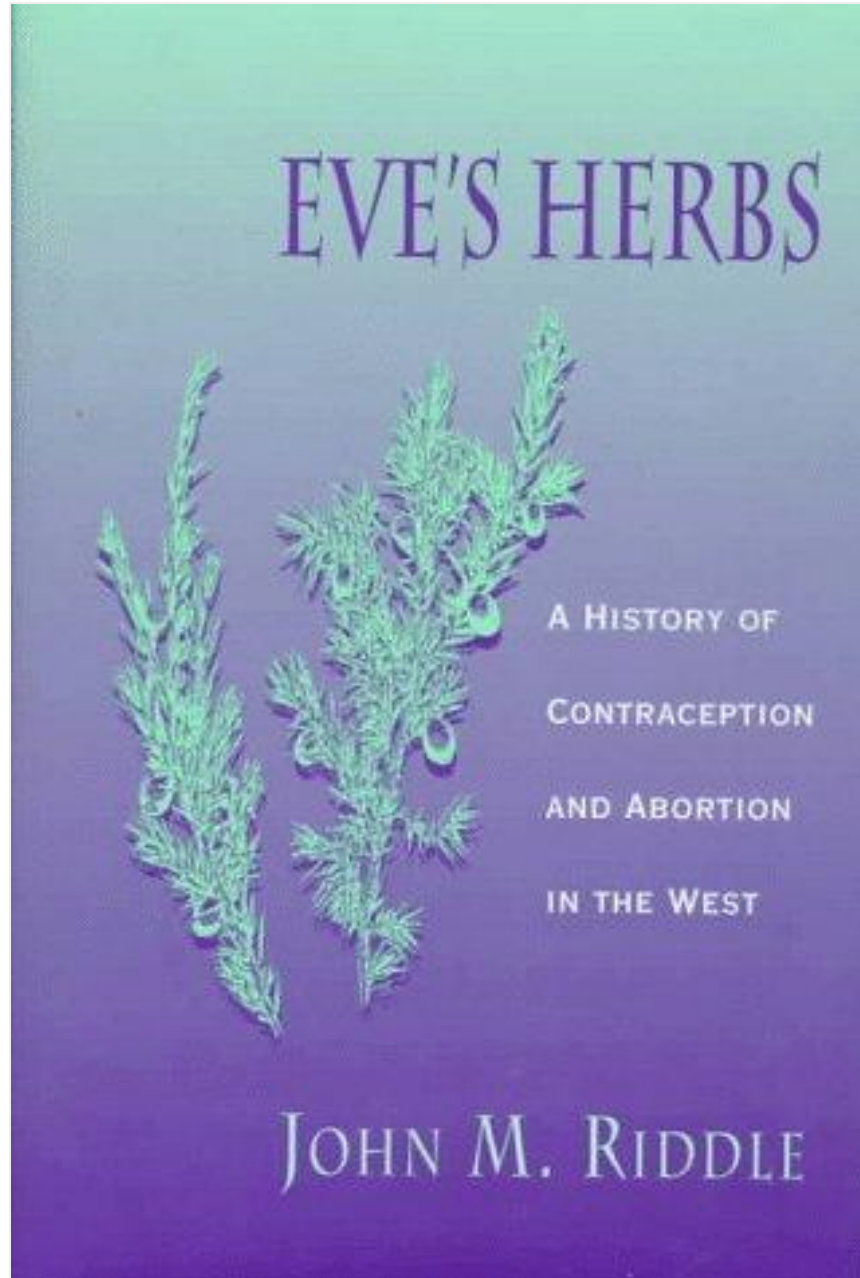
What I don't get is how any God-fearing American supports Donald Trump.

Or Robert F. Kennedy, Jr.

Or Joe Biden, who helped Israel destroy Gaza.

Law School exam question: Do pregnant women in America have an unalienable right to abortion before their fetus quickens?





Ok, younguns, as you know, I live in Birmingham, Alabama, where your mommas were born.

Last year, in a 7-2 ruling, the all-Republican Alabama Supreme Court, citing Bible verses and an 1872 state law called the Wrongful Death of a Minor Act, declared parents may sue for wrongful death of a frozen fertilized human embryo.

That case arose when frozen embryos for in vitro fertilization (IVF) were destroyed in a cryogenic nursery by a patient who wandered into the nursery and accidentally dropped several frozen fertilized embryos on the floor.

CNN reported this morning that Donald Trump said abortion should be left up to the states to decide. Trump previously had boasted that his Republican stacked U.S. Supreme Court overturned *Roe v. Wade* and ended abortion rights in America.

In a 7-2 decision, the U.S. Supreme Court had held in *Roe v. Wade* that the due process clause of Amendment 14 to the United States Constitution provided a fundamental "right to privacy", which protected a pregnant woman's right to an abortion.

AMENDMENT XIV

Section 1.

All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

The *Roe* Court said the right to abortion was not absolute and must be balanced against the government's interests in protecting women's health and prenatal life. The Court resolved these competing interests by announcing a pregnancy trimester timetable to govern all abortion regulations in the United States. From the end of the second trimester, which the Court identified as the starting point of viability, a state could regulate or prohibit abortions in order to protect the pregnant person's health or to preserve fetal viability. In no case, however, could the state criminalize abortions that were necessary to protect the life or health of the pregnant person.

On June 24, 2022, in *Dobbs v. Jackson Women's Health Organization*, the U.S. Supreme Court, made up of 6 conservative Christian Republican justices, 3 of whom President Trump had appointed, voted 5-4 to overturn *Roe v. Wade*, and return to individual states the power to regulate any aspect of abortion not protected by federal statutory law. The chief justice and the three Democrat justices dissented.

Here's a link to the that decision, which will take you a while to read:

<https://www.washingtonpost.com/politics/interactive/2022/roe-wade-decision-pdf/?document=undefined>

I read the syllabus part of it, and then I read enough of the opinion to figure out what was going on.

The Dobbs majority opinion says that for a long time in the common law of England, which early settlers brought with them to America, abortion was illegal after a fetus quickened in its mother's womb, meaning the pregnant woman felt the fetus in her move or kick.

In America, states passed laws making abortion illegal after a fetus quickened.

As time passed, states passed laws making abortion illegal at any time illegal.

Now why did those states do that? For the same reason the majority in *Dobbs v. Jackson* overruled *Roe v. Wade*.

I wish I could hire a polygraph operator to ask the 5 U.S. Supreme Court justices under oath if they overturned *Roe v. Wade* because of their religious beliefs.

Meanwhile, the *Dobbs* majority opinion states the obvious: abortion is not mentioned in the U.S. Constitution, nor in any amendment thereto. Thus, abortion is not protected by Amendment 14.

The 6 conservative justices and the 3 liberal justices in *Dobbs v. Jackson* didn't do their fucking homework.

In his book *The American Instructor*, Ben Franklin reported that women used herbs in Colonial America to prevent and end pregnancies.

I did a Google search for Ben Franklin's book and this NPR interview came up:

<https://www.npr.org/2022/05/16/1099244635/for-ben-franklin-abortion-was-basic-arithmetic>

[For Ben Franklin, abortion was basic arithmetic](https://www.npr.org/2022/05/16/1099244635/for-ben-franklin-abortion-was-basic-arithmetic)





A book by John M. Riddle, *CONTRACEPTION AND ABORTION FROM THE ANCIENT WORLD THROUGH THE RENAISSANCE*, traced the anthropological history of herbs used by women to prevent and end pregnancy.

A similar, later book by Riddle, *EVE'S HERBS: A HISTORY OF CONTRACEPTION AND ABORTION IN THE WEST*, was featured in an exhaustive article in *The American Historical Society* [article:archives](#).

HERBALGRAM.ORG

Eve's Herbs: A History of Contraception and Abortion in the West. -
American Botanical Council

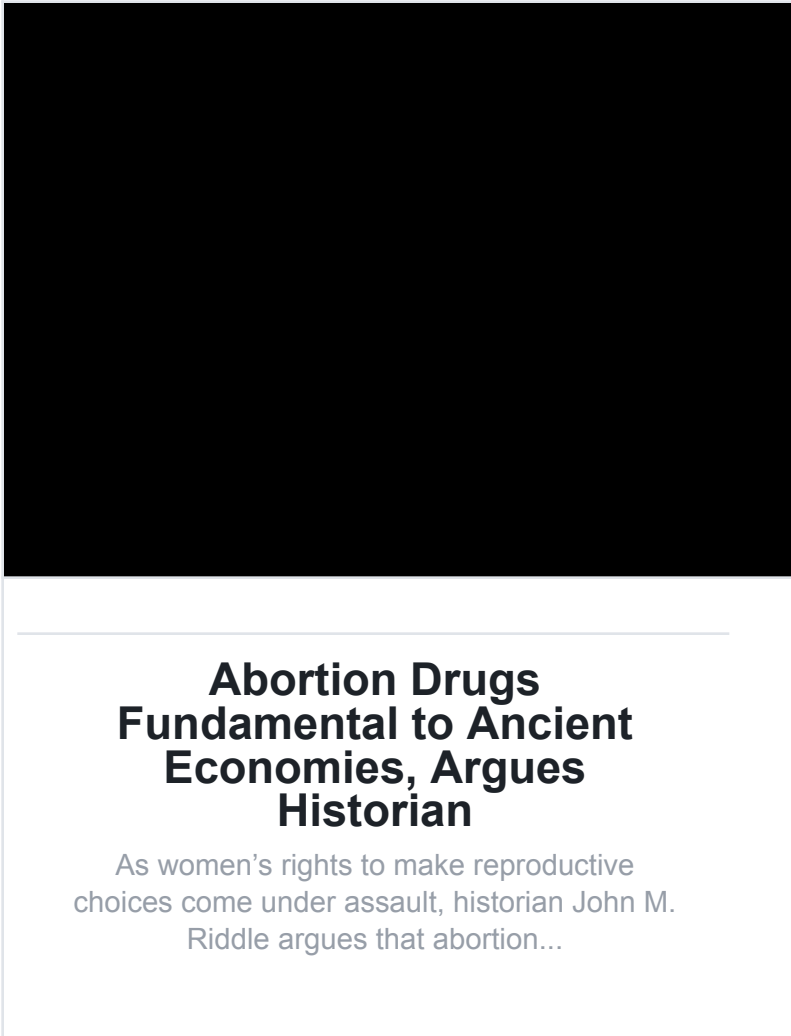
[Eve's Herbs: A History of Contraception and Abortion in the West. -
American Botanical Council](#)

Eve's Herbs: A History of Contraception and Abortion in the West. - Am...

The article's author reported that he and his wife enjoyed drinking pennyroyal tea. She was pregnant. She miscarried. He did research and learned pennyroyal was long used to end pregnancies. He did a lot more research and reported that, too, in his article, which some women told me is fascinating.

The EVE'S HERBS book was available for free via a PDF, until it was taken down because Riddle was receiving death threats.

Here is a link to an Institute for New Economic Thinking interview of Riddle: [Abortion Drugs Fundamental to Ancient Economies, Argues Historian](#)



Abortion Drugs Fundamental to Ancient Economies, Argues Historian

As women's rights to make reproductive choices come under assault, historian John M. Riddle argues that abortion...

The American Declaration of Independence says:

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.

"Unalienable" means it cannot be taken away.

"Among these" means there were other unalienable Rights not named.

The Declaration does not say women had unalienable rights, but if men had unalienable rights, surely women had them, even if men back then did not agree 😏.

Clearly in Ben Franklin's time, American women felt using herbs made by God or Mother Nature (you choose 😏) to regulate their fertility was an unalienable right.

The American Declaration of Independence birthed the United States of America and was the nation's first legal document.

I marvel over the federal and state governments presuming they know better than God or Mother Nature (you pick 😏) what Americans should or should not do with herbs made by God or Mother Nature (you pick 😏).

As a former practicing attorney in Birmingham, Alabama, I have a serious problem with the federal and state governments preventing people from using herbs that grow wild in nature. Since when do such governments have legal jurisdiction over God and Mother Nature?

If I were hired as a trial attorney to challenge federal and/or state restrictions on herbs that cause miscarriages in a court case, I would subpoena the *Dobbs* majority justices and put them on the witness stand, and remind them that they took an oath to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help them God.

I would hand them a copy of the Declaration of Independence and ask them to read the Preamble:

In Congress, July 4, 1776

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America, When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the

separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

I would ask them if the Founding Fathers drew their authority from Nature and Nature's God?

I would ask them if their opposition to abortion is rooted in their religious beliefs?

I would ask them if the Bible is the inerrant word of God, every word in it is true?

I would ask them if they know when the soul attaches to a fetus?

I would ask them if a fetus without a soul is a human being?

I would hand them a Bible and ask them to read Genesis 2:7 to the Court.

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

I would ask them who created the heavens and the earth, and all the plants and living beings on the earth?

I would ask them if in the Bible the only herb God told Adam and Eve not to eat was the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil?

I would ask them if God made herbs that would cause miscarriage?

I would ask them if God ever made a mistake?

I would hand them a copy of Amendment I, U.S. Constitution and ask them to read the first line to the court:

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

I would hand them a copy of Amendment 14, Section 1 and ask them to read it to the court.

No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

I would ask them if they see anything in Amendment 14, Section 1 saying unborn persons have any of those rights and immunities?

I would tell the judge that Amendment 14, Section 1 does not apply to unborn people, and it bars states from passing laws that are religion-based and restrict women's unalienable right to abortion prior to a fetus quickening in a mother's womb, and for the judge to rule accordingly.

Right, that's never gonna happen.

On this world.

Will they be asked those questions when they stand before St. Peter at the Pearly Gates?

Will they be asked how many unwanted babies they tried to adopt?

Will they be asked how much money they gave to pregnant women who didn't want to give birth, to help those women raise those babies?

Will they be asked if their karma, and for the 5 justices who overturned *Roe v. Wade*, is to come back the next time as a fetus in a pregnant heroin addict, who doesn't want to have her baby, but she can't get an abortion and save her baby from going into heroin withdrawal after it takes the first breath of life?

road trip?



Ok, younguns, I found two places in cyberspace where real people seem to hang out a good bit of the time. The other day, both of them caused me to start itching to do a road trip, just as I was starting to feel some better, like I might want to run a few more new rivers before the Lord comes to fetch me.

Here's the first.

Morel Mushroom Forecast 2024

Its spring and its time to get out in the woods and get some ticks!

FREE RADIO RULO

[Morel Mushroom Forecast 2024](#)



[Transcript]

We got a special guest today and a free
radio Studio, yeah he'd like to remain anonymous
he's got some good moral mushroom hunting tips for you!

[Music]

well me and my cousin we like to
put up some some signs to keep the
tourists out like Road closed or bridge out
no trespassing
it works pretty good
but to be honest if you really want to
find some morel mushrooms you might even
want to look for one of those signs and

go right on around it there's probably a
whole mess of them
because all the tourists have been kept out
[Laughter]
could you tell us a bedtime story
about
mushroom hunting it's old folklore from
the forest hmm
nothing you don't got nothing
there's never a good time you're always
grouchy I'm not grouchy I just uh
sometimes it's like hard for me to you
know
but then when you're like when you're
like man do this do this do this I can't
it's really hard for me
preparations for Morel hunts
I don't know morel hunting
pigs anything going on with Jenny I
don't know what about are there any
Springtime specials I used to be a lot
okay a lot of what mushrooms a lot more
that's what happened to them
um
no no no
(Rock Music)
hey there I just wanted to take a moment
of your time to let you know that this
coming Saturday we'll be having a mower
wash fundraiser that's right come on
down this upcoming Saturday morning at 8
A.M to the Pizza Hut on Main to be first
in line to have your lawnmower Washed by
a true lawn mowing Enthusiast from the
local synchronized lawn mowing Team all

proceeds will be going towards you
guessed it the sixth annual lawn Fest
happening later this summer we'll even
have a genuine mower stroller on display
so you can take a look at that grab a
bite to eat and get your mower washed to
spake and span just in time for this
lawn mowing season all while supporting
a great cause again that's this upcoming
3:08

Saturday morning at 8 A.M at the Pizza
Hut on Main don't be late hope to see
you there
thank you

[Foreign Music]

what are the steps you need to take to
train your dog to snip out some
mushrooms
what's the first step
on the mushroom one of your dog
accidentally eats a psychedelic mushroom

[Music]

for sure Beauty
it would be uh pretty freaked out and
what if you accidentally eat a
psychedelic mushroom there's a mutually
chill environment for everybody it would
be advantageous is it jeans jacket
weather
hot chocolate

I got salty snacks any type of Chex Mix
pretzels

I suppose I suppose they would all work
okay and then what kind of soundtrack
are you listening to what about these

okay what's the second step
trees
no on the plants
no specific artists or yeah no
nature sounds like the your hair
exercise regimen
it's a hillbilly okay what's the second
step
okay okay what's the second first step I
think you need to
show them the mushrooms let them sniff
it okay what's the second step
that
if they can smell those
for you
it could be rewarding for them to do so
what's the reward for them probably a
treat mushrooms or dog treats plus dog
treats
well the big government says you're not
supposed to eat or pick the mushrooms if
there's been a flood
something to do with the nuclear power
plant and
all that cattle run off and pesticide
and fertilizer run off but
not gonna let them tell me what to do
and never hurt me much
now there's a couple good spots I'd like
to share with you Indian cave
uh
I hope you just want to go tell
everybody but since since we're good
friends
a check down there

and a check down there in the one way
just

[Music]

uh just south of uh the Old Saint

Deron's Schoolhouse

by the water plant there I've had some
good luck

[Music]

now last year it was way too dry I just
had no luck whatsoever but you know
between the old between the old town of
Saint Jerome between the half-breed
cemetery there in the Missouri River on
the south facing slope

next to those old cottonwood trees and
had some good luck not last year last
year were two trap but the year before
that I had some good luck there now my
grandpa always told me

after your second mow in the spring
about May 1st

on a on a waning gibbus moon

banana Saturday afternoon

it's a good time to

go look for mushrooms now

I like to get a couple practice runs in
every year so

you know as soon as the as soon as the
May apples are up

you know it's a good time to start
looking there usually

next to the big Cottonwood or you know
elm tree

good luck there

(foreign music)

I might have to eat a peanut butter
sandwich I'm still a little hungry I'm
8:32
feeling like hungry hungry like we've
8:34
already eaten three breakfasts this
8:35
morning this is how does the rest of
8:38
this territory this is pre-lunch this is
8:42
pretty much warm up so you only how many
8:44
breakfasts can you have and breakfast
8:46
one breakfast too and then it's
8:47
automatically free lunch or no you can
8:50
have three breakfasts okay there's like
8:53
a pre and post breakfast and an actual
8:55
breakfast just like with lunch pre and
8:56
post lunch but there's an accident
8:58
wouldn't those be called snacks
9:01
breakfast second breakfast and a snack
9:05
would you tell me about the health
9:06
benefits of mushrooms
9:09

well it makes it hard to leave your
9:10
house
9:11
sometimes
9:13
what are the best kind of mushrooms for
9:16
improving your life
9:20
all right
9:22
oh I don't know maybe the morel
9:24
mushrooms because you have to form a
9:26
find them it's like a reward it's a game
9:29
so it's approaching morel season do you
9:31
have any tips or tricks for us
9:33
on the hunt how to find a good spot how
9:36
to find the shrooms how to be one with
9:39
nature
9:41
you just gotta get out there and look
9:44
okay
9:45
what would Captain beefheart say about
9:48
mushroom hunting

9:51
you probably say
9:53
[Music]
9:56
his feet can't find the ground so uh
10:01
um yeah I don't know he would be uh
10:18
[Music]
10:29
yeah me and my cousin well we like to
10:33
set out decoy morels too throws off them
10:37
city folks don't want any of them taking
10:40
me and my cousin's morels
10:43
foreign
10:46
sometimes we like to put out decoys in
10:50
the good spots too try to attract them
10:53
little fellas with the prospect of a
10:55
mate
10:56
[Music]
10:57
[Applause]
11:00
well the legend has it that the day
11:05

after the first Warm rain
11:08
after the second mode of the season
11:13
it's when you really want to get out in
11:15
those woods to go looking for morels
11:19
that reminds me did you hear about the
11:24
mower wash coming up this upcoming
11:27
Saturday morning at the Pizza Hut on
11:29
Main to help fundraise for launch the
11:33
sixth annual lawn Fest
11:38
[Music]
11:39
foreign
11:42
[Music]
11:50
[Applause]
11:58
foreign

Sloan BashinskySloan's Newsletter

Liked by Free Radio Rulo

Jesus f-ing Christ,
ya keep this up,
ya gonna wake the dead,
maybe the zombies will love ya for it,

maybe they will try to bite ya and
make ya into one of them,
the Church of Dudo ain't no joke,
it don't need no psycho mushrooms
to make its points,
but bring them on anyway,
for them who need jet stream assist.

Gawd, I do truly wish I wuz younger,
feel up to driving from Alabama to Rulo
to hang out round your Wonder Bread truck,
sipping water with fresh lemon slices,
as my ailing body no longer tolerates
the fruit of the vines, hops, corn, barley, etc.
And dear old Mary Jane,
she leave me with a migraine next day.
But I somehow outsmarted fate,
or something did,
cause I can go sit in the public
park across the street from
this old apartment building,
where I end up living
everytime I quit running away from home,
and I sit on a park bench,
pull my baseball cap down
over my shut eyes,
tell the trees, shrubs and park creatures
I'm back-
as if they need to be told,
and I am open to whatever they,
or whatever,
wants to do or show me,
and after a while,
I'm off on another trip,
feeling definitely not of this world energy,

seeing this and or that abstract
through my closed eyes
just hanging out,
sitting on that bench,
aware of people and their dogs walking by,
in my own world,
or a world briefly loaned to me,
which leaves me feeling rejuvenated
for a little while.
Ya know,
I wonder if might have the juice
to drive to Rulo,
I hope to get a sign,
I think maybe I ain't gonna feel entirely right
if I don't see that Wonder bread truck
before the Lord takes me,
but I probably won't eat mushrroms,
'cause they come out of me just like
they went in,
my proessing plant don't
seem to recognize them,
and I never took the psyco kind,
nor any psycho kind of plants
or psycho chemicals,
it's been au naturale for me.

Free Radio Rulo

I just like a good deep fried morel mushroom and a cold PBR, all while
picking ticks off! I need to make it to Alabama some day as well. You
got any morels down there in the wudz?

Sloan Bashinsky

Liked by Free Radio Rulo

Me and mushrooms reached a truce, I don't hunt and eat them, and
they don't hunt and eat me :-). When I was a kid and did something

disturbing, my momma was likely to say, “Only a mother could love it.” It being me. Gwad only knows how many blue ribbons I drank. A mom and pop store sold them out the back door to my underaged friends and me for \$5 a case of 24. Now they are \$5 a can in fancy bars.

The Fossil

A world briefly loaned to me... I like that. And suddenly feel like going back to Nebraska even more than before.

Sloan Bashinsky

My grandchildren call me Grandfossil and sometimes I write to them at Grandfossil's Tales to His Grandchildren, grandfossil.blogspot.com I had a dream about going to Rulo. Not sure I want to risk testing my old Toyota van that much, and with my lower legs and feet always numb, and my hands going numb after long stretches on the steering wheel, I considered call a travel agent about flying to St. Louis or Omaha and renting a car. About same time, Erik Rititenberry wrote something spectacular at his Poetic Outlaws about him needing to get a away and taking a long road trip and stumbling into a for real Jedi, who ives in his home on 4 wheels and gets by barely with some writings on his website that people pay to enjoy.

Here's the second.



POETIC OUTLAWS

APR 6



"On the innocent trail of their hunger, he walked silently over the pastures of the world." - Rilke

I'm somewhere in the western part of the United States slicing through a beautiful wasteland with my windows down and my old notched heart soaring higher than a bar-headed goose on a sunny day.

I had to get away.

Away from the asphalt world of guidelines and horrifying headlines and tedious talks of endless growth and prosperity, away from high-rise cities and interstates packed with vultures and machines racing to get nowhere.

Persistent bad news, division, violence, famine, and war dominate the airwaves. Politicians and news pundits are beyond horrendous and most of our leaders are criminally insane. Good folks everywhere are tired of the fear-ridden narratives and life-denying demands heaved at them from the sanctimonious political class.

I had to extract myself from the septic sludge of it all.

And here I am, my ragged old jeans stained up pretty good and my boots might need replacin' soon, but it doesn't bother me all too much. It feels mighty fine to be alive and to breathe in the emancipated air out here in complete solitude as the desert sun sinks slowly toward the horizon.

Despite the raging uncertainty in the world today, it feels good to be sitting here in the late afternoon shade of a juniper tree, my ass in the red dirt, a gush of that spring air filling my lungs, the song of the cactus wren in my ears, this little tumbler of wine in my left hand, the unregimented days, the "hell yes" feeling of being alive at this moment in time.

Hell yes.

Fresh air and freedom—that's what I needed. That's what we all need. To get away and revitalize the soul and fire up the imagination. To untangle our world-weary souls from the domesticated web of our undoing.

And I couldn't think of a more worthwhile way to remedy this crushing sense of claustrophobia than to hit the open road. As a poet writes, "When your mind is suffocating in its own sludge, move it."

So I did. It was the only way. I packed the truck with old books, cold beers and wine, food, a tent, and a few essentials. Then aimlessly drove west.

Hunter S. Thompson and Jack Kerouac were right—America's last frontier is the endless highway. I'm off!

I've been on the road for a few weeks now, boondocking on the banks of wildflower creeks up in the mountains and deep in the heart of the desert, living like a passing bum desperately trying to elude the red tape demands of this sad epoch. I sleep for free on the earth and eat very little. There's glory in the gamble.

But this isn't about me.

This is about a fascinating spirit who is more alive than me.
Someone more alive than most.

Somewhere far in the desert, I met a fellow camper named Charley.

Charley was a homeless sage, a menace to the mundane, dancing like a wild man around his campfire. As soon as I laid

eyes on him from my solitary little campsite across the way, I felt that this peculiar creature had it all figured out.

Perhaps I shouldn't say "homeless," because Charley lives quite the serene life in his 30-year-old van. He is a poet-philosopher, an artist, who belongs to the night, a man who no longer identifies with the crumbling charades of the artificial light. He stands before the veil of the cosmos naked and awe-struck, and despite being out of joint with the times, he's aware more than most.

My curiosity won over. I grabbed two beers from the cooler and made my way over to this dancin' shaman of the night. And, of course, he ended up being the friendliest, most poetic goddamn soul I've come across in quite some time.

We slurped beers together that night around the fire beneath the fiery stars of the southern Utah sky. He told me about his life and how he recently left it all behind when the pandemic hit. He's been living the vagabond life for two years now and smiles more than he ever has.

He told me about his beautiful wife, and how, about a month before the pandemic hit, she left him for a tunic-wearing, crystal-fondling, kundalini yoga instructor who liked to quote Deepak Chopra between chants. Shortly after that, the virus hit, the lockdowns ensued, and his job let him go. It was a vicious month for old Charley, at least initially.

One fine spring morning, he tells me, he woke slightly hungover to an email that informed him he'd been furloughed. He sipped his black coffee out on his back porch in the early dawn with a strange sense of joy as he read the email seven times. Slowly.
Out loud.

It was a soulless job, sure, but it paid well and the benefits were pretty damn good. Ten years with the company and one little measly 25-word email to inform him that he's no longer welcome.

He sat there, sipping his coffee in the soft morning light, overtaken with a peculiar sense of freedom in his heart.

"What is this?" He kept asking himself this one question. "What is this feeling I have sloshing around in me?"

He should've felt apprehensive and sad and maybe a bit angry, goddamnit, but he wasn't. By losing the one thing that brought him security and normalcy, the one thing that kept him chained to the heavy stone of monotony, he now felt this incredible weight on his shoulders slowly fall away.

The time was now. The time was now. The time was now, he whispered to himself.

To say yes.

To say yes to the inner calling that's been poking at him since his youth. To say yes to the unknown, to the gamble of the GO, to his artistic aspirations. To do the deliberate work of the soul. He'd always been an avid reader of the greats and he loved to write and create art. But life always seemed to have gotten in the way of these passions. He never found the time to live out his soul's yearning.

"No more." He told himself. "No more."

After a few weeks of dull logistics and planning, Charley packed up a couple of boxes with only the essentials along with his favorite old books—Emerson, Pessoa, Hesse, Whitman, Yeats, Nietzsche, Camus, Kerouac, and all the great Russian novelists—and threw them into an old van that he'd recently

bought with the cash made selling all his possessions. The van was furnished with a writing desk, a small cot, and a little compartment to store food.

With the campfire blazing in his fierce eyes, he looks at me and says, “What else do you really need in life?” I nod in agreement.

With the house sold and his penalized 401k cashed out, he sipped whiskey in a little motel at the edge of town on that stupendous night before his great escape.

In the morning, as the birds sang and the rising sun splashed rays of golden light across the jasmine-scented land, he headed west along the backroads of life with no particular destination in mind.

No striving, no goals, no clear direction—with Tom Petty turned up loud, Charley was freefallin’ into the unknown, and he’d never felt more alive.

Two years on the road now and the bearded rambler has found his groove. His skin is worn and his clothes are ragged and his scent isn’t the most pleasant, but he’s alive, madly so, and lives on his own terms. He told me that from an early age, he knew this was the life for him—a life of wandering and writing and living untethered from the prosaic ideals of the over-civilized.

It takes a lot of fucking courage and a radical sense of BEING to live the life Charley led. It’s not for the faint of heart as anyone who has lived it can tell you. To leave it all behind and completely abandon oneself to the chaotic current of life with little money, no security or safe havens, just wits and freedom and struggle, nursed solely by a sense of “what’s next?”

I asked Charley how he makes it out here. How does he earn the funds to venture around in this gas-guzzling van and eat and live?

“I need very little money these days,” he says. “Frugality is an art form in itself and you get good at it over time.”

He told me he’s a self-taught writer and photographer who makes a meager living selling his works online. Once or twice a month, he’d hit up an old wifi-friendly dive bar or coffee shop and send out his writings and photography into the digital abyss. His blog receives generous donations from dedicated readers that he’s accumulated over time by simply writing about his nomadic adventures across the land.

“The modern world is hungry for life,” he tells me. “I offer them a way through my writings and art. That’s the only thing I have to offer in life. Nothing else. Just my useless sentiments hurled out into the void.”

I asked him what he has learned out here living this ramblin’ way of life and what’s the biggest change he noticed in himself.

“The more you move around the more human you become,” he tells me.

“When you leave behind the dryness of the safe and secure life, the senses become heightened, which of course makes you feel more alive. You feel at one with your surroundings. The earth becomes more intimate, more giving, more of a close friend. Your blood is no longer sluggish. Your vision becomes more lucid and you tend to get a birdseye view of the boundless vistas of life. You rediscover the moving power of your own unique existence on this planet.”

He goes on.

“Out here on the road of life, you create your own reality instead of catering to someone else’s, you see? You create a reality suitable to your deepest longings, you make the dream, flesh. With little, you become more. You unearth the true essence of who you are, you know?”

I nodded.

“Your daily death allows you to live innumerable lives and it provokes a radical sense of god-like awareness. This is what all the sages of the past were trying to teach us. Confucius, Buddha, Socrates, Jesus—they were all saying the same thing. All the great spiritual teachers taught us that eternity is right here, right now. As Jesus once said, ‘the kingdom is spread out over the earth, and people do not see it.’ Or Confucius, ‘The heavenly realm lies within each individual. It’s right there.’”

“It’s through opening ourselves up to the sublime that we learn to live in the spirit,” Charley says.

“On the other hand,” he went on, “people who harbor a diminished spirit feel the need to constantly consume and work their asses off to sustain the façade of success—material success. It’s empty as all hell but this is what we’re all bred to do here in the land of the so-called free. It’s a soul killer. You can see it in the eyes and in the demeanor of the nervous and frantic folks you come across—folks running amok in this country, for what? Nietzsche once said that haste is universal because everyone is in flight from himself, and it’s true.”

The fire crackled, the beers flowed, and a shooting star raced across the dark above us. He raised both arms and looked up into the starry night, “look at this, look at this unimaginable world we all inhabit. God, how we take it for granted, huh?”

He takes a swig from his beer and paces around the campfire
while gazing up into the cosmos.

“We’ve turned this whole damn planet into a senseless graveyard through ignorance and fear. People are afraid to say YES to life, afraid to obey the deeper laws of their BEING, afraid to give themselves up to the direct experience of life. They’re forever stuck in the clutches of their cultural conditioning, and they’re sick and sad and needlessly sapped of their vitality because of it. A whole generation of people severed from the sacred. I know, I was there for many many years.”

As I sat and listened to Charley for hours on end I knew damn well that I was dealing with a man endowed with the long-lost spirit of Whitman. A man who dabbles with the gods and dreams and jives like a lighthearted prophet under the fleeting clouds of the infinite. A man always goin’ and never arrivin’, a man who has learned to shun the fast-paced profane life of modernity for the simple sacredness of the natural life.

He’s a dreamer, a drifter, a seeker with a childlike soul strapped with a furious appetite for the forbidden fruit of life. Unlike the good folks who live in the world, he now lives among the dirt and rocks and fields of the earth.

“Blessed are the solitary,” Jesus tells us in the Gnostic gospels, “for you will find the Kingdom.” And Charley has indeed found the Kingdom.

To be aware, divinely aware of the splendors of creation—the seas, the hills, the trees, even the dead leaves in the gutter, the determined ant climbing the stem of a dandelion, the stoic black crow perched upon the light pole—that’s where it’s at.

“Awwww, yes!” he suddenly proclaimed while raising his beer to his lips.

“Leave it all behind if you have to...put an old rucksack on your stressed-out back and go taste the earth, damnit. Get out there and unearth the wonderous nature of your own being. Live Live Live! Reach out for the Golden Eternity.”

It was late and I told Charley I had to get some shuteye. Before we said our goodnights and excused myself from his poetic presence, I asked him, “where’s the great journey of Charley leading to, where can I find you in the future?”

He slowly reached out and put his primordial palm on my shoulder, looked directly in my eyes, and, with a whispered voice, slowly recited a verse from the great American poet, Walt Whitman:

I depart as air, I shake my white locks at the runaway sun,
I effuse my flesh in eddies, and drift it in lacy jags.

*I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love,
If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles.*

*You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,
And filter and fibre your blood.*

*Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged,
Missing me one place search another,
I stop somewhere waiting for you.*

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan’s Newsletter

Apr 6

Liked by Poetic Outlaws

Gwad Almighty, Erik!
You done gone and done
stirred just about every jealous
bone in my dinosaur head, body and tail.
What a mean thing to do,
escaping like that,
leaving me here stuck in Alabama's largest city,
with only a small public park across the street,
where I can escape to
and sit on a park bench,
pull my baseball cap down over my closed eyes,
and wait on Mother Nature and her plants and creatures,
or Something,
to take me on a ride to a place
that feels like it has nothing to do
with my life or this planet,
quite wonderful, actually,
rejuvenating,
But, alas,
brief,
and I come back,
and I'm maybe too old, ailing,
afraid to do
what you did,
yet it hurts my feelings
that you called me out,
because I'm too chicken,
or maybe it's just not my time,
but I have been thinking about
heading down to a state park
south of Birmingham,
which has rental cabins
by an old lake built during the Great Depression,

where I spent a night once with my daughters and girlfriend,
and hang out there for a few days, alone,
wishing that old girlfriend was with me,
oh my Gwad,
our passion was not of this world,
but she was a lot younger,
I was really messed up,
and she found a young guy
that suited her really good,
and went on and had my own life,
which was not like anything
my wildest dreams ever could have imagined,
in the thick of things,
in cities, mostly,
yet still, you have made me jealous,
as has the Jedi you met,
Oh, my Gawd,
what do ya think were the Las Vegas odds
of ya meeting him?
Maybe zero?
But the God odds were 100 fucking percent :-)

He came from outer space?



Mary Poppins

Ok, younguns, it ain't just because I loved reading science fiction novels when I was a kid that I said when I launched my mock campaign for president on The Unicorn Ticket, that my first official act as president will be to declassify all of the American government's ET files.

Some things happened on Facebook yesterday about the road trip? post, which might cause some people to wonder if I ain't from this planet, after I responded to the first southern belle, whom I don't know, which then dove in heretofore untold strange waters, and then I responded to the second southern belle, whom I know from many conversations on Facebook and Facebook messenger, and one Facetime call, which plunged into far stranger waters.

Here goes.



Road Trip?

Sloan Bashinsky

Ok, younguns, I found two places in cyberspace where real people seem to hang out a good bit of the time. The other day, both of them caused me to start itching to do a road trip, just as I was starting to feel some better, like I might want to run a few more new rivers before the Lord comes to fetch me.

Jane

SLOAN! I think I remember you from when David Cromwell Johnson was alive and in my flock! Ya?

Sloan Bashinsky

In your flock? 😎

Jane

Sloan Bashinsky YES!!!

Sloan Bashinsky

Exactly what kinda flock? 😎



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Jane

By the GRACE of God, I led him to CHRIST before he died. Do you remember that time period?

Sloan Bashinsky

For several months in the fall of 2001, I worked in David's law firm, sub rosa. We had a falling out and I didn't see or speak with him after that. The men working in his law firm told me, at first they didn't know what to make of me, and much later they said they were really glad I was there and they seemed distressed that I left. David was a dear friend, and I often wondered afterward if I should have tried to stick it out?

I had not heard until you told me today that he accepted the Christ. I never felt he had any problem with Jesus, but he had lots of things troubling him and I tried to help him deal with several of them. What I heard about his passing on did not cause me to think he was saved in the sense Christians use that term. It made me sad, because he truly was trying very hard to walk with God. We spoke of that often, but I did not try to sell him on the Christian model, which he and I both saw up close and personal in our lives was practiced mostly in the breach in the Christianity we knew.

Since David crossed over, he came to me maybe a dozen times in dreams, and it was sensation and tone, I understood it was about something I was dealing with in my life, and I adjusted how I was

dealing with it. He never said anything about Jesus or God in the dreams.

My father's ashes were spread at Mt. Brook Baptist Church. He came to me times in dreams after we had rough falling out in 1995, then we patched it up somewhat, and then we fell out again, and he started coming to me in dreams again, much as David did.

Many people I know come to me in dreams which helps me navigate something I'm dealing with in my life. They never say anything about Jesus or God or being saved. Some of them are Christians, some of them are not.

I have had Jesus and Archangel Michael hard on my case since early 1987. They turned me upside down and inside out and every which way but loose, and stood me before endless mirrors looking at me.

They steer and correct me, even spank me, when I mess up something I'm dealing with. They never mention the Christian version of salvation. Their version is, to the extent anyone lives as Jesus in the Gospels lived and taught, they are saved by him. Those two were joined by Melchizedek in early 1999. Then, the road got even more interesting.

I often have thought they took on the most messed up man they could find as an experiment to see how he might fare with it. Jesus and Michael told me when their first showed up that I would be pushed to my limits. Limits I did not then know I had.

In the spring and early summer of 2001, I was pressed to write a novel about a Birmingham trial lawyer, perhaps the person I might have been if I was worthy, and a couple of women he loved dearly, one at a time. David declined several times to read the manuscript, said he was afraid it would shake him up too much. Eventually it was published by a print to order publisher, but nothing came of it.

Last year, a friend of mine with serious tech skills digitized the novel and published it in the free internet library, archive.org, which specializes in out of print books and books authors provide for free. The library is funded and run by colleges in America.

Here's a link to Heavy Wait: A Strange Tale, which ain't for the faint of heart or prudes. It can be read on a smartphone, laptop, desktop, tablet, kindle, nook, etc.

https://archive.org/details/heavy-wait-a-strange-tale_202212

Sloan Bashinsky

Heavy Wait's sequel, Return of the Strange, finally fell out of me last year. In its own way, just as wild a ride.

<https://archive.org/details/kundalina>

Elizabeth

If you don't come to Bon Secour (river!) I really will be pissed.

Sloan Bashinsky

That's a damn tempting invitation, Liza.

See my reply to Jane above and the two novels I described therein, which can be read on a smartphone, computer, tablet, kindle, nook, etc. It's gonna really piss me off if the Empress of Fantasia don't read and bless them.

Elizabeth

But I am already sulking because you can be anywhere and this place is truly Southern Gothic.

I'm not going to read this until you get down here at least for a visit.

Sloan Bashinsky

It doesn't work that way. You may understand why I said that, if you read the novels.

Sloan Bashinsky

Hmm, I dreamed around dawn today of talking with three groups of people about ETs, they were very interested in that, and when I woke,

I thought about my first novel, Kundalina, Alabama, also a free read at the free internet library.

<https://archive.org/details/kundalina>

Compared to the the two later novels, Kundalina is sophomoric, although after it went online at the free library, it received several raves.

I just now read the second chapter about 3 jolting dreams the “hero” Riley Strange had when he was a boy, and I marveled that I had written it, and that I did not recall having written it. I wonder now if I was in some kinda trance?

Kundalina is a mythical town beside the dam under the Cahaba River bridge at US Highway 280, a few miles south of Mountain Brook, aka The Tiny Kingdom, about which’s churches, and other parts of Birmingham’s churches, Riley’s mom writes a week column for a daily Birmingham newspaper under the pen name, Rose Carruthers. Your supercalafragilasticexpialidocious poem “Pigs in mud,” reminded me of Rose, who does not win any friends in Birmingham church pews. The people of Kundallina are actually colonists from the Pleladian star system, who took to Tibetan Buddhism upon their arrival on Earth. They blend in with Earthlings and look and talk like them, but they ain’t really nothing like them in the important shit.

Rose is to die for, as is Riley’s childhood sweetheart Mary Lou Snow. After a dear friend, who had worked for my father’s company, Golden Flake Potato Chips, read Kundalina, he asked my wife in Boulder where in the heck did Sloan come up with Mary Lou? My wife said, “Mary Lou is a part of Sloan.” As was every other person in Kundalina. In some way, place and time.

My homeless reluctant cowgirl shaman girlfriend in Key West who got the blues said she had to stop reading Heavy Wait because it kept reminding her of herself. She might have liked Kundalia better, but I didn’t have a copy of it back then. She loved your “Pigs in mud” poem.

All want the security of the well fed pig.
Horror at the baseness unrecognized.
A lifetime spent in shirt stuffing.
And pen comparison.
Is truth more palatable when honeyed?
Is a stark soulscape less so with the eyes of Monet?
May my affectations always be understood.

A year after Kundalina was published, I visited two women in Pagosa Springs, Colorado, who had written EtT 101: Colorado: The Cosmic Instruction Manual for Planet Earth. They were channeling Pleiadeans, who told them I should think poetry, and about a week later incredible poetry started gushing out of me on the 26th anniversary of the day I buried my infant son. 26 is the sacred number for God.

The following spring, my Boulder wife, her maybe 8-year-old son, and a friend of hers, my wife and our friend were licensed clinical social workers, he was who had told me that I should read up on St. John of the Cross, were sitting on the side patio of our home nice April day. For some reason, I leaned back and looked skyward and saw an oval white spaceship parked beside a cloud maybe two miles up. I told them to look up at the spaceship parked beside the cloud, and I heard back, 'Yeah, right, Sloan.' I asked them again to look up at the spaceship, and got back, "Yeah, right, Sloan." The space ship darted behind the cloud, a maneuver no human aircraft I ever heard of could do. I told them about that, and heard back, "Yeah, right, Sloan." Then, the cloud started being stretched from left to right across the sky, like a super wide vapor trail, and I told them to look up at that, and heard back, "Yeah, right, Sloan."

That night, the boy came to me alone and asked me if I really had seen a spaceship? I asked him if he had ever known me to make shit up? He said, no. I said he didn't look up, because he didn't want them to tease him. He said, yes. I said, I already knew about ETs and that was done for him, and I bet the next time I tell him to look up at a

spaceship, he will do it. He said, yes. But there was no next time while I was living with him and his mother. She and our friend knew I wasn't making it up. They simply did not want to see it.

Late last year, it dawned on me that the Pleiadean ship had showed up for me to see how they would respond, and that was my cue to thank them for being a part of my life, but it was time for me to move on. Had I done that, it would have saved me a great deal of heartache and money, and I would not have become homeless and lived on the street and just off it for 5 years. But then, living that poetry really affected me in ways not living it would have affected me, and it enriched my life.

Many times I wanted to drive down to your neck of the woods and meet the author of the amazing "Pigs in mud" in person, and your husband. I think my old Toyota van might be up for it, and perhaps I might be, too. I've grown weary and bored with feeling not well enough to drive farther than to see my older daughter and her hubby and their dogs about 2 hours away, so let's see how it goes. Even so, what I said above about how to really get to know me ain't changing. 😎

sloanbashinsky@yahoo.com

The baptism of Jesus in the Gospels was not in water



Okay, younguns.

Maybe in 2002, I stumbled upon something online written by a Sufi of old, which caused me to chuckle.

“When people ask me about God, I just laugh!”

The Sufis are a mystical branch of Islam.

Probably the most famous Sufi of old is Rumi, whose poem, "Chickpea to Cook," I think should be read by every person in Islam, Christendom and Judaism :-).

Chickpea to Cook

Rumi – Translated by Coleman Barks

A chickpea leaps almost over the rim of the pot
where it's being boiled.

‘Why are you doing this to me?’

The cook knocks him down with the ladle.

'Don't you try to jump out.
You think I'm torturing you.
I'm giving you flavor,
so you can mix with spices and rice
and be the lovely vitality of a human being.

Remember when you drank rain in the garden.
That was for this.'

Grace first. Sexual pleasure,
then a boiling new life begins,
and the Friend has something good to eat.

Eventually the chickpea will say to the cook,
'Boil me some more.
Hit me with the skimming spoon.
I can't do this by myself.

I'm like an elephant that dreams of gardens
back in Hindustan and doesn't pay attention
to his driver. You're my cook, my driver,
my way into existence. I love your cooking.'

The cook says,
'I was once like you,
fresh from the ground. Then I boiled in time,
and boiled in the body, two fierce boilings.

My animal soul grew powerful.
I controlled it with practices,
and boiled some more, and boiled
once beyond that,
and became your teacher.

In 2001, I met a younger man in Key West, who was a big fan of Rumi. I was homeless, and the man seemed amazed that I knew about Rumi.

When I asked the man if he knew about Rumi's teacher, Shams, who was kinda grouchy and irreverent, the man seemed even more amazed.

The man and I became friends, and as time passed, he started calling me Shams. We ran some interesting rivers together, but bye and bye he went his way and I went my way.

Around 2009, I met a younger woman in Key West, who was a big fan of Rumi, and she took to calling me Shams, and she called herself Chickpea. We met and talked from time to time about God, life, and her boyfriend, and bye and bye she went her way and I went mine.

From Wikipedia.

Shams' first encounter with Rumi

On 15 November 1244, a man in a black suit from head to toe came to the famous inn of Sugar Merchants of Konya. His name was Shams Tabrizi. He was claiming to be a traveling merchant. As it was said in Haji Bektash Veli's book, "Makalat", he was looking for something which he was going to find in Konya. Eventually he found Rumi riding a horse.

One day Rumi was reading next to a large stack of books. Shams Tabriz, passing by, asked him, "What are you doing?" Rumi scoffingly replied, "Something you cannot understand." (This is knowledge that cannot be understood by the unlearned.) On hearing this, Shams threw the stack of books into a nearby pool of water. Rumi hastily rescued the books and to his surprise they were all dry. Rumi then asked Shams, "What is this?" To which Shams replied, "Mowlana, this is what you cannot understand." (This is knowledge that cannot be understood by the learned.)

Please know, younguns. that I never once tried to make a miracle. I never once had a smidgeon of a clue of how to make a miracle. I often wonder if the miracles attributed to Jesus in the Gospels caused

Christendom to fasten onto miracles and quick salvation, instead of on how Jesus in the Gospels lived and taught others to live.

In the Gospels, John the Baptist said one greater than he would come, whose sandals he was not worthy to lace, who would baptize in fire and spirit. Elsewhere in the Gospels, Jesus said his baptism was in fire and he was anxious to get on with it. Nowhere in the Gospels did Jesus baptize anyone in water.

Out of curiosity last month, I joined an online religious forum, where participants use fake names. Yesterday, this showed up in my email:

Theists: Does God Exist?

Rival

Si m'ait Dieus

Staff member

Premium Member

Rival

Does God or do the Gods exist?

Christ advises us to cast all our cares into the bosom of our Father so that, relying on his promised

<https://www.religiousforums.com/threads/theists-does-god-exist.276766/>

Redneck Mystic

If people lived in my skin, they would know God, or something much bigger and smarter than them, exists. I have had several friends who knew, and I'm still in regular contact with two of them. One of them was in grave medical straits very recently, and out of nowhere a doctor showed up who seemed to have the skills to help him somewhat. After meeting with my friend, the doctor had a dream that convinced him to do all he could to help my friend, and the doctor told the hospital about

his dream, and he and the hospital reduced their fees 90 percent. The surgeries were done and so far seem to be successful. [The friend is the fellow who does the tech work for The Redneck Mystic Podcast and my books at archive.org.]

I was raised first in a Southern Baptist sect, then in an Episcopal sect. By college, I had drifted away from church stuff. I got up each morning and faced the day, and it was pretty rough going most of the time. In early 1987, my 45th year, I knew the New Age and a geographic move were not working. Feeling out of rope and bright ideas, and I had failed in every way a man could fail, I prayed one morning, "Dear God, I do not wish to die like this, failed." I paused, said, "I offer my life to human service." A few tears came to my eyes, I went about my day.

Around ten days later, in the wee hours, sleeping beside my new girlfriend in her home, I woke up and saw two whitish shift-shaped etheric beings hovering above me in the darkness, looking down at me. Although I saw no wings, I assumed they were angels. I heard, "This will push you to your limits, but you asked for it and we are going to give it to you? I remembered the prayer.. I saw a white flash and was physically jolted by something electrical. It happened again, and again. I was shaking all over, sweating. The beings faded out. My new girlfriend asked me what was going on? I asked her what she had heard and seen? She said saw my body lurching. I asked if she had seen or heard the angels? She said, no. I told her what had happened. She said, "Let's go back to sleep, you strange man."

My life began to change, slowly.

My first stint at looking inward, pointing the finger at me, instead of elsewhere, had begun in earnest.

My first stint. There would be many seasons of being stood before a mirror looking at me. The seasons would never cease.

I was steered, pushed, shoved, carried, dragged, yanked, spanked, clobbered, mangled, lifted up, corrected, redirected, sometimes encouraged, by beings far greater and smarter than me in my dreams, feelings, body sensations, ahas, voices I sometimes heard, visions, what I sometimes heard, saw, felt. Except for dreaming, it was brand new.

I saw and felt all sorts of phenomena, good, bad, ugly, beautiful, horrible, magnificent. I sometimes screwed up so bad that I was sure the Devil had claimed me, but then something happened to let me know I still was being looked after.

I experienced a 4-year dark night of the soul, 1991-1995, after being told by the same voice in my sleep one night, "With respect to St. John of the Cross, you haven't seen anything yet," and I was engulfed in pure, black, raw Evil, and I woke up, terrified.

The year before, a friend of my 3rd wife, they both were licensed clinical social workers, suggested I read up on St. John of the Cross. I went to a local bookstore and found one book about St. John of the Cross, by a Spaniard poetry professor named Antonio T. de Nicholas. I read *St. John of the Cross: Alchemist of the Soul* in about two days.

That's how I learned about Christendom's straight arrow saint Juan de la Cruz, a diminutive monk in a Carmelite monastery somewhere in Spain, who used a secret ritual and ignored all phenomenon, any one of which could have been the Devil in disguise, to go straight into God and was remade, for which was persecuted as a heretic by his own church, and was imprisoned, starved, and died.

The de Nicholas book contained Juan's commentaries, in which he described a dark night of the soul, which was awful, but doable. For some, that was the end of it. For others, there was a much harder dark night, in which there was no light and woe be unto anyone it befell, who was not in a safe place and being helped by people who understood what was going on.

After that dream, I entered the dark night of the soul, during which the heavens opened to me, and I came to view the many phenomena as parts of myself returning to me.

In 1997, I entered what would be 16-month black night of the soul, which arrived over two days' time, There was no light. I felt totally cut off from God and plotted my suicide daily. It was made worse by antidepressants and antipsychotic pills a psychiatrist prescribed. I learned the pills were addictive when I tried to quit them cold turkey.

The black night began to lift when I separated from my 4th wife, for whom attending church was very important. I was able to wean from the pills by cutting the dosage $\frac{1}{4}$ a week. I felt angels helping me wean. I started dreaming again.

Then began a time of extremely intense not of this world internal healing and instruction, which paled all that had come before. I was shown up close and personal that Evil and Lucifer are very real, that I had a demonic twin, and everyone has a demonic twin, and Jesus in the Gospel had a demonic twin, and part of the journey is coming to terms with that.

In early 2000, I was sent back into the world to experience many variations of what living on this world had to offer. The. good, the bad, the beautiful, the ugly, the horrible and the magnificent. I did not know when I ever was not in church. I screwed up many times, and each time was picked back up and put back into a harness pulling a plow.

In 2010, I think, I had a number of email discussions with Antonio T. de Nicholas. I felt he was gifted, and perhaps he had experienced the dark night, but not the black night.

I paint this with a very large brush stroke.

Each person is unique, and thus there is no cookie cutter that stamps out lookalikes.

A poem that came as fast as I could write in my journal in the spring of 1995 still seems to sum up the big scheme.

Earth-
the sacred prism
through which souls are refracted
into their elemental parts,
purified in Holy Fire,
then one-forged
and sent on their way
to not even God knows where,
simply because they are all
unique emanations of God,
Evolving...

For anyone is interested in more details, the free internet library, archive.com, funded and run by colleges in America, carries quite a few of my digitized non-fiction books and three novels. Enter Sloan Bashinsky in the search space, press Enter, and icons for my books come up. Click on an icon and the book can be read on any kind of internet device, for free, no ads, no soliciting. My angel-harnessed-and-driven younger friend, who does the tech work for the books, me told me the books are readable in 33 languages, including English, and average around 10,000 complete reads per month, per book.

I currently write at two Goggle blogspots, which will become books at archive.org.

redneckmysticlawyerforpresident.blogspot.com (a mock) campaign), and grandfossil.blogspot.com, tales to my grandchildren.

I do not claim to be saved, enlightened, or special. My poop stinks just like everyone else's. I tell Christians they are saved by Jesus to the extent they live as he lived and taught in the Gospels. I tell people that I don't care what name they use for God. Something is out there. It

has been out there a very long time, and it does not think like people think. I tell atheists, if there were no God, the topic would never come up.

the ultimate return- the only way to truly love God is to be crazy, too!



Okay, younguns-

Of late, I took to telling some people I know pretty well that the only way to get to know me, other than living with me, is to read my novels at the free internet library, archive.org. Enter "Sloan Bashinsky" into the search space, and icon links for *Kundalina*, *Alabama: A Strange Tale*, *Heavy Wait: A Strange Tale*, and *Return of the Strange* will come up to be read on any internet device.

However, that is not entirely true.

My poetry is another way.

Erik Rittenberry, who publishes Poetic Outlaws, where truth, beauty and love often show up, posted this below today, and something got into me.



The Ultimate Return

In the early dark before dawn
I awake with a dreary feeling
of death dripping from my eyelids.
I sit up in bed and listen
to the echoes of oblivion
haunt my room. The emptiness
of 4am streetlights stream into
my dreams. The euphoric caress
of madness. A poignant
premonition of the
inevitable. All my yesterdays
converge into the nothingness
I am at this moment.

You poor sap, where
have the days gone?
What have you done?
Why does it ache so much
to be a finite creature
in an infinite
universe?

So much of our passing lives
are spent drifting along

on the surface
of our everyday consciousness
hiding behind the social
mask, too frightened
to take the necessary
plunge into the abyss of
ourselves.

The banality of the hours
becomes the banality
of life. I'm neither
happy nor sad
because it's all too
senseless to be either.

Sauntering through this
bureaucratic age of
death and sterility
with a marred mind
and heedful eyes,
I bleed alone
with a half-smile on my aging face
wondering how long I can keep
the wolf of insignificance
at bay.

Gazing into the bathroom mirror
has become too much to bear.

The fierce thirst
I once had
for the
elixir of life
has waned.

I've grown weary of the fight against
the ways of the world, the moral
demands, the normalcy of the
façade, the binding ties
of obligations, the tribal feuds,
the pathetic protocols of
the unlived,
the unpoetic masses
with their unpleasant
pettiness, tired of the
endless pursuit
of illusions
in an effort to tongue kiss
the elusive lips of
immortality.

Our pursuits
our actions
our tedious haste
are nothing more than
anxious attempts
to escape the torments of
our finite presence. An escape
from the awareness of
the brevity of life.
We spend our days trying
to get somewhere
but there's nowhere to get to.
We dilute the experience
of the moment with a false
sense of hope
and a laborious longing
for a resolution that
never comes.

In spite of all the “truth” and
“reason” in this vulgar world,
we know very little. Yet, it’s the
unknowable that holds
the treasure we seek —
the darkness, the seat
of the soul that we’re too
afraid to explore and coalesce
with the light of our
consciousness.

Perhaps it’s a romantic deception, but
I believe in that unattended darkness
within. There’s a mysterious
current guiding our lives.
I’ve felt its presence all my days —
an ethereal force,
an unrest,
a transcendent whisper —
that forbidden fruit
dangling from the primordial tree
of our inner garden.

I don’t know what to make of it.

The Upanishads tell us: The Self,
though hidden in all beings,
does not shine forth but can
be seen by those subtle seers,
through their sharp and
subtle intelligence.

The Greeks called it the daemon,
the genius, the guardian.
We all harbor it in the

obscure regions of
our inner life.

Yet, society and its godlike
institutions
try to snuff it out in our youth,
this hidden power within us,
and they never stop. They try to
school it out of us; they try
to preach and pray it out
of us. They throw the heavy
nets of “social duty” upon us.
They’ll even attempt to subdue
this vital force with
pharmaceuticals and therapy
to help guide you away from
its potent influence.

They need you to become like
the rest; mechanical, obedient,
chained to your social role.

But for some people, this force
is too strong to be tamed
or throttled back. It wants
to be heard and to throw off
the shackles of the life-denying
demands of the status quo. To flip
over the tables of conventionality.
To obey its own laws.

Our bodies are the mere instrument
of this deeper force.

Through it all, I kept that dark

guardian in there,
tucked back in the shadows,
revealing no signs to the
external world
of its eternal influence.
At times, when I'm alone,
it emerges from the immortal sea
of the unconscious and yanks me
from clutches of the profane
and into an erotic aloofness
where the illusions fade
and the boundaries disintegrate
and the desire for mortal gain
dissolves.

Though I do not know how I got here,
or what it all means, I know that the
same hidden force which has
carried me to this moment
will also guide me to that
imperishable hour we
call fate.

And I will doff the gross garments
of a false existence and
ascend that sanctified mountain,
emancipated at last from the
lifeless stone of reality,
reborn into the eternal realm
of celestial vistas and enchanted
gardens, a place beyond the
illusions of opposites, where the
struggle between life and death,
dark and light, heaven and hell
finally subsides,

and a radical unification
of mind, body, and soul
ensues, and I will dance
that Dionysian dance
on the other side of the veil
where flower-haired nymphs' bathe
in misty morning ponds,
and the water lilies
are forever in bloom,
and the lush, streamside meadows
rejoice beneath
the infinite blue skies
as the cosmic wind
scatters
what little remains
of my war-torn
flesh.

The ultimate return.

Sloan Bashinsky liked by Poetic Outlaws

Back from your road trip to where you met the Jedi?
In a world where a depraved presidential candidate
sells red, white and blue bibles
to suckers born every minute
to line his own pockets,
and his Roman Catholic opponent
keeps giving money and munitions
to one side of a religious freak war,
I sometimes wish I had renewed my passport,
but since I didn't,
and even if I had,
Americans ain't all that welcome
to live indefinitely elsewhere
like they once wuz,

at least not in Canada,
and since I have plenty of
demons running amok nearby
and within,
I'm left with,
resolved,
or not,
to take yet another look
in the mirror on the wall,
old and ornery,
wondering why the fuck
I'm still here?
But since I am...

The poems below plot a journey I never heard or read of except in my own personal experiences, in spirit and on this world. Today, the two are inseparable: I live in both realms at the same time, awake and asleep. I sometimes describe myself as a donkey lured by a carrot and driven by a stick, headed to where he knows not. He has no choice but to head to wherever it is, because the consequences of revolt have proven over and over to be most unpleasant. You don't want to know just how unpleasant it sometimes was following a revolt.

"Living Poets"

Dead poets are poets who never write
Who obey shoulds and oughts
Who live to please others
Who value money over God
Who die without ever having lived
Death is their mark

Dead poets are remembered by the living.
Living poets are remembered by time
Dead poets never sing their song
Living poets never stop singing it

The difference between the two is this:
One worships fear, the other life

To be a dead poet is hard
It requires being someone else
To be a living poet is easy
It only means being myself

One choice is hell, the other heaven
That is what is meant by free will
(1991)

"The Mockingbird"
I happened upon a mockingbird
singing its fool head off –
I asked it how and why it sang?
But all it did was look ahead,
all it did was sing.
It never turned to see if I was watching,
or listened for money jingling in my pockets,
or asked if I liked its music,
or expected a recording contract –
It was too busy singing
to pay any attention to me.
Thus did I learn
the greatest sin of all
is to kill a mockingbird.
(1992)

"Black Diamond, Yellow Rose"
Black Diamond, Yellow Rose,
Odd couple until inside I see,
Black Diamond protects Yellow Rose,
Yellow Rose loves Black Diamond,

Will and Heart,
Heart and Will,
Black Diamond, Yellow Rose
(1993)

“Rainbow Fusion”
Black is white,
White is black,
When they fuse,
Rainbows bloom.
(1993)

“Rainbows”
Rainbows know no master.
Fueled by Father Sun
They touch Misty Earth
Only Heaven knows where.
Rainbows are more shiny than silver
and more brilliant than gold,
More valuable than diamonds
and more precious than pearls.
Rainbows paint heavens beautiful,
Make angels sing.
Rainbows are you, and me,
Full spectrums of Infinity
blazing across Eternity.
Rainbows are now.
(1993)

“God’s Gifts”
God’s gifts are not for sale, but are given freely to angels, saints,
sinners, devils and fools alike, because all are God’s children.
(1993)

“Crooked Hose”

He is but a crooked hose through which living water flows, first to straighten him out, then to water a few other birds of the air and some lilies of the field.”

(1994)

“The Poet”

He is the paper, the ink his blood, the pen his soul, and the poet is God.”

(1994)

“Rules”

Who invented the rule that poetry must rhyme, have pentameter, be cast into verse? Yes, who invented that really silly rule? Surely it wasn't the maker of the first stone — otherwise there'd be no stones to break all those slaving rules!

(1994)

“The Pearl”

He feels deep beauty in the dark pool from which his writings flow. She clings to him like fine silk, precious oil. She feels solid, compressed, like . . . a black pearl, growing from inside out, ever larger with each stroke of his pen, pushing her precious waters over her banks into his dreams and life.

(1994)

“Rosa Mystica”

Rosa Mystica,
Sweet Mystery,
Bride of Christ,
Living Water
without which
God is dead
and there are no rainbows.

(1994)

“Sacred Prism”

Earth,
The sacred prism
through which souls are refracted
into their elemental parts,
Purified in Holy Fire,
The one-forged
and sent on their way
to not even God knows where,
Simply because they are all
Unique Emanations of God,
Evolving . . .
(1994)

“Tree of Life”

The Tree of Life grows not
on the battleground of good and evil,
But in a quiet meadow
beneath a beautiful rainbow
that knows not right or wrong.
(1994)

“Mission Nearly Impossible”

Only fools rush in
where angels fear to tread,
But if there were no fools,
Who’d lead the angels?
(1994)

“Initiation”

Shaman you now are.
Angels walk beside you
and call you their brother,
Even as you curse the heavens

for making you one who wields the lightning.
Be kind to your brothers and sisters,
But take no prisoners –
Kill them all in my name,
As I have killed you,
So you and they might live.
(1995)

“Love and Truth”
Love without truth is weak,
Truth without love is harsh,
Two side of the same coin,
They live together,
Or die.
(1995)

“Paradise”
All fig leaves burn
All ugly seen
All pain loved
All truth beauty
All people one
All time now
(2000)

“The World's Greatest Failure”
I know what it is
to love fully,
have my heart broken by death
and by loved ones' rejections,
Over and over again,
So I can love even more.

I know what it is
to be engulfed in pain,

Awash in evil,
Terrified, enraged, despaired,
Believing God has again forsaken me,
Then be given the truth
that again makes me free

I know what it is
to doubt,
Be lost and wandering
time and time again,
Then be rescued yet again
and my faith grows deeper.

I know what it is
to blindly trust,
Then be destroyed by betrayed
time and time again,
Until I trust only God.

I know what it is
to have much
and be completely of this world,
Then have it all taken away
and be in the world but not of it.

I know what it is
to fail in this world,
And fail and fail and fail:
The world's greatest failure,
I can serve only God.

I know what it is
to give and give and give and give;
I cannot stop giving
because giving is receiving.

I know what it is
to explain God
time after time after time again.
Something demands I keep explaining:
Maybe someone will listen,
Maybe me.

“I AM A MAN”
I am a man.

I said,
I am a man!

What means it,
being a man?

A man is a warrior:
he lives by a code of honor,
his word is reliable,
his actions confirm his words,
his commitment is holiness,
his enemies are welcome at his hearth,
he fears but moves forward,
he cries and gets up again,
he hates but forgives,
he loves and let's go,
he doubts but trusts God,
he's a good friend,
he seeks resolutions,
he demands nothing,
he risks everything,
he regrets his mistakes,
he seeks to make amends,

he puts others' welfare first,
he accepts apologies truly made,
he expects nothing back,
he lives ready to die,
he laughs when he "should" scream,
he screams when he "should" laugh,
he sings just because,
he shrugs off insults,
he learns from misfortune,
he cusses God for making him,
he wishes he was done,
he loves children and animals,
he relishes a woman's scent,
he smiles when he's content,
he knows God's his master,
he walks in rainbows,
his garden is the world,
his way is nature,
he loves fishing,
his wife is his soul,
his food is life,
his pay is whatever he receives.
Yep, he's crazy.
(2003)

"SHANGHAIED"

A calling to serve carries its own wisdom,
which legitimates both the calling and the serving
so that the two are one:
Only the one called to serve
can know this wisdom,
and for some who are called
the knowing comes easily,
while for others the knowing is a fiery baptism.
Each calling is different,

and while some callings can be declined,
others cannot,
and those whose calling is without repentance
know they are in it for the duration of the calling,
and while others may try to persuade them out of it,
the calling for ones such as these always prevails;
thus is it advised to all called for keeps
that they view their calling as a blessing
even when it seems at times to be a curse,
and that they try to reconcile the loss of their captain status
and allow the Spirit of God to man the helm of their ship
and be glad and willing crew members thereon,
knowing that all sailing ships of souls
need a crew as well as a captain
to maintain and navigate the ship through
seas of many tones, depths and flavors;
so consider each league sailed
as part of the overall journey
going to where the captain deigns to go
by using whatever winds and sea currents available
to navigate the ship to the experiences
this ship and crew need to have
in order to fulfill their calling and its wisdom
revealed by the journey of many leagues,
many known only to the ship and its crew,
all of whom come to know,
some sooner than others,
that once conscripted
there is no safe jumping ship.
(2004)

"Bi Polar"
the world's favorite
mood disorder

the cause of all
human ails,
including wars,
if the demons aren't counted

bi polar disorder,
the destruction of the
south pole,
the feminine,
the north pole,
he ain't been
right in the head
since she's been gone
(2017)

"Eve's Answer"
April Fool

Vexing Truth

Life is Poetry,
Poetry is Life,
There's no more to say,
but that would
make God
a really dull boy,
now wouldn't it,
Eve?

So, Eve,
What say you?
After all,
You have been,
still are, blamed,

for everything that went wrong
with hu - MAN - i - ty.

Well, do you really want to hear
what I gotta say?
Is this one of those
be careful what you ask for pregnancies?

Well, is it?

Probably, but say
what you wish -
I s'pect you need
to be heard.

Heard?
Funny you mention ears.
Yes, ears.
Such important receptacles.
Yet filled with concrete,
shit, propaganda, beliefs,
certainties, well,
let's not leave out
SUPERSTITION
and
RELIGION,
should we?

By the way,
where do ya
suppose
God came from?
Or, out of?

And,
why do ya s'pose
I made Eve
in my own IMAGE?

'Cause Adam was
so bored and dull -
so ... predictable
He was BORING!!!
the shit outta me!!!
That's why.

Now
Shusssssh -
Don't go round quoting me on
any of that -
I've had quite enough of
the religious right
ta last me
the rest of forever
(2018)

I sensed from the beginning that the verses coming through me were something I would live, and that often scared the hell out of me. The same sinking sensation arose with wacky novels that fell out of me, which actually were poems, but I called them novels because they were mostly prose. Jolting experiences, snap endings, surprise, suspense and cosmic jokes seem very important to God, perhaps to keep God awake and interested; and perhaps to keep me a bit loose, so I'm easier to work with and change, which I'm not when I'm all comfy and sure of myself. Then, it sometimes takes a sledgehammer to get my attention. Or dynamite. Or an earthquake. You get the drift. When awake, I see whatever happens to me as a poem or part of one. From that I can only conclude God is a poet, and

from the way my life goes, I can only further conclude God is crazy and the only way for me to truly love God is to be crazy, too.

another thing Death cannot defeat- the Muse



Ok, Younguns, on this birthday of one of your mommas, I been a feeling kinda lousy for a few days, wishing an angel veterinarian might mistake me for an ailing coyote and happy juice me to the happy rabbit hunting ground.

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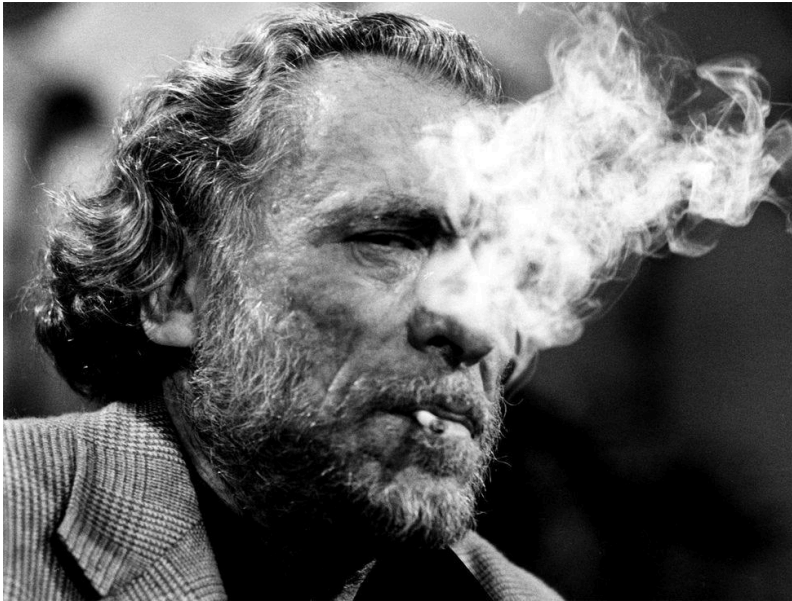
death is smoking my cigars

By: Charles Bukowski



Poetic outlaws

APR 14, 2024



You know: I'm drunk once again
here
listening to Tchaikovsky
on the radio.

Jesus, I heard him 47 years
ago
when I was a starving writer
and here he is
again
and now I am a minor success as
a writer
and death is walking
up and down
this room
smoking my cigars

taking hits of my
wine
as Tchaik is working away
at the *Pathetique*,
it's been some journey
and any luck I've had was
because I rolled the dice
right:
I starved for my art, I starved to
gain 5 god-damned minutes, 5 hours,
5 days-
I just wanted to get the word
down;
fame, money, didn't matter:
I wanted the word down;
and "they" wanted me to be a stock boy in a
department store.

Well, death says, as he walks by,
I'm going to get you anyhow
no matter what you've been:
writer, cab driver, pimp, butcher,
sky-diver, I'm going to get
you...

Ok baby, I tell him.

We drink together now
as one am slides to 2
a.m. and
only he knows the
moment, but I worked a con
on him: I got my
5 god-damned minutes
and much

more.

Roy Gomez

To do something well, truly well, costs nothing less than our all.

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Humans in Space

" I got my
5 god-damned minutes
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That's the point. He did fulfill his drive, urge to write in spite of the
detours and road blocks. He also got much more because of it.
We readers did too.

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Sloan's Newsletter

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Fucking drop dead steel irony
Fucking precious
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not physically,
but in all other ways-
freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose,
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before I did it,
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we must die to the old and become the new
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after he simply changed shape.

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it can get crowded can't it

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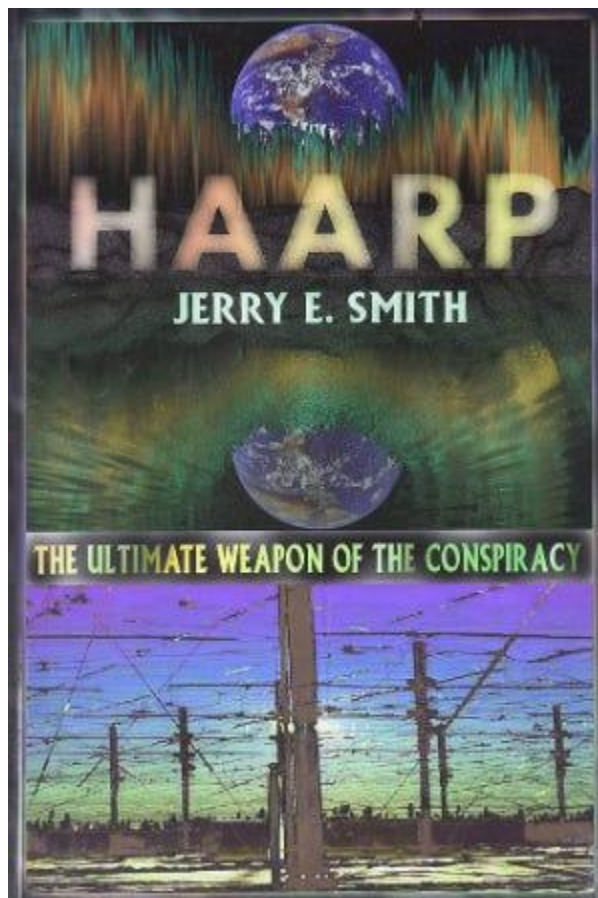


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Jlm



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[KEVLAR](#)

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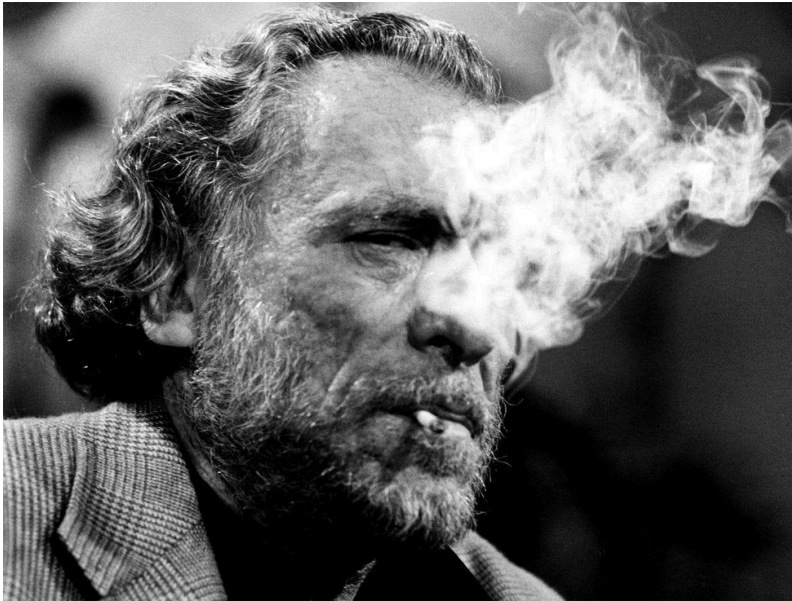
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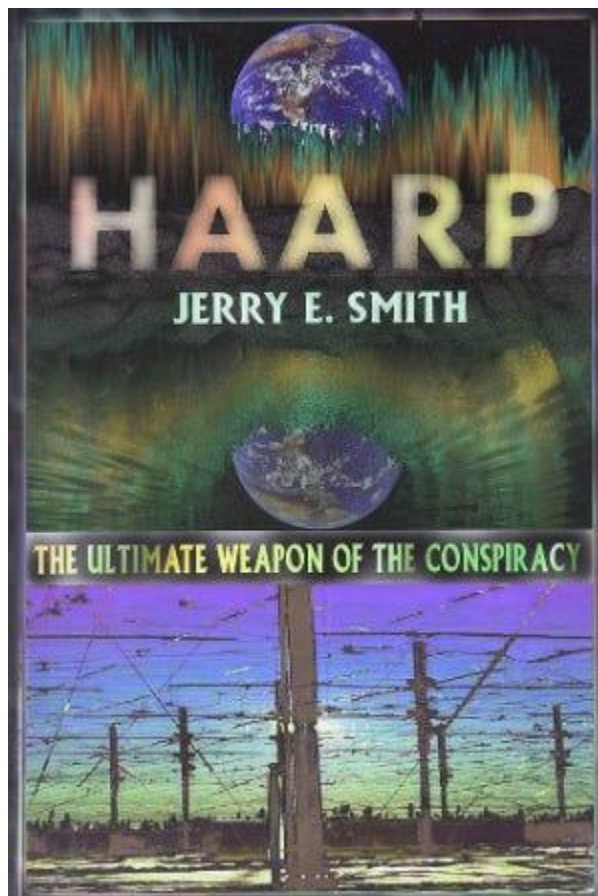


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Thursday, April 18, 2024

only fools rush in where angels fear to tread poetry slam



Ok, youngugs, ole Grandfossils' not sure how to wrap up all of these tales- perhaps I begin with something beautiful and raw from Erik Rittenberry's Poetic Outlaws yesterday, and my an another reader's discussion of it:



Stanley Kunitz: A Poem has Secrets that the Poet Knows Nothing Of

APR 17, 2024

“The deepest thing I know is that I am living and dying at once, and my conviction is to report that dialogue.”

— Kunitz

Stanley Kunitz is certainly one of the greatest American poets of the 20th century.

He received numerous awards for his poetry, including the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry twice (in 1959 and 2005). His works often explored the vital kinship between nature and the human experience. He had a profound awareness of the natural world and often used it as a metaphor for human emotions and the passage of time.

Kunitz’s poetry is steeped with images of loss and regeneration, aging and mortality, and a sense of grappling with the ultimate questions of spirituality and transcendence.

Before we get into Kunitz's most notable poem, “King of the River,” I wanted to share with you what inspired him to write this profound piece. This poem explores the cyclical nature of life, the passage of time, the spiritual dimensions of an “upstream” struggle, and “the inexorable process” of his own fate.

Below is a brief exchange Kunitz had with an interviewer who asked him how this brilliant poem came into being.

Hope you enjoy it.

Interviewer: My favorite poem of yours is “King of the River,” and I believe my reason is that the salmon, ostensibly the subject of

the poem, is half-fish, half-Kunitz. Could we talk a little about how the poem came into being?

Kunitz: What triggered “King of the River,” I recall, was a brief report in Time of some new research on the aging process of the Pacific salmon. I wrote the poem in Provincetown one fall—my favorite writing season. The very first lines came to me with their conditional syntax and suspended clauses, a winding and falling movement.

The rest seemed to flow, maybe because I'm never very far from the creature world. Some of my deepest feelings have to do with plants and animals. In my bad times they've sustained me. It may be pertinent that I experienced a curious elation while confronting the unpleasant reality of being mortal, the inexorable process of my own decay. Perhaps I had managed to “distance” my fate—the salmon was doing my dying for me.

A poem has secrets that the poet knows nothing of. It takes on a life and a will of its own. It might have proceeded differently—towards catastrophe, resignation, terror, despair—and I still would have to claim it.

Valéry said that poetry is a language within a language. It is also a language beyond language, a meta-medium—that is, metabolic, metaphoric, metamorphic. A poet's collected work is his book of changes. The great meditations on death have a curious exaltation. I suppose it comes from the realization, even on the threshold, that one isn't done with one's changes.

The King of the River

If the water were clear enough,
if the water were still,

but the water is not clear,
the water is not still,
you would see yourself,
slipped out of your skin,
nosing upstream,
slapping, thrashing,
tumbling
over the rocks
till you paint them
with your belly's blood:
Finned Ego,
yard of muscle that coils,
uncoils.

If the knowledge were given you,
but it is not given,
for the membrane is clouded
with self-deceptions
and the iridescent image swims
through a mirror that flows,
you would surprise yourself
in that other flesh
heavy with milt,
bruised, battering toward the dam
that lips the orgiastic pool.

Come. Bathe in these waters.
Increase and die.

If the power were granted you
to break out of your cells,
but the imagination fails
and the doors of the senses close
on the child within,
you would dare to be changed,
as you are changing now,
into the shape you dread
beyond the merely human.
A dry fire eats you.
Fat drips from your bones.
The flutes of your gills discolor.
You have become a ship for parasites.
The great clock of your life
is slowing down,
and the small clocks run wild.
For this you were born.
You have cried to the wind
and heard the wind's reply:
"I did not choose the way,
the way chose me."

You have tasted the fire on your tongue

till it is swollen black
with a prophetic joy:
"Burn with me!
The only music is time,
the only dance is love."

If the heart were pure enough,
but it is not pure,
you would admit
that nothing compels you
any more, nothing
at all abides,
but nostalgia and desire,
the two-way ladder
between heaven and hell.
On the threshold
of the last mystery,
at the brute absolute hour,
you have looked into the eyes
of your creature self,
which are glazed with madness,
and you say
he is not broken but endures,
limber and firm
in the state of his shining,
forever inheriting his salt kingdom,

from which he is banished
forever.

Sloan Bashinsky

That poor salmon,
what did it do
to deserve
reminding the poet of his
own self? :-)

Ethan

Try it the other way, what did the poet do to feel that his self
resembled a salmon? 😊

Sloan Bashinsky

Or, what the poet didn't do, which caused him to feel he was no
different from a salmon that did what it had to do? :-)

Ethan Summers

Truth is Sloan, that you asked a very good question. I didn't
manage to understand the poem until I started to think how to
answer to you. So, imagine that you'd be slowly, gradually,
morphing into a salmon trying to swim against the stream towards
your birthplace, and then try to read the poem with the eyes of a
fish. Ultimately read the title and you might just feel poet's
admiration for those who against all hardships, battered, with the
blood dripping from their belly, fight to their last breath against the
current, only to meet their fate, unwavering, almost defiant in their
steadiness

Sloan Bashinsky

Erik's title is what caused me to post my question:

"A Poem has Secrets that the Poet Knows Nothing Of".

Kinda reminds me of the heart has its own reasons which reason knows nothing of.

It Kunitiz didn't uncover the poem's secrets, how can we?

The Sockeye, or any saltwater-freshwater salmon, makes that arduous return because its genes demand it, it has no choice in the matter, and it reaches its spawning ground, or dies trying, naturally, or killed by a fisherman, bear or eagle.

There's a religious theme in this poem, heaven and hell, and swimming against a current without assistance of greater knowledge, perception, awareness, understanding, by rote, a computer program, like a salmon. Or a lemming, as each salmon has the same genes as its own kind driving it.

Salmon are herd creatures, they do not deviate, until they are killed, or they die of exhaustion, although some kinds of salmon do not die spawning, such as the Atlantic salmon and the Siberia salmon, I think.

Ethan

True, I wonder though, are we more free than the salmon is, or just as constrained by our genetic structure as it is? Is our freedom a real or just an illusion?

Sloan Bashinsky

The salmon and human genetic codes are one thing, human social, religious, political, educational programming, egos and karma are something else altogether. 😎

Ethan

Obviously, our world is far more complex than the one of a fish for our body is a far more complex machine and has a far more complicated structure than the one of a fish.

What I suspect though is that our emotions could be entirely explained by the work of hormones combined with the amount of oxygen delivered to the brain. Little modifications in how the hormones work, anomalies, malfunctions and you have a different individual altogether. My thought is that we are not as free as we think we are, and in this regard we subtly resemble that fish after all.

But even in those conditions, the title of the article is challenging indeed, just as you said, and could easily be the object of a separate discussion 😊

Sloan Bashinsky

For the reasons you and I stated, for most people, freedom is an illusion. Look at the qualifiers in the poem, mocking freedom.



In early 2004, I started attending a very different kind of church service in an office building in Boulder, Colorado. No collection plate was passed. Each Sunday, someone different spoke for a little while, and the meeting ended.

One day, someone else came forward at the end and said, “Close your eyes and ask what you can do to best serve God?”

I closed my eyes and saw a beautiful white quill writing pen, tears came to my eyes, and got up out of my chair and walked out of there and drove home.

That night, sitting in the easy chair in my and my wife's bedroom, staring out the window at large, bare-limbed black willow tree in moonlight, I opened my writing journal and put my pen on the pater and one word came, and another word came, and I started balling my eyes out, as more words came, each a poem, but not cast into verse, and that went on for several weeks, and then it slowed down, and then it stopped.

Here are two of the poems, which I remember verbatim.

He is the paper, the ink his blood, the pen his soul, and the poet is God.

Although he sometimes tries to write fiction, every character is a character in himself, ever plot a plot a plot in himself- there are no surprises, only his to discover parts of himself he has lost, forgotten, thrown away, or ever even knew were there. Perhaps in that way he and God are somewhat alike- they both create to discover just who and what they really are.

Then, this fell out of me:

Only fools rush in
Where angels fear to tread,
But if there were no fools,
Who'd lead the angels?

That evening, I felt something huge and wonderful-feeling trying to wiggle its way into me. It was a really tight fit. There were lots of tears. that went on for about two weeks.

Every morning I took the same walk of about 4 miles.

One morning, when I reached the turn around point and headed home, I felt angels' presence, and then I heard in my thoughts, "This thing coming into you is your angel twin. All people have an angel twin, and yours will live out this life with you."

I thought, "That's neat!"

Then, I heard, "By the way, this is your son."

I nearly collapsed to the ground.

My 7-week-old son had died of sudden infant death syndrome just before I entered my last semester at the University of Alabama School of Law in Tuscaloosa. His death had so unhinged me that I was not able to fit myself into the plans and molds my father and this father and my mother had made for me, nor into any plans and molds I had made for me.

In 1988, I had gone to his unmarked grave several times carrying a yellow peace rose like the one on his simple oak coffin. I cried oceans of tears and snot at his unmarked grave. When no more tears and snot came, I had the cemetery put a marker on his grave, on which was engraved: "Infant Son: He opened out hearts and set us on our journey."

I put all of those poems into a floppy disc document and took it to a copy center and they made it into a saddle stitch pamphlet, which I named *A Crazy Person's Bible*. It was anonymous. I gave away hundreds of copies by leaving them in cardboard boxes at Pearl Street Mall in Boulder.

Many years later, after my goodmorningkeywest.com, goodoodmorningfloridakeys.com and goodmorningbirmingham.com went to a cyber cemetery, I created afoorldworkneverned.blogspot.com and started writing their most days.

I wrote there after I moved from Key West back to Alabama in late 2018, and I continued writing there through the Covid-19 shutdown.

By then, I had reverted the first half of the blog posts to draft.

Then, I started new blogspots, which became books at archive.org. This blogspot will become a book there. As will

redneckmysticladyforpresident.blogspot.com, a mock campaign on the Unicorn ticket.

Yesterday, I felt it might be time to return to writing at afoolsworldneverends.blogspot.com, because its title fits me better than anything else. I wondered what was next? How could I best serve God. A dream around dawn today impressed I'm not done with the mock campaign.

Meanwhile, from *The Christian Science Monitor* today:

She's worth \$1 billion, but can Taylor Swift write poetry? We ask experts.

Do poems and lyrics serve the same function in art? Or are they entirely different mediums? We asked poets (and Swift fans) for their analysis of Taylor Swift's wordsmithing.

Taylor Swift's new album, "The Tortured Poets Department," comes out April 19.

By Stephen Humphries Staff writer
@steve_humphries

Taylor Swift occupies a position in popular culture that makes Beatlemania seem like a passing fad. Her every move is scrutinized.

The April 19 release of her new album has been shrouded in a blackout. No advance singles. Zero interviews. But Ms. Swift's 11th LP does appear to follow a poetic theme. The album's tagline is "All's fair in love and poetry." It's being released during National Poetry Month.

Consequently, "The Tortured Poets Department" is heating up a debate that's been simmering since before Bob Dylan won the Nobel Prize for literature in 2016: Can lyrics qualify as poetry?

Historically, poems were often performed aloud with musical accompaniment. The etymology of “lyric poetry” is the Greek word *lyrikos*, which means “singing to the lyre.”

“There are people out there who would argue that a pop star can’t be a poet,” says Elly McCausland, who teaches the “Literature (Taylor’s Version)” course at Ghent University in Belgium. “She’s deliberately pushing back against that and also asking us to examine our own attitudes. What is poetry? What can poetry be?”

Any damn thing it wants to be, Elly. Any damn thing it wants to be.

For who, yes please tell me, just who invented the rule that poetry must rhyme, have pentameter, be cast into verse? Surely it wasn’t the maker of the first stone- otherwise there’d be no stones to break all those slaving rules!!!

After reading all of that above, half my age tech friend Bob, who does the tech work for my books at archive.org and The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast watched on all over the world on Torrent platforms, sent me:

In 1992, Kris Kristofferson comforted Sinéad O'Connor when she was booed off the stage at a Bob Dylan anniversary concert.

Sinéad O'Connor, just 25 years old at the time, was introduced on stage by American singer-songwriter Kris Kristofferson.

He later wrote this for her.

"I'm singing this song for my sister Sinead
Concerning the god awful mess that she made
When she told them her truth just as hard as she could
Her message profoundly was misunderstood
There's humans entrusted with guarding our gold
And humans in charge of the saving of souls
And humans responded all over the world
Condemning that bald headed brave little girl

And maybe she's crazy and maybe she ain't
But so was Picasso and so were the saints
And she's never been partial to shackles or chains
She's too old for breaking and too young to tame
It's askin' for trouble to stick out your neck
In terms of a target a big silhouete
But some candles flicker and some candles fade
And some burn as true as my sister Sinead
And maybe she's crazy and maybe she ain't
But so was Picasso and so were the saints
And she's never been partial to shackles or chains
She's too old for breaking and too young to tame"